

Juvenal

Complete Works

DELPHI CLASSICS

Ancient Classics Series

The Complete Works of

JUVENAL

(c. 60AD-?)



Contents

The Translations
THE SATIRES

The Latin Text
CONTENTS OF THE LATIN TEXT

The Dual Text
DUAL LATIN AND ENGLISH TEXT

The Biography
THE LIFE OF JUVENAL by G. G. Ramsay



© Delphi Classics 2014
Version 1

The Complete Works of

JUVENAL



By Delphi Classics, 2014

The Translations



Aquino, a town in the province of Frosinone, in the Lazio region of Italy, northwest of Cassino — Juvenal's birthplace

THE SATIRES



Translated by G. G. Ramsay

Juvenal's *Satires* are a collection of sixteen satirical poems written in the late first and early second centuries AD. The poems comprise a wide-ranging discussion of society and social mores, composed in dactylic hexameter — the 'heroic' meter, traditionally associated with the quantitative meter of classical epic poetry, consisting of six metrical feet. The Roman *Satura* was a formal literary genre, providing a humorous critique of a topical subject in no particular format. The style of Juvenal's *Satires* originates from the works of Lucilius and the Sermones of Horace, as well as the Satires of Persius. In a tone and manner ranging from irony to rage, Juvenal criticises the actions and beliefs of many of his contemporaries, providing insight into value systems and questions of morality, whilst offering a valuable insight into the realities of daily Roman life. Interestingly, Juvenal uses obscenity less frequently than Martial or Catullus, though the scenes depicted in his satires are no less vivid or lurid, in spite of this seeming discretion.

In his *Satires*, Juvenal often makes allusions to history and myth as a source of object lessons or exemplars of particular vices and virtues. Blended with his dense and elliptical Latin, these digressional references indicate that his intended audience was reasonable educated. The *Satires* are also concerned with perceived threats to the social continuity of the Roman citizens: social-climbing foreigners, unfaithfulness, and other more extreme excesses of their own class. The intended audience of the *Satires* constituted a subset of the Roman elite, primarily adult males of a more conservative social stance.

The first Satire, often known as "It is Hard not to Write Satire", lays out for the reader a catalogue of ills and annoyances that prompted Juvenal to compose his satires. Some examples cited by the poet include eunuchs getting married, elite women performing in a beast hunt and the dregs of society suddenly becoming wealthy by gross acts of sycophancy. Juvenal explicitly marks the writings of Lucilius as the model for his book of poems, although he claims that to attack the living as his model did incur great risk. The narrator contends that traditional Roman virtues, such as fides and virtus, had disappeared from society to the extent that "Rome was no longer Roman".



A frontispiece depicting Juvenal and Persius, from a volume translated by John Dryden in 1711.

CONTENTS

Satire 1. Difficile est Saturam non Scribere
Satire 2. Moralists without Morals
Satire 3. Quid Romae Faciam?
Satire 4. A tale of a turbot.
Satire 5. How Clients are Entertained
Satire 6. The Ways of Women
Satire 7. Learning and Letters Unprofitable
Satire 8. Stemmata quid Faciunt?
Satire 9. The Sorrows of a Reprobate
Satire 10. The Vanity of Human Wishes
Satire 11. Extravagance and Simplicity of Living
Satire 12. How Catullus escaped Shipwreck
Satire 13. The Terrors of a Guilty Conscience
Satire 14. No Teaching like that of Example
Satire 15. An Egyptian Atrocity
Satire 16. The Immunities of the Military



Domitian (51 – 96 AD), the Roman Emperor from 81 to 96 AD, is referenced in several of Juvenal's 'Satires'. In Satire IV: The Emperor's Fish, Juvenal makes Domitian and his court the objects of his ridicule in this mock-epic tale of a fish so prodigious that it was fit for the Emperor alone.

Satire 1. Difficile est Saturam non Scribere

[1] What? Am I to be a listener only all my days? Am I never to get my word in — I that have been so often bored by the Theseid of the ranting Cordus? Shall this one have spouted to me his comedies, and that one his love ditties, and I be unavenged? Shall I have no revenge on one who has taken up the whole day with an interminable Telephus, or with an Orestes, which, after filling the margin at the top of the roll and the back as well, hasn't even yet come to an end? No one knows his own house so well as I know the groves of Mars, and the cave of Vulcan near the cliffs of Aeolus. What the winds are brewing; whose souls Aeacus has on the rack; from what country another worthy is carrying off that stolen golden fleece; how big are the ash trees which Monychus tosses about: these are the themes with which Fronto's plane trees and marble halls are for ever ringing until the pillars quiver and quake under the continual recitations; such is the kind of stuff you may look for from every poet, greatest or least. Well, I too have slipped my hand from under the cane; I too have counselled Sulla to retire from public life and sleep his fill; it is a foolish clemency when you jostle against poets at every corner, to spare paper that will be wasted anyhow. But if you can give me time, and will listen quietly to reason, I will tell you why I prefer to run in the same course over which the great nursling of Aurunca drove his steeds.

[22] When a soft eunuch takes to matrimony, and Maevia, with spear in hand and breasts exposed, to pig-sticking; when a fellow under whose razor my stiff youthful beard used to grate challenges, with his single wealth, the whole nobility; when a guttersnipe of the Nile like Crispinus — a slave-born denizen of Canopus — hitches a Tyrian cloak on to his shoulder, whilst on his sweating finger he airs a summer ring of gold, unable to endure the weight of a heavier gem — it is hard *not* to write satire. For who can be so tolerant of this monstrous city, who so iron of soul, as to contain himself when the brand-new litter of lawyer Matho comes along, filled with his huge self; after him one who has informed against his noble patron and will soon despoil our pillaged nobility of what remains to them — one whom Massa dreads, whom Carus propitiates by a bribe, and to whom Thymele was made over by the terrified Latinus; when you are thrust on one side by men who earn legacies by nightly performances, and are raised to heaven by that now royal road to high preferment — the favours of an aged and wealthy woman? Each of the lovers will have his share; Proculeius a twelfth part, Gillo eleven parts, each in proportion to the magnitude of his

services. Let each take the price of his own blood, and turn as pale as a man who has trodden upon a snake bare-footed, or of one who awaits his turn to orate before the altar at Lugdunum.

[45] Why tell how my heart burns hot with rage when I see the people hustled by a mob of retainers attending on one who has defrauded and debauched his ward, or on another who has been condemned by a futile verdict — for what matters infamy if the cash be kept? The exiled Marius carouses from the eighth hour of the day and revels in the wrath of Heaven, while you, poor Province, win your cause and weep!

[51] Must I not deem these things worthy of the Venusian's lamp? Must I not have my fling at them? Should I do better to tell tales about Hercules, or Diomede, or the bellowing in the Labyrinth, or about the flying carpenter and the lad who splashed into the sea; and that in an age when the compliant husband, if his wife may not lawfully inherit, takes money from her paramour, being well trained to keep his eyes upon the ceiling, or to snore with wakeful nose over his cups; an age when one who has squandered his family fortunes upon horse flesh thinks it right and proper to look for the command of a cohort? See him dashing at break-neck speed, like a very Automedon, along the Flaminian way, holding the reins himself, while he shows himself off to his great-coated mistress!

[63] Would you not like to fill up a whole note-book at the street crossings when you see a forger borne along upon the necks of six porters, and exposed to view on this side and on that in his almost naked litter, and reminding you of the lounging Maecenas: one who by help of a scrap of paper and a moistened seal has converted himself into a fine and wealthy gentleman?

[69] Then up comes a lordly dame who, when her husband wants a drink, mixes toad's blood with his old Calenian, and improving upon Lucusta herself, teaches her artless neighbours to brave the talk of the town and carry forth to burial the blackened corpses of their husbands. If you want to *be* anybody nowadays, you must dare some crime that merits narrow Gyara or a gaol; honesty is praised and starves. It is to their crimes that men owe their pleasure-grounds and high commands, their fine tables and old silver goblets with goats standing out in relief. Who can get, sleep for thinking of a money-loving daughter-in-law seduced, of brides that have lost their virtue, or of adulterers not out of their teens? Though nature say me nay, indignation will prompt my verse, of whatever kind it be — such verse as I can write, or Cluvienus!

[81] From the day when the rain-clouds lifted up the waters, and Deucalion climbed that mountain in his ship to seek an oracle — that day when stones grew soft and warm with life, and Pyrrha showed maidens in nature's garb to men — all the doings of mankind, their vows, their fears, their angers and their pleasures,

their joys and goings to and fro, shall form the motley subject of my page. For when was Vice more rampant? When did the maw of Avarice gape wider? When was gambling so reckless? Men come not now with purses to the hazard of the gaming table, but with a treasure-chest beside them. What battles will you there see waged with a steward for armour-bearer! Is it a simple form of madness to lose a hundred thousand sesterces, and not have a shirt to give to a shivering slave? Which of our grandfathers built such numbers of villas, or dined by himself off seven courses? Look now at the meagre dole set down upon the threshold for a toga-clad mob to scramble for! The patron first peers into your face, fearing that you may be claiming under someone else's name: once recognised, you will get your share. He then bids the crier call up the Trojan-blooded nobles — for they too besiege the door as well as we: "The Praetor first," says he, "and after him the Tribune." "But I was here first," says a freedman who stops the way; "why should I be afraid, or hesitate to keep my place? Though born on the Euphrates — a fact which the little windows in my ears would testify though I myself denied it — yet I am the owner of five shops which bring me in four hundred thousand sesterces. What better thing does the Broad Purple bestow if a Corvinus herds sheep for daily wage in the Laurentian country, while I possess more property than either a Pallas or a Licinus?" So let the Tribunes await their turn; let money carry the day; let the sacred office give way to one who came but yesterday with whitened feet into our city. For no deity is held in such reverence amongst us as Wealth; though as yet, O baneful money, thou hast no temple of thine own; not yet have we reared altars to Money in like manner as we worship Peace and Honour, Victory and Virtue, or that Concord that twitters when we salute her nest.

[117] If then the great officers of state reckon up at the end of the year how much the dole brings in, how much it adds to their income, what shall we dependants do who, out of the self-same dole, have to find ourselves in coats and shoes, in the bread and fire of our homes? A mob of litters comes in quest of the hundred farthings; here is a husband going the round, followed by a sickly or pregnant wife; another, by a clever and well-known trick, claims for a wife that is not there, pointing, in her stead, to a closed and empty chair: "My Galla's in there," says he; "let us off quick, will you not?" "Galla, put out your head!" "Don't disturb her, she's asleep!"

[127] The day itself is marked out by a fine round of business. First comes the dole; then the courts, and Apollo learned in the law, and those triumphal statues among which some Egyptian Arabarch or other has dared to set up his titles; against whose statue more than one kind of nuisance may be committed! Wearied and hopeless, the old clients leave the door, though the last hope that a man

relinquishes is that of a dinner; the poor wretches must buy their cabbage and their fuel. Meanwhile their lordly patron will be devouring the choicest products of wood and sea, lying alone upon an empty couch; for off those huge and splendid antique dinner-tables he will consume a whole patrimony at a single meal. Ere long no parasites will be left! Who can bear to see luxury so mean? What a huge gullet to have a whole boar — an animal created for conviviality — served up to it! But you will soon pay for it, my friend, when you take off your clothes, and with distended stomach carry your peacock into the bath undigested! Hence a sudden death, and an intestate old age; the new and merry tale runs the round of every dinner-table, and the corpse is carried forth to burial amid the cheers of enraged friends!

[147] To these ways of ours Posterity will have nothing to add; our grandchildren will do the same things, and desire the same things, that we do. All vice is at its acme; up with your sails and shake out every stitch of canvas! Here perhaps you will say, "Where find the talent to match the theme? Where find that freedom of our forefathers to write whatever the burning soul desired? 'What man is there that I dare not name? What matters it whether Mucius forgives my words or no?'" But just describe Tigellinus and you will blaze amid those faggots in which men, with their throats tightly gripped, stand and burn and smoke, and you trace a broad furrow through the middle of the arena.

[158] What? Is a man who has administered aconite to half a dozen uncles to ride by and look down upon me from his swaying cushions? "Yes; and when he comes near you, put your finger to your lip: he who but says the word, 'That's the man!' will be counted an informer. You may set Aeneas and the brave Rutulian a-fighting with an easy mind; it will hurt no one's feelings to hear how Achilles was slain, or how Hylas was searched for when he tumbled after his pitcher. But when Lucilius roars and rages as if with sword in hand, the hearer, whose soul was cold with crime, grows red; he sweats with the secret consciousness of sin. Hence wrath and tears. So turn these things over in your mind before the trumpet sounds; the helmet once donned, it is too late to repent you of the battle." Then I will try what I may say of those worthies whose ashes lie under the Flaminian and Latin roads.

Satire 2. Moralists without Morals

[1] I would fain flee to Sarmatia and the frozen Sea when people who ape the Curii and live like Bacchanals dare talk about morals. In the first place, they are unlearned persons, though you may find their houses crammed with plaster casts of Chrysippus; for their greatest hero is the man who has bought a likeness of Aristotle or Pittacus, or bids his shelves preserve an original portrait of Cleanthes. Men's faces are not to be trusted; does not every street abound in gloomy-visaged debauchees? And do you rebuke foul practices, when you are yourself the most notorious of the Socratic reprobates? A hairy body, and arms stiff with bristles, give promise of a manly soul: but the doctor grins when he cuts into the growths on your shaved buttocks. Men of your kidney talk little; they glory in taciturnity, and cut their hair shorter than their eyebrows. Peribomius himself is more open and more honest; his face, his walk, betray his distemper, and I charge Destiny with his failings. Such men excite your pity by their frankness; the very fury of their passions wins them pardon. Far worse are those who denounce evil ways in the language of a Hercules; and after discoursing upon virtue, prepare to practise vice. "Am I to respect you, Sextus," quoth the ill-famed Varillus, "when you do as I do? How am I worse than yourself? " Let the straight-legged man laugh at the club-footed, the white man at the blackamoor: but who could endure the Gracchi railing at sedition? Who will not confound heaven with earth, and sea with sky, if Verves denounce thieves, or Milo cut-throats? If Clodius condemn adulterers, or Catiline upbraid Cethegus; or if Sulla's three disciples inveigh against proscriptions? Such a man was that adulterer who, after lately defiling himself by a union of the tragic style, revived the stern laws that were to be a terror to all men — ay, even to Mars and Venus — at the moment when Julia was relieving her fertile womb and giving birth to abortions that displayed the similitude of her uncle. Is it not then right and proper that the very worst of sinners should despise your pretended Scauri, and bite back when bitten?

[36] Laronia could not contain herself when one of these sour-faced worthies cried out, "What of your Julian Law? Has it gone to sleep?" To which she answered smilingly," O happy times to have you for a censor of our morals! Once more may Rome regain her modesty; a third Cato has come down to us from the skies! But tell me, where did you buy that balsam juice that exhales from your hairy neck? Don't be ashamed to point out to me the shopman! If laws and statutes are to be raked up, you should cite first of all the Scantinian : inquire first

into the things that are done by men; men do more wicked things than we do, but they are protected by their numbers, and the tight-locked shields of their phalanx. Male effeminates agree wondrously well among themselves; never in our sex will you find such loathsome examples of evil.

[51] "Do we women ever plead in the courts? Are we learned in the Law? Do your court-houses ever ring with our bawling? Some few of us are wrestlers; some of us eat meat-rations: you men spin wool and bring back your tale of work in baskets when it is done; you twirl round the spindle big with fine thread more deftly than Penelope, more delicately than Arachne, doing work such as an unkempt drab squatting on a log would do. Everybody knows why Hister left all his property to his freedman, why in his life-time he gave so many presents to his young wife; the woman who sleeps third in a big bed will want for nothing. So when you take a husband, keep your mouth shut; precious stones will be the reward of a well-kept secret. After this, what condemnation can be pronounced on women? Our censor absolves the crow and passes judgment on the pigeon!"

[64] While Laronia was uttering these plain truths, the would-be Stoics made off in confusion: for what word of untruth had she spoken? Yet what will not other men do when you, Creticus, dress yourself in garments of gauze, and while everyone is marvelling at your attire, launch out against the Proculae and the Pollittae? Fabulla is an adulteress; condemn Carfinia of the same crime if you please; but however guilty, they would never wear such a gown as yours. "O but," you say, "these July days are so sweltering!" Then why not plead without clothes? Such madness would be less disgraceful. A pretty garb yours in which to propose or expound laws to our countrymen flushed with victory, and with their wounds yet unhealed; and to those mountain rustics who had laid down their ploughs to listen to you? What would you not exclaim if you saw a judge dressed like that? Would a robe of gauze sit becomingly on a witness? You, Creticus, you, the keen, unbending champion of human liberty, to be clothed in a transparency! This plague has come upon us by infection, and it will spread still further, just as in the fields the scab of one sheep, or the mange of one pig, destroys an entire herd; just as one bunch of grapes takes on its sickly colour from the aspect of its neighbour.

[82] Some day you will venture on something more shameful than this dress; no one reaches the depths of turpitude all at once. In due time you will be welcomed by those who in their homes put fillets round their brows, swathe themselves with necklaces, and propitiate the Bona Dea with the stomach of a porker and a huge bowl of wine, though by an evil usage the Goddess warns off all women from the door; none but males may approach her altar. "Away with you! profane women" is the cry; "no booming horn, no she-minstrels here!" Such were the secret torchlight orgies with which the Baptae wearied the Cecropian Cotytto. One

prolongs his eyebrows with some damp soot on the edge of a needle, and lifts up his blinking eyes to be painted; another drinks out of an obscenely-shaped glass, and ties up his long locks in a gilded net; he is clothed in blue checks, or smooth-faced green; the attendant swears by Juno like his master. Another holds in his hand a mirror like that carried by the effeminate Otho: a trophy of the Auruncan Actor, in which he gazed at his own image in full armour when he was just ready to give the order to advance — a thing notable and novel in the annals of our time, a mirror among the kit of Civil War! It needed, in truth, a mighty general to slay Galba, and keep his own skin shaved; it needed a citizen of highest courage to ape the splendours of the Palace on the field of Bebriacum, and plaster his face with dough! Never did the quiver-bearing Samiramis the like in her Assyrian realm, nor the despairing Cleopatra on board her ship at Actium. No decency of language is there here: no regard for the manners of the table. You will hear all the foul talk and squeaking tones of Cybele; a grey-haired frenzied old man presides over the rites; he is a rare and notable master of the art of gluttony, and should be hired to teach it. But why wait any longer when it were time in Phrygian fashion to lop off the superfluous flesh?

[117] Gracchus has presented to a cornet player — or perhaps it was a player on the straight horn — a dowry of four hundred thousand sesterces. The contract has been signed; the benedictions have been pronounced; the banqueters are seated, the new made bride is reclining on the bosom of her husband. O ye nobles of Rome! is it a soothsayer that we need, or a Censor? Would you be more aghast, would you deem it a greater portent, if a woman gave birth to a calf, or an ox to a lamb? The man who is now arraying himself in the flounces and train and veil of a bride once carried the quivering shields of Mars by the sacred thongs and sweated under the sacred burden!

[126] O Father of our city, whence came such wickedness among thy Latin shepherds? How did such a lust possess thy grandchildren, O Gradivus? Behold! Here you have a man of high birth and wealth being handed over in marriage to a man, and yet neither shakest thy helmet, nor smitest the earth with thy spear, nor yet protestest to thy Father? Away with thee then; begone from that broad Martial Plain which thou hast forgotten!

[132] "I have a ceremony to attend," quoth one, "at dawn to-morrow, in the Quirinal valley." "What is the occasion?" "No need to ask: a friend is taking to himself a husband; quite a small affair." Yes, and if we only live long enough, we shall see these things done openly: people will wish to see them reported among the news of the day. Meanwhile these would-be brides have one great trouble: they can bear no children wherewith to keep the affection of their husbands; well has nature done in granting to their desires no power over their bodies. They die

infertile; naught avails them the medicine-chest of the bloated Lyde, or to hold out their hands to the blows of the swift-footed Luperci!

[143] Greater still the portent when Gracchus, clad in a tunic, played the gladiator, and fled, trident in hand, across the arena — Gracchus, a man of nobler birth than the Capitolini, or the Marcelli, or the descendents of Catulus or Paulus, or the Fabii: nobler than all the spectators in the podium; not excepting him who gave the show at which that net was flung.

[149] That there are such things as Manes, and kingdoms below ground, and punt-poles, and Stygian pools black with frogs, and all those thousands crossing over in a single bark — these things not even boys believe, except such as have not yet had their penny bath. But just imagine them to be true — what would Curius and the two Scipios think? or Fabricius and the spirit of Camillus? What would the legion that fought at the Cremera think, or the young manhood that fell at Cannae; what would all those gallant hearts feel when a shade of this sort came down to them from here? They would wish to be purified; if only sulphur and torches and damp laurel-branches were to be had. Such is the degradation to which we have come! Our arms indeed we have pushed beyond Juverna's shores, to the new-conquered Orcades and the short-nighted Britons; but the things which we do in our victorious city will never be done by the men whom we have conquered. And yet they say that one Zalaces, an Armenian more effeminate than any of our youth, has yielded to the ardour of a Tribune! Just see what evil communications do! He came as a hostage: but here boys are turned into men. Give them a long sojourn in our city, and lovers will never fail them. They will throw away their trousers and their knives, their bridles and their whips, and carry back to Artaxata the manners of our Roman youth.

Satire 3. Quid Romae Faciam?

[1] Though put out by the departure of my old friend, I commend his purpose to fix his home at Cumae, and to present one citizen to the Sibyl. That is the gate of Baiae, a sweet retreat upon a pleasant shore; I myself would prefer even Prochyta to the Saburra! For where has one ever seen a place so dismal and so lonely that one would not deem it worse to live in perpetual dread of fires and falling houses, and the thousand perils of this terrible city, and poets spouting in the month of August!

[10] But while all his goods and chattels were being packed upon a single wagon, my friend halted at the dripping archway of the old Porta Capena. Here Numa held his nightly assignations with his mistress; but now the holy fount and grove and shrine are let out to Jews, who possess a basket and a truss of hay for all their furnishings. For as every tree nowadays has to pay toll to the people, the Muses have been ejected, and the wood has to go a-begging. We go down to the Valley of Egeria, and into the caves so unlike to nature: how much more near to us would be the spirit of the fountain if its waters were fringed by a green border of grass, and there were no marble to outrage the native tufa!

[21] Here spoke Umbritius:—" Since there is no room," quoth he, "for honest callings in this city, no reward for labour; since my means are less to-day than they were yesterday, and to-morrow will rub off something from the little that is left, I purpose to go to the place where Daedalus put off his weary wings while my white hairs are recent, while my old age is erect and fresh, while Lachesis has something left to spin, and I can support myself on my own feet without slipping a staff beneath my hand. Farewell my country! Let Artorius live there, and Catulus; let those remain who turn black into white, to whom it comes easy to take contracts for temples, rivers or harbours, for cleansing drains, or carrying corpses to the pyre, or to put up slaves for sale under the authority of the spear. These men once were horn-blowers, who went the round of every provincial show, and whose puffed-out cheeks were known in every village; to-day they hold shows of their own, and win applause by slaying with a turn of the thumb whomsoever the mob bids them slay; from that they go back to contract for cesspools, and why not for any kind of thing, seeing that they are of the kind that Fortune raises from the gutter to the mighty places of earth whenever she wishes to enjoy a laugh?

[41] What can I do at Rome? I cannot lie; if a book is bad, I cannot praise it, and beg for a copy; I am ignorant of the movements of the stars; I cannot, and will not, promise to a man his father's death; I have never examined the entrails of a frog; I must leave it to others to carry to a bride the presents and messages of a paramour. No man will get my help in robbery, and therefore no governor will take me on his staff: I am treated as a maimed and useless trunk that has lost the power of its hands. What man wins favour nowadays unless he be an accomplice — one whose soul seethes and burns with secrets that must never be disclosed? No one who has imparted to you an innocent secret thinks he owes you anything, or will ever bestow on you a favour; the man whom Verres loves is the man who can impeach Verres at any moment that he chooses. Ah! Let not all the sands of the shaded Tagus, and the gold which it rolls into the sea, be so precious in your eyes that you should lose your sleep, and accept gifts, to your sorrow, which you must one day lay down, and be for ever a terror to your mighty friend!

[58] "And now let me speak at once of the race which is most dear to our rich men, and which I avoid above all others; no shyness shall stand in my way. I cannot abide, Quirites, a Rome of Greeks; and yet what fraction of our dregs comes from Greece? The Syrian Orontes has long since poured into the Tiber, bringing with it its lingo and its manners, its flutes and its slanting harp-strings: bringing too the timbrels of the breed, and the trulls who are bidden ply their trade at the Circus. Out upon you, all ye that delight in foreign strumpets with painted headdresses! Your country clown, Quirinus, now trips to dinner in Greek-fangled slippers, and wears *niceterian* ornaments upon a *ceromatic* neck! One comes from lofty Sicyon, another from Amydon or Andros, others from Samos, Tralles or Alabanda; all making for the Esquiline, or for the hill that takes its name from osier-beds; all ready to worm their way into the houses of the great and become their masters. Quick of wit and of unbounded impudence, they are as ready of speech as Isaeus, and more torrential. Say, what do you think that fellow there to be? He has brought with him any character you please; grammarian, orator, geometrician; painter, trainer, or rope-dancer; augur, doctor or astrologer: —

'All sciences a fasting monsieur knows,
And bid him go to Hell, to Hell he goes!'

In fine, the man who took to himself wings was not a Moor, nor a Sarmatian, nor a Thracian, but one born in the very heart of Athens!

[81] "Must I not make my escape from purple-clad gentry like these? Is a man to sign his name before me, and recline upon a couch above mine, who has been wafted to Rome by the wind which brings us our damsons and our figs? Is it to go

so utterly for nothing that as a babe I drank in the air of the Aventine, and was nurtured on the Sabine berry?

[86] "What of this again, that these people are experts in flattery, and will commend the talk of an illiterate, or the beauty of a deformed, friend, and compare the scraggy neck of some weakling to the brawny throat of Hercules when holding up Antaeus from the earth; or go into ecstasies over a squeaky voice not more melodious than that of a cock when he pecks his spouse the hen? We, no doubt, can praise the same things that they do; but what they say is believed. Could any actor do better when he plays the part of Thais, or of a matron, or of the nude Doris? You would never think that it was an actor that was speaking, but a very woman, complete in all her parts. Yet, in their own country, neither Antiochus nor Stratocles, neither Demetrius nor the delicate Haemus, will be applauded: they are a nation of play-actors. If you smile, your Greek will split his sides with laughter; if he sees his friend drop a tear, he weeps, though without grieving; if you call for a bit of fire in winter-time, he puts on his cloak; if you say 'I am hot,' he breaks into a sweat. Thus we are not upon a level, he and I; he has always the best of it, being ready at any moment, by night or by day, to take his expression from another man's face, to throw up his hands and applaud if his friend spit or hiccup nicely, or if his golden basin make a gurgle when turned upside down.

[109] "Besides all this, there is nothing sacred to his lusts: not the matron of the family, nor the maiden daughter, not the as yet unbearded son-in-law to be, not even the as yet unpolluted son; if none of these be there, he will debauch the grandmother. These men want to discover the secrets of the family, and so make themselves feared. And now that I am speaking of the Greeks, pass on to the schools, and hear of a graver crime; the Stoic who informed against and slew his own young friend and disciple was born on that river bank where the Gorgon's winged steed fell to earth. No: there is no room for any Roman here, where some Protogenes, or Diphilus, or Hermarchus rules the roast — one who by a defect of his race never shares a friend, but keeps him all to himself. For when once he has dropped into a facile ear one particle of his own and his country's poison, I am thrust from the door, and all my long years of servitude go for nothing. Nowhere is it so easy as at Rome to throw an old client overboard.

[126] "And besides, not to flatter ourselves, what value is there in a poor man's serving here in Rome, even if he be at pains to hurry along in his toga before daylight, seeing that the praetor is bidding the lictor to go full speed lest his colleague should be the first to salute the childless ladies Albina and Modia, who have long ago been awake. Here in Rome the son of free-born parents has to give the wall to some rich man's slave; for that other will give as much as the whole

pay of a legionary tribune to enjoy the chance favours of a Calvinal or a Catiena, while you, when the face of some gay-decked harlot takes your fancy, scarce venture to hand her down from her lofty chair. At Rome you may produce a witness as unimpeachable as the host of the Idaean Goddess — Numa himself might present himself, or he who rescued the trembling Minerva from the blazing shrine — the first question asked will be as to his wealth, the last about his character: 'how many slaves does he keep?' 'how many acres does he own?' 'how big and how many are his dinner dishes?' A man's word is believed in exact proportion to the amount of cash which he keeps in his strong box. Though he swear by all the altars of Samothrace or of Rome, the poor man is believed to care naught for Gods and thunderbolts, the Gods themselves forgiving him.

[147] "And what of this, that the poor man gives food and occasion for jest if his cloak be torn and dirty; if his toga be a little soiled; if one of his shoes gapes where the leather is split, or if some fresh stitches of coarse thread reveal where not one, but many a rent has been patched? Of all the woes of luckless poverty none is harder to endure than this, that it exposes men to ridicule. 'Out you go! for very shame,' says the marshal; 'out of the Knights' stalls, all of you whose means do not satisfy the law.' Here let the sons of panders, born in any brothel, take their seats; here let the spruce son of an auctioneer clap his hands, with the smart sons of a gladiator on one side of him and the young gentlemen of a trainer on the other: such was the will of the numskull Otho who assigned to each of us his place. Who ever was approved as a son-in-law if he was short of cash, and no match for the money-bags of the young lady? What poor man ever gets a legacy, or is appointed assessor to an aedile? Romans without money should have marched out in a body long ago!

[164] "It is no easy matter, anywhere, for a man to rise when poverty stands in the way of his merits: but nowhere is the effort harder than in Rome, where you must pay a big rent for a wretched lodging, a big sum to fill the bellies of your slaves, and buy a frugal dinner for yourself. You are ashamed to dine off delf; but you would see no shame in it if transported suddenly to a Marsian or Sabine table, where you would be pleased enough to wear a cape of coarse Venetian blue.

[171] "There are many parts of Italy, to tell the truth, in which no man puts on a toga until he is dead. Even on days of festival, when a brave show is made in a theatre of turf, and when the well-known farce steps once more upon the boards; when the rustic babe on its mother's breast shrinks back affrighted at the gaping of the pallid masks, you will see stalls and populace all dressed alike, and the worshipful aediles content with white tunics as vesture for their high office. In Rome, everyone dresses above his means, and sometimes something more than what is enough is taken out of another man's pocket. This failing is universal

here: we all live in a state of pretentious poverty. To put it shortly, nothing can be had in Rome for nothing. How much does it cost you to be able now and then to make your bow to Cossus? Or to be vouchsafed one glance, with lip firmly closed, from Veiento? One of these great men is cutting off his beard; another is dedicating the locks of a favourite; the house is full of cakes — which you will have to pay for. Take your cake, and let this thought rankle in your heart: we clients are compelled to pay tribute and add to a shaved menial's perquisites.

[190] "Who at cool Praeneste, or at Volsinii amid its leafy hills, was ever afraid of his house tumbling down? Who in modest Gabii, or on the sloping heights of Tivoli? But here we inhabit a city propped up for the most part by slender flute-players: for that is how the bailiff patches up the cracks in the old wall, bidding the inmates sleep at ease under a roof ready to tumble about their ears. No, no, I must live where there are no fires, no nightly alarms. Ucalegon below is already shouting for water and shifting his chattels; smoke is pouring out of your third-floor attic above, but you know nothing of it; for if the alarm begins in the ground-floor, the last man to burn will be he who has nothing to shelter him from the rain but the tiles, where the gentle doves lay their eggs. Codrus possessed a bed too small for the dwarf Procula, a marble slab adorned by six pipkins, with a small drinking cup, and a recumbent Chiron below, and an old chest containing Greek books whose divine lays were being gnawed by unlettered mice. Poor Codrus had nothing, it is true: but he lost that nothing, which was his all; and the last straw in his heap of misery is this, that though he is destitute and begging for a bite, no one will help him with a meal, no one offer him board or shelter.

[212] "But if the grand house of Asturicus be destroyed, the matrons go dishevelled, your great men put on mourning, the praetor adjourns his court: then indeed do we deplore the calamities of the city, and bewail its fires! Before the house has ceased to burn, up comes one with a gift of marble or of building materials, another offers nude and glistening statues, a third some notable work of Euphranor or Polyclitus, or bronzes that had been the glory of old Asian shrines. Others will offer books and bookcases, or a bust of Minerva, or a hundredweight of silver-plate. Thus does Persicus, that most sumptuous of childless men, replace what he has lost with more and better things, and with good reason incurs the suspicion of having set his own house on fire.

[223] "If you can tear yourself away from the games of the Circus, you can buy an excellent house at Sora, at Fabrateria or Frusino, for what you now pay in Rome to rent a dark garret for one year. And you will there have a little garden, with a shallow well from which you can easily draw water, without need of a rope, to bedew your weakly plants. There make your abode, mattock in hand, tending a

trim garden fit to feast a hundred Pythagoreans. It is something, in whatever spot, however remote, to have become the possessor of a single lizard!

[232] "Most sick people here in Rome perish for want of sleep, the illness itself having been produced by food lying undigested on a fevered stomach. For what sleep is possible in a lodging? Who but the wealthy get sleep in Rome? There lies the root of the disorder. The crossing of wagons in the narrow winding streets, the slanging of drovers when brought to a stand, would make sleep impossible for a Drusus — or a sea-calf. When the rich man has a call of social duty, the mob makes way for him as he is borne swiftly over their heads in a huge Liburnian car. He writes or reads or sleeps as he goes along, for the closed window of the litter induces slumber. Yet he will arrive before us; hurry as we may, we are blocked by a surging crowd in front, and by a dense mass of people pressing in on us from behind: one man digs an elbow into me, another a sedan-pole; one bangs a beam, another a wine-cask, against my head. My legs are be-plastered with mud; huge feet trample on me from every side, and a soldier plants his hobnails firmly on my toe.

[249] "See now the smoke rising from that crowd which hurries for the daily dole: there are a hundred guests, each followed by a kitchener of his own. Corbulo himself could scarce bear the weight of all the big vessels and other gear which that poor little slave is carrying with head erect, fanning the flame as he runs along. Newly-patched tunics are torn in two; up comes a huge log swaying on a wagon, and then a second dray carrying a whole pine-tree, towering aloft and threatening the people. For if that axle with its load of Ligurian marble breaks down, and pours its spilt contents on to the crowd, what is left of their bodies? Who can identify the limbs, who the bones? The poor man's crushed corpse disappears, just like his soul. At home meanwhile the folk, unwitting, are washing the dishes, blowing up the fire with distended cheek, clattering over the greasy flesh-scrapers, filling the oil-flasks and laying out the towels. And while each of them is thus busy over his own task, their master is already sitting, a new arrival, upon the bank, and shuddering at the grim ferryman: he has no copper in his mouth to tender for his fare, and no hope of a passage over the murky flood.

[268] "And now regard the different and diverse perils of the night. See what a height it is to that towering roof from which a potsherd comes crack upon my head every time that some broken or leaky vessel is pitched out of the window! See with what a smash it strikes and dints the pavement! There's death in every open window as you pass along at night; you may well be deemed a fool, improvident of sudden accident, if you go out to dinner without having made your will. You can but hope, and put up a piteous prayer in your heart, that they may be content to pour down on you the contents of their slop-pails!

[278] “Your drunken bully who has by chance not slain his man passes a night of torture like that of Achilles when he bemoaned his friend, lying now upon his face, and now upon his back; he will get no rest in any other way, since some men can only sleep after a brawl. Yet however reckless the fellow may be, however hot with wine and young blood, he gives a wide berth to one whose scarlet cloak and long-retinue of attendants, with torches and brass lamps in their hands, bid him keep his distance. But to me, who am wont to be escorted home by the moon, or by the scant light of a candle whose wick I husband with due care, he pays no respect. Hear how the wretched fray begins — if fray it can be called when you do all the thrashing and I get all the blows! The fellow stands up against me, and bids me halt; obey I must. What else can you do when attacked by a madman stronger than yourself? ‘Where are you from?’ shouts he; ‘whose swipes, whose beans have blown you out? With what cobbler have you been munching cut leeks and boiled sheep’s head? — What, sirrah, no answer? Speak out, or take that upon your shins! Where is your stand? In what prayer-shop shall I find you?’ Whether you venture to say anything, or make off silently, it’s all one: he will thrash you just the same, and then, in a rage, take bail from you. Such is the liberty of the poor man: having been pounded and cuffed into a jelly, he begs and. prays to be allowed to return home with a few teeth in his head!

[302] “Nor are these your only terrors. When your house is shut, when bar and chain have made fast your shop, and all is silent, you will be robbed by a burglar; or perhaps a cut-throat will do for you quickly with cold steel. For whenever the Pontine marshes and the Gallinarian forest are secured by an armed guard, all that tribe flocks into Rome as into a fish-preserve. What furnaces, what anvils, are not groaning with the forging of chains? That is how our iron is mostly used; and you may well fear that ere long none will be left for plough-shares, none for hoes and mattocks. Happy were the forbears of our great-grandfathers, happy the days of old which under Kings and Tribunes beheld Rome satisfied with a single gaol!

[315] “To these I might add more and different reasons; but my cattle call, the sun is sloping and I must away: my muleteer has long been signalling to me with his whip. And so farewell; forget me not. And if ever you run over from Rome to your own Aquinum to recruit, summon me too from Cumae to your Helvine Ceres and Diana; I will come over to your cold country in my thick boots to hear your Satires, if they think me worthy of that honour.”

Satire 4. A tale of a turbot.

[1] Crispinus once again! a man whom I shall often have to call on to the scene, a prodigy of wickedness without one redeeming virtue; a sickly libertine, strong only in his lusts, which scorn none save the unwedded. What matters it then how spacious are the colonnades which tire out his horses, how large the shady groves in which he drives, how many acres near the Forum, how many palaces, he has bought? No bad man can be happy: least of all the incestuous seducer with whom lately lay a filleted priestess, doomed to pass beneath the earth with the blood still warm within her veins.

[11] To-day I shall tell of a less heinous deed, though had any other man done the like, he would fall under the censor's lash: for what would be shameful in good men like Seius or Teius sat gracefully on Crispinus. What can you do when the man himself is more foul and monstrous than any charge you can bring against him? Crispinus bought a mullet for six thousand sesterces — one thousand sesterces for every pound of fish, as those would say who make big things bigger in the telling of them. I could commend the man's cunning if by such a lordly gift he secured the first place in the will of some childless old mail, or, better still, sent it to some great lady who rides in a close, broad-windowed litter. But nothing of the sort; he bought it for himself: we see many a thing done nowadays which poor niggardly Apicius never did. What? Did you, Crispinus — you who once wore a strip of your native papyrus round your loins — give that price for a fish? A price bigger than you need have paid for the fisherman himself, a price for which you might buy a whole estate in some province, or a still larger one in Apulia. What kind of feasts are we to suppose were guzzled by our Emperor himself when all those thousands of sesterces — forming a small fraction, a mere side-dish of a modest entertainment — were belched up by a purple-clad parasite of the august Palace — one who is now Chief of the Knights, and who once used to hawk, at the top of his voice, a broken lot of his fellow-countrymen the sprats? Begin, Calliope! let us take our seats. This is no mere fable, but a true tale that is being told; tell it forth, ye maidens of Pieria, and let it profit me that I have called you maids!

[37] What time the last of the Flavii was flaying the half-dying world, and Rome was enslaved to a bald-headed Nero, there fell into a net in the sea of Hadria, in front of the shrine of Venus that stands in Dorian Ancona, a turbot of wondrous size, filling up all its meshes, — a fish no less huge than those which the lake

Maeotis conceals beneath the ice till it is broken up by the sun, and then sends forth, torpid through sloth and fattened by long cold, to the mouths of the Pontic sea. This monster the master of the boat and line designs for the High Pontiff; for who would dare to put up for sale or to buy so big a fish in days when even the sea shores were crowded with informers? The inspectors of sea-weed would straightway have taken the law of the poor fisherman, ready to affirm that the fish was a run-away that had long feasted in Caesar's fishponds; escaped from thence, he must needs be restored to his former master. For if Palfurius is to be believed, or Armillatus, every rare and beautiful thing in the wide ocean, in whatever sea it swims, belongs to the Imperial Treasury. The fish therefore, that it be not wasted, shall be given as a gift.

[56] And now death-bearing Autumn was giving way before the frosts, fevered patients were hoping for a quartan, and bleak winter's blasts were keeping the booty fresh; yet on sped the fisherman as though the South wind were at his heels. And when beneath him lay the lake where Alba, though in ruins, still holds the Trojan fire and worships the lesser Vesta, a wondering crowd barred his way for a while; as it gave way, the gates swung open on easy hinge, and the excluded Fathers gazed on the dish that had gained an entrance. Admitted to the Presence, "Receive," quoth he of Picenum, "a fish too big for a private kitchen. Be this kept as a festive day; hasten to fill out thy belly with good things, and devour a turbot that has been preserved to grace thy reign. The fish himself wanted to be caught." Could flattery be more gross? Yet the Monarch's comb began to rise: there is nothing that divine Majesty will not believe concerning itself when lauded to the skies! But no platter could be found big enough for the fish; so a council of magnates is summoned: men hated by the Emperor, and on whose faces sat the pallor of that great and perilous friendship. First to answer the Ligurian's call "Haste, haste! he is seated!" was Pegasus, hastily catching up his cloak — he that had newly been appointed as bailiff over the astonished city. For what else but bailiffs were the Prefects of those days? Of whom Pegasus was the best, and the most righteous expounder of the law, though he thought that even in those dread days there should be no sword in the hand of Justice. Next to come in was the aged, genial Crispus, whose gentle soul well matched his style of eloquence. No better adviser than he for the ruler of lands and seas and nations had he been free, under that scourge and plague, to denounce cruelties and proffer honest counsels. But what can be more dangerous than the ear of a tyrant on whose caprice hangs the life of a friend who has come to talk of the rain or the heat or the showery spring weather? So Crispus never struck out against the torrent, nor was he one to speak freely the thoughts of his heart, and stake his life upon the truth. Thus was

it that he lived through many winters and saw his eightieth solstice, protected, even in that Court, by weapons such as these.

[94] Next to him hurried Acilius, of like age as himself, and with him the youth who little merited the cruel death that was so soon hurried on by his master's sword. But to be both young and noble has long since become a prodigy; hence I would rather be a giant's little brother. Therefore it availed the poor youth nothing that he speared Numidian bears, stripped as a huntsman upon the Alban arena. For who nowadays would not see through patrician tricks? Who would now marvel, Brutus, at that old-world cleverness of yours? 'Tis an easy matter to befool a king that wears a beard.

[104] No more cheerful in face, though of ignoble blood, came Rubrius, condemned long since of a crime that may not be named, and yet more shameless than a reprobate who should write satire. There too was present the unwieldy frame of Montanus; and Crispinus, reeking at early dawn with odours enough to out-scent two funerals; more ruthless than he Pompeius, whose gentle whisper would cut men's throats; and Fuscus, who planned battles in his marble halls, keeping his flesh for the Dacian vultures. Then along with the sage Veiento came the death-dealing Catullus, who burnt with love for a maiden whom he had never seen — a mighty and notable marvel even in these days of ours: a blind flatterer, a dire courtier from a beggar's stand, well fitted to beg at the wheels of chariots and blow soft kisses to them as they rolled down the Arician hill. None marvelled more at the fish than he, turning to the left as he spoke; only the creature happened to be on his right. In like fashion would he commend the thrusts of a Cilician gladiator, or the machine which whisks up the boys into the awning.

[123] But Veiento was not to be outdone; and like a seer inspired, O Bellona, by thine own gadfly, he bursts into prophecy: "A mighty presage hast thou, O Emperor! of a great and glorious victory. Some King will be thy captive; or Arviragus will be hurled from his British chariot. The brute is foreign-born: dost thou not see the prickles bristling upon his back?" Nothing remained for Fabricius but to tell the turbot's age and birthplace.

[130] "What then do you advise?" quoth the Emperor. "Shall we cut it up?" "Nay, nay," rejoins Montanus; "let that indignity be spared him. Let a deep vessel be provided to gather his huge dimensions within its slender walls; some great and unforeseen Prometheus is destined for the dish! Haste, haste, with clay and wheel! but from this day forth, O Caesar, let potters always attend upon thy camp!" This proposal, so worthy of the man, gained the day. Well known to him were the old debauches of the Imperial Court, which Nero carried on to midnight till a second hunger came and veins were heated with hot Falernian. No one in my time had more skill in the eating art than he. He could tell at the first bite whether an oyster

had been bred at Circeii, or on the Lucrine rocks, or on the beds of Rutupiae; one glance would tell him the native shore of a sea-urchin.

[144] The Council rises, and the councillors are dismissed: men whom the mighty Emperor had dragged in terror and hot haste to his Alban castle, as though to give them news of the Chatti, or the savage Sycambri, or as though an alarming despatch had arrived on wings of speed from some remote quarter of the earth.

[150] And yet would that he had rather given to follies such as these all those days of cruelty when he robbed the city of its noblest and choicest souls, with none to punish or avenge! He could steep himself in the blood of the Lamiae; but when once he became a terror to the common herd he met his doom.

Satire 5. How Clients are Entertained

[1] If you are still unashamed of your plan of life, and still deem it to be the highest bliss to live at another man's board — if you can brook indignities which neither Sarmentus nor the despicable Gabba would have endured at Caesar's ill-assorted table — I should refuse to believe your testimony, even upon oath. I know of nothing so easily satisfied as the belly; but even granted that you have nothing wherewith to fill its emptiness, is there no quay vacant, no bridge? Can you find no fraction of a beggar's mat to stand upon? Is a dinner worth all the insults with which you have to pay for it? Is your hunger so importunate, when it might, with greater dignity, be shivering where you are, and munching dirty scraps of dog's bread?

[12] First of all be sure of this — that when bidden to dinner, you receive payment in full for all your past services. A meal is the return which your grand friendship yields you; the great man scores it against you, and though it come but seldom, he scores it against you all the same. So if after a couple of months it is his pleasure to invite his forgotten client, lest the third place on the lowest couch should be unoccupied, and he says to you, "Come and dine with me," you are in the seventh Heaven! what more can you desire? Now at last has Trebius got the reward for which he must needs cut short his sleep, and hurry with shoe-strings untied, fearing that the whole crowd of callers may already have gone their rounds, at an hour when the stars are fading or when the chilly wain of Bootes is wheeling slowly round.

[24] And what a dinner after all! You are given wine that fresh-clipped wool would refuse to suck up, and which soon converts your revellers into Corybants. Foul words are the prelude to the fray; but before long tankards will be flying about; a battle royal with Saguntine crockery will soon be raging between you and the company of freedmen, and you will be staunching your wounds with a blood-stained napkin. The great man himself drinks wine bottled in the days when Consuls wore long hair; the juice which he holds in his hand was squeezed during the Social Wars, but never a glass of it will he send to a friend suffering from dyspepsia! To-morrow he will drink a vintage from the hills of Alba or Setia whose date and name have been effaced by the soot which time has gathered upon the aged jar — such wine as Thrasea and Helvidius used to drink with chaplets on their heads upon the birthdays of Cassius and the Bruti.

[37] The cup in Virro's hands is richly crusted with amber and rough with beryl: to you no gold is entrusted; or if it is, a watcher is posted over it to count the gems and keep an eye on your sharp finger-nails. Pardon his anxiety; that fine jasper of his is much admired! For Virro, like so many others, transfers from his fingers to his cups the jewels with which the youth preferred to the jealous Iarbas used to adorn his scabbard. To you will be given a cracked cup with four nozzles that takes its name from a Beneventine cobbler, and calls for sulphur wherewith to repair its broken glass.

[49] If my lord's stomach is fevered with food and wine, a decoction colder than Thracian hoar-frosts will be brought to him. Did I complain just now that you were given a different wine? Why, the water which you clients drink is not the same. It will be handed to you by a Gaetulian groom, or by the bony hand of a blackamoor whom you would rather not meet at midnight when driving past the monuments on the hilly Latin Way. Before mine host stands the very pink of Asia, a youth bought for a sum bigger than the entire fortune of the warlike Tullus or Ancus, more valuable, in short, than all the chattels of all the kings of Rome. That being so, when you are thirsty look to your swarthy Ganymede. The page who has cost so many thousands cannot mix a drink for a poor man: but then his beauty, his youth, justify his disdain! When will he get as far as you? When does he listen to your request for water, hot or cold? It is beneath him to attend to an old dependent; he is indignant that you should ask for anything, and that you should be seated while he stands. All your great houses are full of saucy slaves. See with what a grumble another of them has handed you a bit of hard bread that you can scarce break in two, or lumps of dough that have turned mouldy — stuff that will exercise your grinders and into which no tooth can gain admittance. For Virro himself a delicate loaf is reserved, white as snow, and kneaded of the finest flour. Be sure to keep your hands off it: take no liberties with the bread-basket! If you are presumptuous enough to take a piece, there will be someone to bid you put it down: "What, Sir Impudence? Will you please fill yourself from your proper tray, and learn the colour of your own bread?" "What?" you ask, "was it for this that I would so often leave my wife's side on a spring morning and hurry up the chilly Esquiline when the spring skies were rattling down the pitiless hail, and the rain was pouring in streams off my cloak?"

[80] See now that huge lobster being served to my lord, all garnished with asparagus; see how his lordly breast distinguishes the dish; with what a tail he looks down upon the company, borne aloft in the hands of that tall attendant! Before you is placed on a tiny plate a crab hemmed in by half an egg — a fit banquet for the dead. The host souses his fish in Venafran oil; the sickly greens offered to you, poor devil, will smell of the lamp; for the stuff contained in your

cruets was brought up the Tiber in a sharp-prowed Numidian canoe — stuff which prevents anyone at Rome sharing a bath with Bocchar, and which will even protect you from a black serpent's bite.

[92] My lord will have a mullet dispatched from Corsica or the Rocks of Tauromenium: for in the rage for gluttony our own seas have given out; the nets of the fish-market are for ever raking our home waters, and prevent Tyrrhenian fish from attaining their full size. And so the Provinces supply our kitchens; from the Provinces come the fish for the legacy-hunter Laenas to buy, and for Aurelia to send to market.

[99] Virro is served with a lamprey, the finest that the Straits of Sicily can purvey; for so long as the South wind stays at home, and sits in his prison-house drying his dank wings, Charybdis has no terrors for the daring fisherman. For you is reserved an eel, first cousin to a water-snake, or perchance a pike mottled with ice-spots; he too was bred on Tiber's banks and was wont to find his way into the inmost recesses of the Subura, battening himself amid its flowing sewers.

[107] And now one word with the great man himself, if he will lend his ear. "No one asks of you such lordly gifts as Seneca, or the good Piso or Cotta, used to send to their humble friends: for in the days of old, the glory of giving was deemed grander than titles or fasces. All we ask of you is that you should dine with us as a fellow-citizen : do this and remain, like so many others nowadays, rich for yourself and poor to your friends."

[114] Before Virro is put a huge goose's liver; a capon as big as a goose, and a boar, piping hot, worthy of yellow-haired Meleager's steel. Then will come truffles, if it be spring-time and the longed-for thunder have enlarged our dinners. "Keep your corn to yourself, O Libya!" says Alledius; "unyoke your oxen, if only you send us truffles!"

[120] During all this time, lest any occasion for disgust should be wanting, you may behold the carver capering and gesticulating with knife in air, and carrying out all the instructions of his preceptor: for it makes a mighty difference with what gestures a hare or a hen be carved! If you ever dare to utter one word as though you were possessed of three names, you will be dragged by the heels and thrust out of doors as Cacus was, after the drubbing he got from Hercules. When will Virro offer to drink wine with you? or take a cup that has been polluted by your lips? Which one of you would be so foolhardy, so lost to shame, as to say to your patron "A glass with you, Sir"? No, no: there's many a thing which a man whose coat has holes in it cannot say! But if some God, or god-like manikin more kindly than the fates, should present you with four hundred thousand sesterces, O how great a personage would you become, from being a nobody; how dear a friend to Virro! "Pray help Trebius to this!" "Let Trebius have some of that!"

“Would you like a cut just from the loin, good brother?” O money, money! It is to you that he pays this honour, it is you that are his brother! Nevertheless, if you wish to be yourself a great man, and a great man’s lord, let there be no little Aeneas playing about your halls, nor yet a little daughter, more sweet than he; nothing will so endear you to your friend as a barren wife. But as things now are, though your Mycale pour into your paternal bosom three boys at a birth, Virro will be charmed with the chattering brood, and will order cuirasses of green rushes to be given them, and little nuts, and pennies too if they be asked for, when the little parasites present themselves at his table.

[146] Before the guests will be placed toadstools of doubtful quality, before my lord a noble mushroom, such a one as Claudius ate before that mushroom of his wife’s — after which he ate nothing more. To himself and the rest of the Virros he will order apples to be served whose scent alone would be a feast — apples such as grew in the never-failing Autumn of the Phaeacians, and which you might believe to have been filched from the African sisters; you are treated to a rotten apple like those munched on the ramparts by a monkey equipped with spear and shield who learns, in terror of the whip, to hurl a javelin from the back of a shaggy goat.

[156] You may perhaps suppose that Virro grudges the expense; not a bit of it! His object is to give you pain. For what comedy, what mime, is so amusing as a disappointed belly? His one object, let me tell you, is to compel you to pour out your wrath in tears, and to keep gnashing your molars against each other. You think yourself a free man, and guest of a grandee; he thinks — and he is not far wrong — that you have been captured by the savoury odours of his kitchen. For who that had ever worn the Etruscan bulla in his boyhood, — or even the poor man’s leather badge — could tolerate such a patron for a second time, however destitute he might be? It is the hope of a good dinner that beguiles you: “Surely he will give us,” you say, “what is left of a hare, or some scraps of a boar’s haunch; the remains of a capon will come our way by and by.” And so you all sit in dumb silence, your bread clutched, untasted, and ready for action. In treating you thus, the great man shows his wisdom. If you can endure such things, you deserve them; some day you will be offering your head to be shaved and slapped: nor will you flinch from a stroke of the whip, well worthy of such a feast and such a friend.

Satire 6. The Ways of Women

[1] In the days of Saturn, I believe, Chastity still lingered on the earth, and was to be seen for a time — days when men were poorly housed in chilly caves, when one common shelter enclosed hearth and household gods, herds and their owners; when the hill-bred wife spread her silvan bed with leaves and straw and the skins of her neighbours the wild beasts — a wife not like to thee, O Cynthia, nor to thee, Lesbia, whose bright eyes were clouded by a sparrow's death, but one whose breasts gave suck to lusty babes, often more unkempt herself than her acorn-belching spouse. For in those days, when the world was young, and the skies were new, men born of the riven oak, or formed of dust, lived differently from now, and had no parents of their own. Under Jove, perchance, some few traces of ancient modesty may have survived; but that was before he had grown his beard, before the Greeks had learned to swear by someone else's head, when men feared not thieves for their cabbages or apples, and lived with unwalled gardens. After that Astraea withdrew by degrees to heaven, with Chastity as her comrade, the two sisters taking flight together.

[21] To set your neighbour's bed a-shaking, Postumus, and to flout the Genius of the sacred couch, is now an ancient and long-established practice. All other sins came later, the products of the age of Iron; but it was the silver age that saw the first adulterers. Nevertheless, in these days of ours, you are preparing for a covenant, a marriage-contract and a betrothal; you are by now getting your hair cut by a master barber; you have also perhaps given a pledge to her finger. What! Postumus, are you, you who once had your wits, taking to yourself a wife? Tell me what Tisiphone, what snakes are driving you mad? Can you submit to a she-tyrant when there is so much rope to be had, so many dizzy heights of windows standing open, and when the Aemilian bridge offers itself to hand? Or if none of all these modes of exit hit your fancy, how much better to take some boy-bedfellow, who would never wrangle with you o' nights, never ask presents of you when in bed, and never complain that you took your ease and were indifferent to his solicitations!

[38] But Ursidius approves of the Julian Law. He purposes to bring up a dear little heir, though he will thereby have to do without the fine turtles, the bearded mullets, and all the legacy-hunting delicacies of the meat-market. What can you think impossible if Ursidius takes to himself a wife? if he, who has long been the most notorious of gallants, who has so often found safety in the corn-bin of the

luckless Latinus, puts his head into the connubial noose? And what think you of his searching for a wife of the good old virtuous sort? O doctors, lance his over-blooded veins. A pretty fellow you! Why, if you have the good luck to find a modest spouse, you should prostrate yourself before the Tarpeian threshold, and sacrifice a heifer with gilded horns to Juno; so few are the wives worthy to handle the fillets of Ceres, or from whose kisses their own father would not shrink! Weave a garland for thy doorposts, and set up wreaths of ivy over thy lintel! But will Hiberina be satisfied with one man? Sooner compel her to be satisfied with one eye! You tell me of the high repute of some maiden, who lives on her paternal farm: well, let her live at Gabii, at Fidenae, as she lived in her own country, and I will believe in your paternal farm. But will anyone tell me that nothing ever took place on a mountain side or in a cave? Have Jupiter and Mars become so senile?

[60] Can our arcades show you one woman worthy of your vows? Do all the tiers in all our theatres hold one whom you may love without misgiving, and pick out thence? When the soft Bathyllus dances the part of the gesticulating Leda, Tuccia cannot contain herself; your Apulian maiden heaves a sudden and longing cry of ecstasy, as though she were in a man's arms; the rustic Thymele is all attention, it is then that she learns her lesson.

[67] Others again, when all the stage draperies have been put away; when the theatres are closed, and all is silent save in the courts, and the Megalesian games are far off from the Plebeian, ease their dullness by taking to the mask, the thyrsus and the tights of Accius. Urbicus, in an Atellane interlude, raises a laugh by the gestures of Autonoe; the penniless Aelia is in love with him. Other women pay great prices for the favours of a comedian; some will not allow Chrysogonus to sing. Hispulla has a fancy for tragedians; but do you suppose that any one will be found to love Quintilian? If you marry a wife, it will be that the lyrist Echion or Glaphyrus, or the flute player Ambrosius, may become a father. Then up with a long dais in the narrow street! Adorn your doors and doorposts with wreaths of laurel, that your highborn son, O Lentulus, may exhibit, in his tortoiseshell cradle, the lineaments of Euryalus or of a murmillo!

[82] When Eppia, the senator's wife, ran off with a gladiator to Pharos and the Nile and the ill-famed city of Lagos, Canopus itself cried shame upon the monstrous morals of our town. Forgetful of home, of husband and of sister, without thought of her country, she shamelessly abandoned her weeping children; and — more marvellous still — deserted Paris and the games. Though born in wealth, though as a babe she had slept in a bedizened cradle on the paternal down, she made light of the sea, just as she had long made light of her good name — a loss but little accounted of among our soft litter-riding dames. And so with stout heart she endured the tossing and the roaring of the Tyrrhenian and Ionian Seas,

and all the many seas she had to cross. For when danger comes in a right and honourable way, a woman's heart grows chill with fear; she cannot stand upon her trembling feet: but if she be doing a bold, bad thing, her courage fails not. For a husband to order his wife on board ship is cruelty: the bilge-water then sickens her, the heavens go round and round. But if she is running away with a lover, she feels no qualms: then she vomits over her husband; now she messes with the sailors, she roams about the deck, and delights in hauling at the hard ropes.

[103] And what were the youthful charms which captivated Eppia? What did she see in him to allow herself to be called "a she-Gladiator"? Her dear Sergius had already begun to shave; a wounded arm gave promise of a discharge, and there were sundry deformities in his face: a scar caused by the helmet, a huge wen upon his nose, a nasty humour always trickling from his eye. But then he was a gladiator! It is this that transforms these fellows into Hyacinths! it was this that she preferred to children and to country, to sister and to husband. What these women love is the sword: had this same Sergius received his discharge, he would have been no better than a Veiento.

[114] Do the concerns of a private household and the doings of Eppia affect you? Then look at those who rival the Gods, and hear what Claudius endured. As soon as his wife perceived that her husband was asleep, this august harlot was shameless enough to prefer a common mat to the imperial couch. Assuming a night-cowl, and attended by a single maid, she issued forth; then, having concealed her raven locks under a light-coloured peruque, she took her place in a brothel reeking with long-used coverlets. Entering an empty cell reserved for herself, she there took her stand, under the feigned name of Lycisca, her nipples bare and gilded, and exposed to view the womb that bore thee, O nobly-born Britannicus! Here she graciously received all comers, asking from each his fee; and when at length the keeper dismissed the rest, she remained to the very last before closing her cell, and with passion still raging hot within her went sorrowfully away. Then exhausted but unsatisfied, with soiled cheeks, and begrimed with the smoke of lamps, she took back to the imperial pillow all the odours of the stews.

[133] Why tell of love potions and incantations, of poisons brewed and administered to stepsons, or of the grosser crimes to which women are driven by the imperious power of sex? Their sins of lust are the least of all their sins.

[136] But tell me why is Censennia, on her husband's testimony, the best of wives? "She brought him a million sesterces; that is the price at which he calls her chaste. He has not pined under the darts of Venus; he was never burnt by her torch. It was the dowry that lighted his fires, the dowry that shot those arrows! That dowry bought liberty for her: she may make what signals, and write what

love letters she pleases, before her husband's face; the rich woman who marries a money-loving husband is as good as unmarried.

[142] "Why does Sartorius burn with love for Bibula?" If you shake out the truth, it is the face that he loves, not the woman. Let three wrinkles make their appearance; let her skin become dry and flabby; let her teeth turn black, and her eyes lose their lustre: then will his freedman give her the order, "Pack up your traps and be off! you've become a nuisance; you are for ever blowing your nose; be off, and quick about it! There's another wife coming who will not sniffle." But till that day comes, the lady rules the roast, asking her husband for shepherds and Canusian sheep, and elms for her Falernian vines. But that's a mere nothing: she asks for all his slave-boys, in town and country; everything that her neighbour possesses, and that she does not possess, must be bought. Then in the winter time, when the merchant Jason is shut out from view, and his armed sailors are blocked out by the white booths, she will carry off huge crystal vases, vases bigger still of agate, and finally a diamond of great renown, made precious by the finger of Berenice. It was given as a present long ago by the barbarian Agrippa to his incestuous sister, in that country where kings celebrate festal sabbaths with bare feet, and where a long-established clemency suffers pigs to attain old age.

[161] "Do you say no worthy wife is to be found among all these crowds?" Well, let her be handsome, charming, rich and fertile; let her have ancient ancestors ranged about her halls; let her be more chaste than the dishevelled Sabine maidens who stopped the war — a prodigy as rare upon the earth as a black swan! yet who could endure a wife that possessed all perfections? I would rather have a Venusian wench for my wife than you, O Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, if, with all your virtues, you bring me a haughty brow, and reckon up Triumphs as part of your marriage portion. Away with your Hannibal, I beseech you! Away with Syphax overpowered in his camp! Take yourself off, Carthage and all!

[172] "Be merciful, I pray, O Apollo! and thou, O goddess, lay down thine arrows. These babes have done naught: shoot down their mother!" Thus prayed Amphion; but Apollo bends his bow, and Niobe led forth to the grave her troop of sons, and their father to boot, because she deemed herself of nobler race than Latona, and more prolific than the white sow of Alba. For is any dignity in a wife, any beauty, worth the cost, if she is for ever reckoning up her merits against you? These high and transcendent qualities lose all their charm when spoilt by a pride that savours more of aloes than of honey. And who was ever so enamoured as not to shrink from the woman whom he praises to the skies, and to hate her for seven hours out of every twelve?

[184] Some small faults are intolerable to husbands. What can be more offensive than this, that no woman believes in her own beauty unless she has converted

herself from a Tuscan into a Greekling, or from a maid of Sulmo into a maid of Athens? They talk nothing but Greek, though it is a greater shame for our people to be ignorant of Latin. Their fears and their wrath, their joys and their troubles — all the secrets of their souls — are poured forth in Greek; their very loves are carried on in Greek fashion. All this might be pardoned in a girl; but will you, who are hard on your eighty-sixth year, still talk in Greek? That tongue is not decent in an old woman's mouth. When you come out with the wanton words ¶Ét º±v ÈÅÇu, you are using in public the language of the bed-chamber. Caressing and naughty words like these incite to love; but though you say them more tenderly than a Haemus or a Carpophorus, they will cause no fluttering of the heart — your years are counted up upon your face!

[200] If you are not to love the woman betrothed and united to you in due form, what reason have you for marrying? Why waste the supper, and the wedding cakes to be given to the well-filled guests when the company is slipping away — to say nothing of the first night's gift of a salver rich with glittering gold inscribed with Dacian or Germanic victories? If you are honestly uxorious, and devoted to one woman, then bow your head and submit your neck to the yoke. Never will you find a woman who spares the man who loves her; for though she be herself aflame, she delights to torment and plunder him. So the better the man, the more desirable he be as a husband, the less good will he get out of his wife. No present will you ever make if your wife forbids; nothing will you ever sell if she objects; nothing will you buy without her consent. She will arrange your friendships for you; she will turn your now-aged friend from the door which saw the beginnings of his beard. Panders and trainers can make their wills as they please, as also can the gentlemen of the arena; but you will have to write down among your heirs more than one rival of your own.

[219] "Crucify that slave!" says the wife. "But what crime worthy of death has he committed? " asks the husband; "where are the witnesses? who informed against him? Give him a hearing at least; no delay can be too long when a man's life is at stake!" "What, you numskull? You call a slave a man, do you? He has done no wrong, you say? Be it so; but this is my will and my command: let my will be the voucher for the deed." Thus does she lord it over her husband. But before long she vacates her kingdom; she flits from one home to another, wearing out her bridal veil; then back she flies again and returns to her own imprints in the bed that she has abandoned, leaving behind her the newly decorated door, the festal hangings on the walls, and the garlands still green over the threshold. Thus does the tale of her husbands grow; there will be eight of them in the course of five autumns — a fact worthy of commemoration on her tomb!

[231] Give up all hope of peace so long as your mother-in-law is alive. It is she that teaches her daughter to revel in stripping and despoiling her husband; it is she that teaches her to reply to a seducer's love-letters in no plain and honest fashion; she eludes or bribes your guards; it is she that calls in Archigenes when your daughter has nothing the matter with her, and tosses off the heavy blankets; the lover meanwhile is in secret and silent hiding, trembling with impatience and expectation. Do you really expect the mother to teach her daughter honest ways — ways different from her own? Nay, the vile old woman finds a profit in bringing up her daughter to be vile.

[242] There never was a case in court in which the quarrel was not started by a woman. If Manilia is not a defendant, she'll be the plaintiff; she will herself frame and adjust the pleadings; she will be ready to instruct Celsus himself how to open his case, and how to urge his points.

[246] Why need I tell of the purple wraps and the wrestling-oils used by women? Who has not seen one of them smiting a stump, piercing it through and through with a foil, lunging at it with a shield, and going through all the proper motions? — a matron truly qualified to blow a trumpet at the Floralia! Unless, indeed, she is nursing some further ambition in her bosom, and is practising for the real arena. What modesty can you expect in a woman who wears a helmet, abjures her own sex, and delights in feats of strength? Yet she would not choose to be a man, knowing the superior joys of womanhood. What a fine thing for a husband, at an auction of his wife's effects, to see her belt and armlets and plumes put up for sale, with a gaiter that covers half the left leg; or if she fight another sort of battle, how charmed you will be to see your young wife disposing of her greaves! Yet these are the women who find the thinnest of thin robes too hot for them; whose delicate flesh is chafed by the finest of silk tissue. See how she pants as she goes through her prescribed exercises; how she bends under the weight of her helmet; how big and coarse are the bandages which enclose her haunches; and then laugh when she lays down her arms and shows herself to be a woman! Tell us, ye grand-daughters of Lepidus, or of the blind Metellus, or of Fabius Gurges, what gladiator's wife ever assumed accoutrements like these? When did the wife of Asylus ever gasp against a stump?

[268] The bed that holds a wife is never free from wrangling and mutual bickerings; no sleep is to be got there! It is there that she sets upon her husband, more savage than a tigress that has lost her cubs; conscious of her own secret slips, she affects a grievance, abusing his slaves, or weeping over some imagined mistress. She has an abundant supply of tears always ready in their place, awaiting her command in which fashion they should flow. You, poor dolt, are delighted, believing them to be tears of love, and kiss them away; but what notes,

what love-letters would you find if you opened the desk of your green-eyed adulterous wife! If you find her in the arms of a slave or of a knight, “Speak, speak, Quintilian, give me one of your colours,” she will say. But Quintilian has none to give: “find it yourself,” says he. “We agreed long ago,” says the lady, “that you were to go your way, and I mine. You may confound sea and sky with your bellowing, I am a human being after all.” There’s no effrontery like that of a woman caught in the act; her very guilt inspires her with wrath and insolence.

[286] But whence come these monstrosities? you ask; from what fountain do they flow? In days of old, the wives of Latium were kept chaste by their humble fortunes. It was toil and brief slumbers that kept vice from polluting their modest homes; hands chafed and hardened by Tuscan fleeces, Hannibal nearing the city, and husbands standing to arms at the Colline gate. We are now suffering the calamities of long peace. Luxury, more deadly than any foe, has laid her hand upon us, and avenges a conquered world. Since the day when Roman poverty perished, no deed of crime or lust has been wanting to us; from that moment Sybaris and Rhodes and Miletus have poured in upon our hills, with the begarlanded and drunken and unabashed Tarentum. Filthy lucre first brought in amongst us foreign ways; wealth enervated and corrupted the ages with foul indulgences. What decency does Venus observe when she is drunken? when she knows not one member from another, eats giant oysters at midnight, pours foaming unguents into her unmixed Falernian, and drinks out of perfume-bowls, while the roof spins dizzily round, the table dances, and every light shows double!

[306] Go to now and wonder what means the sneer with which Tullia snuffs the air, or what Maura whispers to her ill-famed foster-sister, when she passes by the ancient altar of Chastity? It is there that they set down their litters at night, and befoul the image of the Goddess, playing their filthy pranks for the morn to witness. Thence home they go; while you, when daylight conies, and you are on your way to salute your mighty friends, will tread upon the traces of your wife’s abominations.

[314] Well known to all are the mysteries of the Good Goddess, when the flute stirs the loins and the Maenads of Priapus sweep along, frenzied alike by the horn-blowing and the wine, whirling their locks and howling. What foul longings burn within their breasts! What cries they utter as the passion palpitates within! How drenched their limbs in torrents of old wine! Saufeia challenges the slave-girls to a contest. Her agility wins the prize, but she has herself in turn to bow the knee to Medullina. And so the palm remains with the mistress, whose exploits match her birth! There is no pretence in the game; all is enacted to the life in a manner that would warm the cold blood of a Priam or a Nestor. And now impatient nature can wait no longer: woman shows herself as she is, and the cry

comes from every corner of the den, “Let in the men!” If one favoured youth is asleep, another is bidden to put on his cowl and hurry along; if better cannot be got, a run is made upon the slaves; if they too fail, the water-carrier will be paid to come in. O would that our ancient practices, or at least our public rites, were not polluted by scenes like these! But every Moor and every Indian knows how Clodius forced his way into a place from which every buck-mouse scuttles away conscious of his virility, and in which no picture of the male form may be exhibited except behind a veil.

[324] Who ever sneered at the Gods in the days of old? Who would have dared to laugh at the earthen-ware bowls or black pots of Numa, or the brittle plates made out of Vatican clay? But nowadays at what altar will you not find a Clodius?

[346] I hear all this time the advice of my old friends — keep your women at home, and put them under lock and key. Yes, but who will watch the warders? Wives are crafty and will begin with them. High or low their passions are all the same. She who wears out the black cobble-stones with her bare feet is no better than she who rides upon the necks of eight stalwart Syrians.

[352] Ogulnia hires clothes to see the games; she hires attendants, a litter, cushions, female friends, a nurse, and a fair-haired girl to run her messages; yet she will give all that remains of the family plate, down to the last flagon, to some smooth-faced athlete. Many of these women are poor, but none of them pay any regard to their poverty, or measure themselves by the standard which that prescribes and lays down for them. Men, on the other hand, do sometimes have an eye to utility; the ant has at last taught some of them to dread cold and hunger. But your extravagant woman is never sensible of her dwindling means; and just as though money were for ever sprouting up afresh from her exhausted coffers, and she had always a full heap to draw from, she never gives a thought to what her pleasures cost her.

[01] “Whenever a cinaedus is kept he taints the household. Folks let these fellows eat and drink with them, and merely have the vessels washed, not shivered to atoms as they should be when such lips have touched them. So even the lanista’s establishment is better ordered than yours, for he separates the vile from the decent, and sequesters even from their fellow-retiarii the wearers of the ill-famed tunic; in the training-school, and even in gaol, such creatures herd apart; but your wife condemns you to drink out of the same cup as these gentry, with whom the poorest trull would refuse to sip the choicest wine. Them do women consult about marriage and divorce, with their society do they relieve boredom or business, from them do they learn lascivious motions and whatever else the teacher knows. But beware! that teacher is not always what he seems: true, he darkens his eyes and dresses like a woman, but adultery is his design. Mistrust him the more for

his show of effeminacy; he is a valiant mattress-knight; there Triphallus drops the mask of Thais. Whom are you fooling? not me; play this farce to those who cannot pierce the masquerade. I wager you are every inch a man; do you own it, or must we wring the truth out of the maid-servants?"

[029] I know well the advice and warnings of my old friends: "Put on a lock and keep your wife indoors." Yes, and who will ward the warders? They get paid in kind for holding their tongues as to their young lady's escapades; participation seals their lips. The wily wife arranges accordingly, and begins with them. . . .

[379] If your wife is musical, none of those who sell their voices to the praetor will hold out against her charms. She is for ever handling musical instruments; her sardonyx rings sparkle thick all over the tortoise-shell; the quivering quill with which she runs over the chords will be that with which the gentle Hedymeles performed; she hugs it, consoles herself with it, and lavishes kisses on the dear implement. A certain lady of the lineage of the Lamiae and the Appii inquired of Janus and Vesta, with offerings of cake and wine, whether Pollio could hope for the Capitoline oak-chaplet and promise victory to his lyre. What more could she have done had her husband been ill, or if the doctors had been shaking their heads over her dear little son? There she stood before the altar, thinking it no shame to veil her head on behalf of a harper; she repeated, in due form, all the words prescribed to her; her cheek blanched when the lamb was opened. Tell me now, I pray, O father Janus, thou most ancient of the Gods, dost thou answer such as she? You have much time on your hands in heaven; so far as I can see, there is nothing for you Gods to do. One lady consults you about a comedian, another wishes to commend to you a tragic actor; the soothsayer will soon be troubled with varicose veins.

[398] Better, however, that your wife should be musical than that she should be rushing boldly about the entire city, attending men's meetings, talking with unflinching face and hard breasts to Generals in their military cloaks, with her husband looking on! This same woman knows what is going on all over the world: what the Thracians and Chinese are after, what has passed between the stepmother and the stepson; she knows who loves whom, what gallant is the rage; she will tell you who got the widow with child, and in what month; how every woman behaves to her lovers, and what she says to them. She is the first to notice the comet threatening the kings of Armenia and Parthia; she picks up the latest rumours at the city gates, and invents some herself: how the Niphates has burst out upon the nations, and is inundating entire districts; how cities are tottering and lands subsiding, she tells to every one she meets at every street crossing.

[413] No less insufferable is the woman who loves to catch hold of her poor neighbours, and deaf to their cries for mercy lays into them with a whip. If her

sound slumbers are disturbed by a barking dog, “Quick with the rods!” she cries; “thrash the owner first, and then the dog!” She is a formidable woman to encounter; she is terrible to look at. She frequents the baths by night; not till night does she order her oil-jars and her quarters to be shifted thither; she loves all the bustle of the hot bath; when her arms drop exhausted by the heavy weights, the anointer passes his hand skilfully over her body, bringing it down at last with a resounding smack upon her thigh. Meanwhile her unfortunate guests are overcome with sleep and hunger, till at last she comes in with a flushed face, and with thirst enough to drink off the vessel containing full three gallons which is laid at her feet, and from which she tosses off a couple of pints before her dinner to create a raging appetite; then she brings it all up again and souses the floor with the washings of her inside. The stream runs over the marble pavement; the gilt basin reeks of Falernian, for she drinks and vomits like a big snake that has tumbled into a vat. The sickened husband closes his eyes and so keeps down his bile.

[434] But most intolerable of all is the woman who as soon as she has sat down to dinner commends Virgil, pardons the dying Dido, and pits the poets against each other, putting Virgil in the one scale and Homer in the other. The grammarians make way before her; the rhetoricians give in; the whole crowd is silenced: no lawyer, no auctioneer will get a word in, no, nor any other woman; so torrential is her speech that you would think that all the pots and bells were being clashed together. Let no one more blow a trumpet or clash a cymbal: one woman will be able to bring succour to the labouring moon! She lays down definitions, and discourses on morals, like a philosopher; thirsting to be deemed both wise and eloquent, she ought to tuck up her skirts knee-high, sacrifice a pig to Silvanus, and take a penny bath. Let not the wife of your bosom possess a special style of her own; let her not hurl at you in whirling speech the crooked enthymeme! Let her not know all history; let there be some things in her reading which she does not understand. I hate a woman who is for ever consulting and poring over the “Grammar” of Palaemon, who observes all the rules and laws of language, who quotes from ancient poets that I never heard of, and corrects her unlettered female friends for slips of speech that no man need trouble about: let husbands at least be permitted to make slips in grammar!

[457] There is nothing that a woman will not permit herself to do, nothing that she deems shameful, when she encircles her neck with green emeralds, and fastens huge pearls to her elongated ears: there is nothing more intolerable than a wealthy woman. Meanwhile she ridiculously puffs out and disfigures her face with lumps of dough; she reeks of rich Poppaean unguents which stick to the lips of her unfortunate husband. Her lover she will meet with a clean-washed skin; but when

does she ever care to look nice at home? It is for her lovers that she provides the spikenard, for them she buys all the scents which the slender Indians bring to us. In good time she discloses her face; she removes the first layer of plaster, and begins to be recognisable. She then laves herself with that milk for which she takes a herd of she-asses in her train if sent away to the Hyperborean pole. But when she has been coated over and treated with all those layers of medicaments, and had those lumps of moist dough applied to it, shall we call it a face or a sore?

[474] It is well worth while to ascertain how these ladies busy themselves all day. If the husband has turned his back upon his wife at night, the wool-maid is done for; the tire-women will be stripped of their tunics; the Liburnian chair-man will be accused of coming late, and will have to pay for another man's drowsiness; one will have a rod broken over his back, another will be bleeding from a strap, a third from the cat; some women engage their executioners by the year. While the flogging goes on, the lady will be daubing her face, or listening to her lady-friends, or inspecting the widths of a gold-embroidered robe. While thus flogging and flogging, she reads the lengthy Gazette, written right across the page, till at last, the floggers being exhausted, and the inquisition ended, she thunders out a gruff "Be off with you!"

[486] Her household is governed as cruelly as a Sicilian Court. If she has an appointment and wishes to be turned out more nicely than usual, and is in a hurry to meet some one waiting for her in the gardens, or more likely near the chapel of the wanton Isis, the unhappy maid that does her hair will have her own hair torn, and the clothes stripped off her shoulders and her breasts. "Why is this curl standing up?" she asks, and then down comes a thong of bull's hide to inflict chastisement for the offending ringlet. Pray how was Psecas in fault? How would the girl be to blame if you happened not to like the shape of your own nose? Another maid on the left side combs out the hair and rolls it into a coil; a maid of her mother's, who has served her time at sewing, and has been promoted to the wool department, assists at the council. She is the first to give her opinion; after her, her inferiors in age or skill will give theirs, as though some question of life or honour were at stake. So important is the business of beautification; so numerous are the tiers and storeys piled one upon another on her head! In front, you would take her for an Andromache; she is not so tall behind: you would not think it was the same person. What if nature has made her so short of stature that, if unaided by high heels, she looks no bigger than a pigmy, and has to rise nimbly on tip-toe for a kiss! Meantime she pays no attention to her husband; she never speaks of what she costs him. She lives with him as if she were only his neighbour; in this alone more near to him, that she hates his friends and his slaves, and plays the mischief with his money.

[511] And now, behold! in comes the chorus of the frantic Bellona and the mother of the Gods, attended by a giant eunuch to whom his obscene inferiors must do reverence. . . . Before him the howling herd with the timbrels give way; his plebeian cheeks are covered with a Phrygian tiara. With solemn utterance he bids the lady beware of the September Siroccos if she do not purify herself with a hundred eggs, and present him with some old mulberry-coloured garments in order that any great and unforeseen calamity may pass into the clothes, and make expiation for the entire year. In winter she will go down to the river of a morning, break the ice, and plunge three times into the Tiber, dipping her trembling head in its whirling waters, and crawling out thence naked and shivering, she will creep with bleeding knees right across the field of Tarquin the Proud. If the white Io shall so order, she will journey to the confines of Egypt, and fetch water from hot Meroe with which to sprinkle the Temple of Isis which stands hard by the ancient sheepfold. For she believes that the command was given by the voice of the Goddess herself — a pretty kind of mind and spirit for the Gods to have converse with by night! Hence the chief and highest place of honour is awarded to Anubis, who, with his linen-clad and shaven crew, mocks at the weeping of the people as he runs along. He it is that obtains pardon for wives who break the law of purity on days that should be kept holy, and exacts huge penalties when the coverlet has been profaned, or when the silver serpent has been seen to nod his head. His tears and carefully-studied mutterings make sure that Osiris will not refuse a pardon for the fault, bribed, no doubt, by a fat goose and a slice of sacrificial cake.

[542] No sooner has that fellow departed than a palsied Jewess, leaving her basket and her truss of hay, comes begging to her secret ear; she is an interpreter of the laws of Jerusalem, a high priestess of the tree, a trusty go-between of highest heaven. She, too, fills her palm, but more sparingly, for a Jew will tell you dreams of any kind you please for the minutest of coins.

[548] An Armenian or Commagenian sooth-sayer, after examining the lungs of a dove that is still warm, will promise a youthful lover, or a big bequest from some rich and childless man; he will probe the breast of a chicken, or the entrails of a dog, sometimes even of a boy; some things he will do with the intention of informing against them himself.

[553] Still more trusted are the Chaldaeans; every word uttered by the astrologer they will believe has come from Hammon’s fountain, for now that the Delphian oracles are dumb, man is condemned to darkness as to his future. Chief among these was one who was oft in exile, through whose friendship and venal prophecies the great citizen died whom Otho feared. For nowadays no astrologer has credit unless he have been imprisoned in some distant camp, with chains clanking on either arm; none believe in his powers unless he has been condemned

and all but put to death, having just contrived to get deported to a Cyclad, or to escape at last from the diminutive Seriphos.

[565] Your excellent Tanaquil consults as to the long-delayed death of her jaundiced mother — having previously enquired about your own; she will ask when she may expect to bury her sister, or her uncles; and whether her lover will outlive herself — what greater boon could the Gods bestow upon her? And yet your Tanaquil does not herself understand the gloomy threats of Saturn, or under what constellation Venus will show herself propitious, which months will be months of losses, which of gains; but beware of ever encountering one whom you see clutching a well-worn calendar in her hands as if it were a ball of clammy amber; one who inquires of none, but is now herself inquired of; one who, if her husband is going forth to camp, or returning home from abroad, will not bear him company if the numbers of Thrasyllus call her back. If she wants to drive as far as the first mile-stone, she finds the right hour from her book; if there is a sore place in the corner of her eye, she will not call for a salve until she has consulted her horoscope: and if she be ill in bed, deems no hour so suitable for taking food as that prescribed to her by Petosiris.

[582] If the woman be of humble rank, she will promenade between the turning-posts of the Circus; she will have her fortune told, and will present her brow and her hand to the seer who asks for many an approving smack. Wealthy women will pay for answers from a Phrygian or Indian augur well skilled in the stars and the heavens, or one of the elders employed to expiate thunderbolts. Plebeian destinies are determined in the Circus or on the ramparts : the woman who displays a long gold chain on her bare neck inquires before the pillars and the clusters of dolphins whether she shall throw over the tavern-keeper and marry the old-clothes-man.

[592] These poor women, however, endure the perils of child-birth, and all the troubles of nursing to which their lot condemns them; but how often does a gilded bed contain a woman that is lying in? So great is the skill, so powerful the drugs, of the abortionist, paid to murder mankind within the womb. Rejoice, poor wretch; give her the stuff to drink whatever it be, with your own hand: for were she willing to get big and trouble her womb with bouncing babes, you might perhaps find yourself the father of an Ethiopian; and some day a coloured heir, whom you would rather not meet by daylight, would fill all the places in your will.

[602] I say nothing of supposititious children, of the hopes and prayers so often cheated at those filthy pools from which are supplied Priests and Salii, with bodies that will falsely bear the name of Scauri. There Fortune shamelessly takes her stand by night, smiling on the naked babes; she fondles them all and folds them in her bosom, and then, to provide herself with a secret comedy, she sends

them forth to the houses of the great. These are the children that she loves, on these she lavishes herself, and with a laugh brings them always forward as her own.

[610] One man supplies magical spells; another sells Thessalian charms by which a wife may upset her husband's mind, and lather his buttocks with a slipper; thence come loss of reason, and darkness of soul, and blank forgetfulness of all that you did but yesterday. Yet even that can be endured, if only you become not raving mad like that uncle of Nero's into whose drink Caesonia poured the whole brow of a weakly foal; and what woman will not follow when an Empress leads the way? The whole world was ablaze then and falling down in ruin just as if Juno had made her husband mad. Less guilty therefore will Agrippina's mushroom be deemed, seeing that it only stopped the breath of one old man, and sent down his palsied head and slobbering lips to heaven, whereas the other potion demanded fire and sword and torture, mingling Knights and Fathers in one mangled bleeding heap. Such was the cost of one mare's offspring and of one she-poisoner.

[627] A wife hates the children of a concubine; let none demur or forbid, seeing that it has long been deemed right and proper to slay a stepson. But I warn you wards — you that have a good estate — keep watch over your lives; trust not a single dish: those hot cakes are black with poison of a mother's baking. Whatever is offered you by the mother, let someone taste it first; let your trembling tutor take the first taste of every cup.

[634] Now think you that all this is a fancy tale, and that our Satire is taking to herself the high heels of tragedy? Think you that I have out-stepped the limits and the laws of those before me, and am mouthing in Sophoclean tones a grand theme unknown to the Rutulian hills and the skies of Latium? Would indeed that my words were idle! But here is Pontia proclaiming "I did the deed; I gave aconite, I confess it, to my own children; the crime was detected, and is known to all; yes, with my own hands I did it." "What, you most savage of vipers? you killed two, did you, *two,* at a single meal?" "Aye, and seven too, had there chanced to be seven to kill!"

[643] Let us believe all that Tragedy tells us of the savage Colchian and of Procne; I seek not to gainsay her. Those women were monsters of wickedness in their day; but it was not for money that they sinned. We marvel less at great crimes when it is wrath that incites the sex to the guilty deed, when burning passion carries them headlong, like a rock torn from a mountain side, when the ground beneath gives way, and the overhanging slopes fall in. I cannot endure the woman who calculates, and commits a great crime in her sober senses. Our wives look on at Alcestis undergoing her husband's fate; if they were granted a like liberty of

exchange, they would fain let the husband die to save a lap-dog's life. You will meet a daughter of Belus or an Eriphyle every morning: no street but has its Clytemnestra. The only difference is this: the daughter of Tyndareus wielded in her two hands a clumsy two-headed axe, whereas nowadays a slice of a toad's lung will do the business. Yet it may be done by steel as well, if the wary husband have beforehand tasted the medicaments of the thrice-conquered king of Pontus.

Satire 7. Learning and Letters Unprofitable

[1] On Caesar alone hang all the hopes and prospects of the learned; he alone in these days of ours has cast a favouring glance upon the sorrowing Muses — at a time when poets of name and fame thought of hiring baths at Gabii, or bakehouses in Rome, while others felt no shame in becoming public criers, and starving Clio herself, bidding adieu to the vales of Aganippe, was flitting to the auction rooms. For if you see no prospect of earning a groat within the Muses' grove, you had better put up with Machaera's name and profits and join in the battle of the sale-room, selling to the crowd winejars, tripods, book-cases and cupboards — the *Alcithoe* of Paccius, the *Thebes* or the *Tereus* of Faustus! How much better that than to say before a judge "I saw" what you did not see! Leave that to the Knights of Asia, of Bithynia and Cappadocia — gentry that were imported bare-footed from New Gaul!

[17] But from this day forth no man who weaves the tuneful web of song and has bitten Apollo's laurel will be compelled to endure toil unworthy of his craft. To your task, young men! Your Prince is looking around and goading you on, seeking objects for his favour. If you expect patronage from any other quarter, and in that hope are filling up the parchment of your saffron tablet, you had better order faggots at once, Telesinus, and present your productions to the spouse of Venus; or else put away your tomes, and let bookworms bore holes in them where they lie. Break your pen, poor wretch; destroy the battles that have robbed you of your sleep — you that are inditing lofty strains in a tiny garret, that you may come forth worthy of a scraggy bust wreathed with ivy! No hope have you beyond that; your rich miser has now learnt only to admire, only to commend the eloquent, just as boys admire the bird of Juno. Meantime the years flow by that could have endured the sea, the helmet, or the spade; the soul becomes wearied, and an eloquent but penniless old age curses itself and its own Terpsichore!

[36] And now learn the devices by which the patron for whose favour you desert the temples of the Muses and Apollo seeks to avoid spending anything on you. He writes verses of his own; yielding the palm to none but Homer — and that only because of his thousand years. If the sweets of fame fire you to give a recitation, he puts at your disposal a tumbledown house in some distant quarter, the door of which is closely barred like the gate of a beleaguered city. He knows how to supply you Avith freedmen to sit at the end of the rows, and how to distribute about the room the stalwart voices of his retainers: but none of your great men

will give you as much as will pay for the benches, or for the tiers of seats resting on hired beams, or for the chairs in the front rows which will have to be returned when done with. Yet for all that, we poets stick to our task; we go on drawing furrows in the thin soil, and turning up the shore with unprofitable plough. For if you would give it up, the itch for writing and making a name holds you fast as with a noose, and becomes inveterate in your distempered brain.

[53] But your real poet, who has a vein of genius all his own — one who spins no hackneyed lays, and whose pieces are struck from no common mint — such an one as I cannot point to, and only feel — is the product of a soul free from care, that knows no bitterness, that loves the woodlands, and is fitted to drink at the Muses' spring. For how can unhappy Poverty sing songs in the Pierian cave and grasp the thyrsus when it is short of cash, which the body has need of both by night and day? Horace's stomach was well filled when he shouted his cry of *Evoe*! Where can genius find a place except in a heart stirred by song alone, that shuts out every thought but one, and is swept along by the lords of Cirrha and of Nysa! It needs a lofty soul, not one that is dismayed at the cost of a coverlet, to have visions of chariots and horses and Gods' faces, or to tell with what a mien the Fury confounded the Rutulian : had Virgil possessed no slave, and no decent roof over his head, all the snakes would have fallen from the Fury's hair; no dread note would have boomed from her voiceless trumpet. Do we expect Rubrenus Lappa to be as great in the buskin as the ancients, when his *Atreus* has to be pawned for his cloak and crockery? Numitor, poor man, has nothing to give to a needy friend, though he is rich enough to send presents to his mistress, and he had enough, too, to buy a tamed lion that needed masses of meat for his keep. It costs less, no doubt, to keep a lion than a poet; the poet's belly is more capacious!

[79] Lucan, indeed, reclining amid the statues of his gardens, may be content with fame; but what will ever so much glory bring in to Serranus, or to the starving Saleius, if it be glory only? When Statius has gladdened the city by promising a day, people flock to hear his pleasing voice and his loved *Thebais;* so charmed are their souls by his sweetness, with such rapture does the multitude listen to him. But when his verses have brought down the house, poor Statius will starve if he does not sell his virgin *Agave* to Paris : for it is Paris who appoints men to military commands; it is Paris who puts the golden ring round the poet's finger after six months of service. You can get from a stage-player what no great man will give you: why frequent the spacious antechambers of the Bareae or the Camerini? It is *Pelopea* 4 that appoints our Prefects, and *Philomela* our Tribunes! Yet you need not begrudge the bard who gains his living from the play-house: who nowadays will be a Maecenas to you, a Proculeius, or a Fabius? who another Cotta, or a second Lentulus? Genius in those days met with its due reward; many

then found their profit in pale cheeks and in abjuring potations all through December.

[98] And is *your* labour more remunerative, ye writers of history? More time, more oil, is wasted here; regardless of all limit, the pages run up to thousands; the pile of paper is ever mounting to your ruin. So ordains the vast array of facts, and the rules of the craft. But what harvest will you gather, what fruit, from the tilling of your land? Who will give to an historian as much as he gives to the man who reads out the news?

[105] "O but historians are a lazy crew, that delight in lounging and the shade." Tell me then what do pleaders get for their services in the courts, and for those huge bundles of papers which they bring with them? They talk big enough, especially if a creditor of their own happens to be listening: or if, more urgent still, they get poked in the ribs by one who has brought a huge ledger to claim a doubtful debt. Then indeed do their capacious bellows pant forth prodigious lies! Then are their breasts be-slobbered! and yet, if you want to discover their real gains, you may put on one side the fortunes of a hundred lawyers, on the other that of a single jockey of the Red! The great men are seated; you rise, a pale-faced Ajax, to declaim before a bumpkin judge in a case of contested liberty. Strain your lungs, poor fool, until they burst, that when exhausted by your labours some green palm-branches may be put up to adorn your garret. What fee will your voice bring in? A dried-up ham; a jar of sprats; some veteran onions which would serve as rations for a Moor, or five flagons of wine that has sailed down the Tiber. If you have pled on four occasions, and been lucky enough to get a gold piece, a bit of it, as part of the compact, will go to the attorney. Aemilius will get the maximum legal fee, though he did not plead so well as we did; but then he has a bronze chariot in his forecourt, with four stately steeds, and an effigy of himself, seated on a gallant charger, brandishing from afar a bending spear, and practising for battle with one eye closed. That is how Pedo becomes bankrupt, and how Matho fails; and such will be the end of Tongilius, who frequents the baths with a huge oil-flask of rhinoceros horn, and disturbs the bathers with a mob of dirty retainers. His Maedian bearers are weighed down by the long poles of his litter as he passes through the Forum on his way to buy slaves or plate, agate vases or country houses; for that foreign robe of his, with its Tyrian purple, gains him credit. These gentlemen get profit out of this display; the purple or the violet robe brings practice to a lawyer; it pays him to live with a racket and an appearance beyond his means, and wasteful Rome sets no limits to extravagance.

[139] Trust in eloquence, indeed? Why, no one would give Cicero himself two hundred pence nowadays unless a huge ring were blazing on his finger. The first thing that a litigant looks to is, Have you eight slaves and a dozen retainers? Have

you a litter to wait on you, and gowned citizens to walk before you? That is why Paulus used to hire a sardonyx ring; that is why he earned a higher fee than Gallus or Basilus. When is eloquence ever found beneath a shabby coat? When does Basilus get the chance of producing in court a weeping mother? Who would listen to him, however well he spoke? Better go to Gaul or to Africa, that nursing mother of lawyers, if you would make a living by your tongue!

[150] Or do you teach rhetoric? O Vettius! what iron bowels must you have when your troop of scholars slays the cruel tyrant: when each in turn stands up, and repeats what he has just been conning in his seat, reciting the self-same things in the self-same verses! Served up again and again, the cabbage is the death of the unhappy master! What complexion should be put on the case; within what category it falls; what is the crucial point; what hits will be made on the other side — these are things which everyone wants to know, but for which no one is willing to pay. "Pay indeed? Why, what have I learnt?" asks the scholar. It is the teacher's fault, of course, that the Arcadian youth feels no flutter in his left breast when he dins his "dire Hannibal" into my unfortunate head on every sixth day of the week, whatever be the question which he is pondering: whether he should make straight for the city from the field of Cannae, or whether, after the rain and thunder, he should lead around his cohorts, all dripping after the storm. Name any sum you please and you shall have it: what would I give that the lad's father might listen to him as often as I do! So cry half-a-dozen or more of our sophists in one breath, entering upon real lawsuits of their own, abandoning "The Ravisher" and forgetting all about "The Poisoner" or "The wicked and thankless Husband," or the drugs that restore sight to the chronic blind.

[171] And so, if my counsel goes for anything, I would advise the man who comes down from his rhetorical shade to fight for a sum that would buy a trumpery corn-ticket — for that's the most handsome fee he will ever get — to present himself with a discharge, and enter upon some other walk of life. If you ask what fees Chrysogonus and Pollio get for teaching music to the sons of our great men, you will tear up the *Rhetoric* of Theodorus.

[178] Your great man will spend six hundred thousand sesterces upon his baths, and something more on the colonnade in which he is to drive on rainy days. What? Is he to wait for a clear sky, and bespatter his horses with fresh mud? How much better to drive where their hoofs will remain bright and spotless! Elsewhere let a banqueting hall arise, supported on lofty pillars of African marble, to catch the winter sun. And cost the house what it may, there will come a man to arrange the courses skilfully, and the man who makes up the tasty dishes. Amidst expenditure such as this two thousand sesterces will be enough, and more than enough, for Quintilian: there is nothing on which a father will not spend more

money than on his son. “How then,” you ask, “does Quintilian possess those vast domains?” Pass by cases of rare good fortune: the lucky man is both beautiful and brave, he is wise and noble and high-born; he sews on to his black shoe the crescent of the Senator. He is a great orator too, a good javelin-man, and if he chance to have caught a cold, he sings divinely. For it makes all the difference by what stars you are welcomed when you utter your first cry, and are still red from your mother’s womb. If Fortune so choose, you will become a Consul from being a rhetor; if again she so wills, you will become a rhetor from being a Consul. What of Ventidius and Tullius? What made their fortunes but the stars and the wondrous potency of secret Fate? The Fates will give kingdoms to a slave, and triumphs to a captive! Nevertheless that fortunate man is rare — rarer than a white crow. Many have repented them of the Professor’s vain and unprofitable chair; witness the ends of Thrasymachus and Secundus Carrinas. Him too didst thou see in poverty on whom thou, O Athens, hadst nothing better to bestow than a cup of cold hemlock! Grant, O Gods, that the earth may lie soft and light upon the shades of our forefathers: may the sweet-scented crocus and a perpetual spring-time bloom over their ashes; who deemed that the teacher should hold the place of a revered parent! Achilles trembled for fear of the rod when already of full age, singing songs in his native hills; nor would he then have dared to laugh at the tail of his musical instructor. But Rufus and the rest are cudgelled each by his own pupils — that Rufus whom they have so often styled “the Allobrogian Cicero.”

[215] Who pours into the lap of Celadus, or of the learned Palaemon, as much as their grammatical labours deserve? And yet, small as the fee is — and it is smaller than the rhetor’s wage — the pupil’s unfeeling attendant nibbles off a bit of it for himself; so too does the steward. But never mind, Palaemon; suffer some diminution of your wage, like the hawker who sells rags and white Gallic blankets for winter wear, if only it do not go for nothing that you have sat from early dawn in a hole which no blacksmith would put up with, no workman who teaches how to card wool with slanting tool: that it do not go for nothing to have snuffed up the odour of as many lamps as you had scholars in your class thumbing a discoloured Horace or a begrimed Virgil.

[228] But it is seldom that the fee can be recovered without a judgment of the Court. And yet be sure, ye parents, to impose the strictest laws upon the teacher: he must never be at fault in his grammar; he must know all history, and have all the authorities at his finger-tips. If asked a chance question on his way to the baths, or to the establishment of Phoebus, he must at once tell you who was the nurse of Anchises, what was the name and birth-place of Anchemolus’ step-mother, to what age Acestes lived, how many flagons of Sicilian wine he

presented to the Trojans. Require of him that he shall mould the young minds as a man moulds a face out of wax with his thumb; insist that he shall be a father to the whole brood, so that they shall play no nasty game, and do no nasty trick — no easy matter to watch the hands and sparkling eyes of so many youngsters! "See to all this," you say, "and then, when the year comes round, receive the golden piece which the mob demands for a winning jockey."

Satire 8. Stemmata quid Faciunt?

[1] What avail your pedigrees? What boots it, Ponticus, to be valued for one's ancient blood, and to display the painted visages of one's forefathers — an Aemilianus standing in his car; a half-crumbled Curius; a Corvinus who has lost a shoulder, or a Galba that has neither ear nor nose? Of what profit is it to boast a Fabius on your ample family chart, and thereafter to trace kinship through many a branch with grimy Dictators and Masters of the Horse, if in presence of the Lepidi you live an evil life? What signify all these effigies of warriors if you gamble all night long before your Numantine ancestors, and begin your sleep with the rise of Lucifer, at an hour when our Generals of old would be moving their standards and their camps? Why should a Fabius, born in the home of Hercules, take pride in the title Allobrogicus, and in the Great Altar, if he be covetous and empty-headed and more effeminate than a Euganean lambkin; if his loins, rubbed smooth by Catanian pumice, throw shame on his shaggy-haired grandfathers; or if, as a trafficker in poison, he dishonour his unhappy race by a statue that will have to be broken in pieces? Though you deck your hall from end to end with ancient waxen images, Virtue is the one and only true nobility. Be a Paulus, or a Cossus, or a Drusus in character; rank them before the statues of your ancestors; let them precede the fasces themselves when you are Consul. You owe me, first of all things, the virtues of the soul; prove yourself stainless in life, one who holds fast to the right both in word and deed, and I acknowledge you as a lord; all hail to you, Gaetulicus, or you, Silanus, or from whatever stock you come, if you have proved yourself to a rejoicing country a rare and illustrious citizen, we would fain cry what Egypt shouts when Osiris has been found. For who can be called "noble" who is unworthy of his race, and distinguished in nothing but his name? We call some one's dwarf an "Atlas," his blackamoor "a swan"; an ill-favoured, misshapen girl we call "Europa"; lazy hounds that are bald with chronic mange, and who lick the edges of a dry lamp, will bear the names of "Pard," "Tiger," "Lion," or of any other animal in the world that roars more fiercely: take you care that it be not on that principle that you are a Creticus or a Camerinus!

[39] Who is it whom I admonish thus? It is to you, Rubellius Blandus, that I speak. You are puffed up with the lofty pedigree of the Drusi, as though you had done something to make you noble, and to be conceived by one glorying in the blood of Iulus, rather than by one who weaves for hire under the windy rampart. "You others are dirt," you say; "the very scum of our populace; not one of you

can point to his father's birthplace; but I am one of the Cecropidae!" Long life to you! May you long enjoy the glories of your birth! And yet among the lowest rabble you will find a Roman, who has eloquence, one who will plead the cause of the unlettered noble; you must go to the toga-clad herd for a man to untie the knots and riddles of the law. From them will come the brave young soldier who marches to the Euphrates, or to the eagles that guard the conquered Batavians, while you are nothing but a Cecropid, the image of a limbless Hermes! For in no respect but one have you the advantage over him: his head is of marble, while yours is a living effigy!

[56] Tell me, thou scion of the Trojans, who deems a dumb animal well-born unless it be strong? It is for this that we commend the swift horse whose speed sets every hand aglow, and fills the Circus with the hoarse shout of victory; that horse is noblest, on whatever pasture reared, whose rush outstrips the rest, and whose dust is foremost upon the plain. But the offspring of Coryphaeus or Hirpinus comes to the hammer if Victory light but seldom on his car: no respect is there paid to ancestors, no favour is shown to Shades! The slow of foot, that are fit only to turn a miller's wheel, pass, for a mere nothing, from one owner to another, and gall their necks against the collar. So, if I am to respect yourself, and not your belongings, give me something of your own to engrave among your titles, in addition to those honours which we pay, and have paid, to those to whom you owe your all.

[71] Enough this for the youth whom report has handed down to us as proud and puffed up with his kinship to Nero: for in those high places regard for others is rarely to be found. But for you, Ponticus, I cannot wish that you should be valued for the glories of your race while doing nothing that shall bring you praise in the days to come. It is a poor thing to lean upon the fame of others, lest the pillars give way and the house fall down in ruin. The vine-shoot, trailing upon the ground, longs for the widowed elm. Be a stout soldier, a faithful guardian, and an incorruptible judge; if summoned to bear witness in some dubious and uncertain cause, though Phalaris himself should bring up his bull and dictate to you a perjury, count it the greatest of all sins to prefer life to honour, and to lose, for the sake of living, all that makes life worth having. The man who merits death is already dead, though he dine off a hundred Lucrine oysters, and bathe in a whole cauldron of Cosmus' essences.

[87] When you enter your long-expected Province as its Governor, set a curb and a limit to your passion, as also to your greed; have compassion on the impoverished provincials, whose very bones have been sucked dry of marrow; have regard to what the law ordains, what the Senate enjoins; consider what honours await the good ruler, with what a just thunderstroke the Senate hurled

down Capito and Numitor, those plunderers of the Cilicians. Yet what profit was there from their condemnation? Look out for an auctioneer, Chaerippus, to sell your chattels, seeing that Pansa has stripped you of all that Natta left. And hold your tongue about it; when all else is gone, it is madness to throw away your passage-money.

[98] Very different in days of old were the wailings of our allies and the harm inflicted on them by losses, when they had been newly conquered and were wealthy still. Their houses then were all well-stored; they had piles of money, with Spartan mantles and Coan purples; beside the paintings of Parrhasius, and the statues of Myron, stood the living ivories of Phidias; everywhere the works of Polyclitus were to be seen; few tables were without a Mentor. But after that came now a Dolabella, now an Antonius, and now a sacrilegious Verres, loading big ships with secret spoils, peace-trophies more numerous than those of war. Nowadays, on capturing a farm, you may rob our allies of a few yoke of oxen, or a few mares, with the sire of the herd; or of the household gods themselves, if there be a good statue left, or a single Deity in his little shrine; such are the best and choicest things to be got now. You despise perchance, and deservedly, the unwarlike Rhodian and the scented Corinthian: what harm will their resined youths do you, or the smooth legs of the entire breed? But keep clear of rugged Spain, avoid the land of Gaul and the Dalmatian shore; spare, too, those harvesters who fill the belly of a city that has no leisure save for the Circus and the play: what great profit can you reap from outrages upon Libyans, seeing that Marius has so lately stripped Africa to the skin? Beware above all things to do no wrong to men who are at once brave and miserable. You may take from them all the gold and silver that they have; but plundered though they be, they will still have their arms; they will still have their shields and their swords, their javelins and helmets.

[125] What I have just propounded is no mere theme, it is the truth; you may take it that I am reading out to you one of the Sibyl's leaves. If your whole staff be incorruptible: if no long-haired Ganymede sells your judgments; if your wife be blameless; if, in your circuit through the towns and districts, there is no Harpy ready to pounce with crooked talons upon gold, — then you may trace back your race to Picus; if you delight in lofty names, you may count the whole array of Titans, and Prometheus himself, among your ancestors, and select for yourself a great-grandfather from whatever myth you please. But if you are carried away headlong by ambition and by lust; if you break your rods upon the bleeding backs of our allies; if you love to see your axes blunted and your headsmen weary, then the nobility of your own parents begins to rise up in judgment against you, and to hold a glaring torch over your misdeeds. The greater the sinner's name, the more

signal the guiltiness of the sin. If you are wont to put your signature to forged deeds, what matters it to me that you sign them in temples built by your grandfather, or in front of the triumphal statue of your father? What does that matter, if you steal out at night for adultery, your brow concealed under a cowl of Gallic wool?

[146] The bloated Lateranus whirls past the bones and ashes of his ancestors in a rapid car; with his own hands this muleteer Consul locks the wheel with the drag. It is by night, indeed: but the moon looks on; the stars strain their eyes to see. When his time of office is over, Lateranus will take up his whip in broad daylight; not shrinking to meet a now-aged friend, he will be the first to salute him with his whip; he will unbind the trusses of hay, and deal out the fodder to his weary cattle. Meanwhile, though he slays woolly victims and tawny steers after Numa's fashion, he swears by no other deity before Jove's high altar than the Goddess of horseflesh, and the images painted on the reeking stables. And when it pleases him to go back to the all-night tavern, a Syro-Phoenician runs forth to meet him — a denizen of the Idumaean gate perpetually drenched in perfumes — and salutes him as lord and prince with all the airs of a host; and with him comes Cyane, her dress tucked up, carrying a flagon of wine for sale.

[163] An apologist will say to me, "We too did the same as boys." Perhaps: but then you ceased from your follies and let them drop. Let your evil days be short; let some of your misdoings be cut off with your first beard. Boys may be pardoned; but when Lateranus frequented those hot liquor shops with their inscribed linen awnings, he was of ripe age, fit to guard in arms the Armenian and Syrian rivers, the Danube and the Rhine; fit to protect the person of his Emperor. Send your Legate to Ostia, O Caesar, but search for him in some big cookshop! There you will find him, lying cheek-by-jowl beside a cut-throat, in the company of bargees, thieves, and runaway slaves, beside hangmen and coffin-makers, or of some eunuch priest lying drunk with idle timbrels. Here is Liberty Hall! One cup serves for everybody; no one has a bed to himself, nor a table apart from the rest. What would you do, friend Ponticus, if you chanced upon a slave like this? You would send him to your Lucanian or Tuscan bridewell. But you gentlemen of Trojan blood find excuses for yourselves; what would disgrace a huckster sits gracefully on a Volesus or a Brutus!

[183] What if I can never cite any example so foul and shameful that there is not something worse behind? Your means exhausted, Damasippus, you hired out your voice to the stage, taking the part of the Clamorous Ghost of Catullus. The nimble Lentulus acted famously the part of Laureolus : deserving, in my judgment, to be really and truly crucified. Nor can the spectators themselves be forgiven: the populace that with brazen front sits and beholds the triple buffooneries of our

patricians, that can listen to a bare-footed Fabius, and laugh to see the Mamerci cuffing each other. What matters it at what price they sell their deaths? No Nero compels them to sell; yet they hesitate not to sell themselves at the games of the exalted Praetor. And yet suppose that on one side of you were placed a sword, on the other the stage: which were the better choice? Was ever any man so afraid of death that he would choose to be the jealous husband of a Thymele, or the colleague of the clown Corinthus? Yet when an Emperor has taken to harp-playing, it is not so very strange that a noble should act in a mime. Beyond this, what will be left but the gladiatorial school? And that scandal too you have seen in our city: a Gracchus fighting, not indeed as a murmillo, nor with the round shield and scimitar : such accoutrements he rejects, ay rejects and detests; nor does a helmet shroud his face. See how he wields his trident! and when with poised right hand he has cast the trailing net in vain, he lifts up his bare face to the benches and flies, for all to recognise, from one end of the arena to the other. We cannot mistake the golden tunic that flutters from his throat, and the twisted cord that dangles from the high-crowned cap; and so the pursuer who was pitted against Gracchus endured a shame more grievous than any wound.

[211] If free suffrage were granted to the people, who would be so abandoned as not to prefer Seneca to Nero — Nero, for whose chastisement no single ape or adder, no solitary sack, should have been provided? His crime was like that of Agamemnon's son; but the case was not the same, seeing that Orestes, at the bidding of the Gods, was avenging a father slain in his cups. Orestes never stained himself with Electra's blood, or with that of his Spartan wife; he never mixed poison-drafts for his own kin; he never sang upon the stage, he never wrote an Epic upon Troy! For of all the deeds of Nero's cruel and bloody tyranny, which was there that more deserved to be avenged by the arms of a Verginius, of a Vindex or a Galba? These were the deeds, these the graces of our high-born Prince, whose delight it was to prostitute himself by unseemly singing upon a foreign stage, and to earn a chaplet of Greek parsley! Let thy ancestral images be decked with the trophies of thy voice! Place thou at the feet of a Domitius the trailing robe of Thyestes or Antigone, or the mask of Melanippa, and hang up thy harp on a colossus of marble!

[231] Where can be found, O Catiline, nobler ancestors than thine, or than thine, Cethegus? Yet you plot a night attack, you prepare to give our houses and temples to the flames as though you were the sons of trousered Gauls, or sprung from the Senones, daring deeds that deserved the shirt of torture. But our Consul is awake, and beats back your hosts. Born at Arpinum, of ignoble blood, a municipal knight new to Rome, he posts helmeted men at every point to guard the affrighted citizens, and is alert on every hill. Thus within the walls his toga won for him as

much name and honour as Octavius gained by battle in Leucas; as much as Octavius won by his blood-dripping sword on the plains of Thessaly; but then Rome was yet free when she styled him the Parent and Father of his country! Another son of Arpinum used to work for hire upon the Volscian hills, toiling behind a plough not his own; after that, a centurion's knotty staff would be broken over his head if his pick were slow and sluggish in the trench. Yet it is he who faces the Cimbri, and the mightiest perils; alone he saves the trembling city. And so when the ravens, who had never before seen such huge carcasses, flew down upon the slaughtered Cimbri, his high-born colleague is decorated with the second bay.

[254] Plebeian were the souls of the Decii, plebeian were their names; yet they were accepted by the Gods beneath and by Mother Earth in lieu of all the Legions and the allies, and all the youth of Latium, for the Decii were more precious than the hosts whom they saved.

[259] It was one born of a slave who won the robe and diadem and fasces of Quirinus — the last he of our good Kings — whereas the Consul's own sons, who should have dared some great thing for endangered liberty — some deed to be marvelled at by Mucius or Cocles, or by the maiden who swam across the river-boundary of our realm — were for traitorously loosing the bolts of the city gates to the exiled tyrants. It was a slave — well worthy he to be bewailed by matrons — who revealed the secret plot to the Fathers, while the sons met their just punishment from scourging and from the axe then first used in the cause of Law.

[269] I would rather that Thersites were your father if only you were like the grandson of Aeacus, and could wield the arms of Vulcan, than that you should have been begotten by Achilles and be like Thersites. Yet, after all, however far you may trace back your name, however long the roll, you derive your race from an ill-famed asylum: the first of your ancestors, whoever he was, was either a shepherd or something that I would rather not name.

Satire 9. The Sorrows of a Reprobate

[1] I should like to know, Naevolus, why you so often look gloomy when I meet you, knitting your brow like a vanquished Marsyas. What have you to do with the look that Ravola wore when caught playing that dirty trick with Rhodope? If a slave takes a lick at the pastry, he gets a thrashing for his pains! Why do you look as woe-begone as Crepereius Pollio when he goes round offering a triple rate of interest, and can find no fool to trust him? Why have you suddenly developed those wrinkles? You used to be an easily contented person, who passed as a home-bred knight that could make biting jests at the dinner-table and tell witty town-bred stories. But now you are a different man. You have a hang-dog look; your head is a forest of unkempt, unanointed hair; your skin has lost all the gloss that it got from swathes of hot Bruttian pitch, and your legs are dirty and rough with sprouting hair. Why are you as thin as a chronic invalid in whom a quartan fever has long made its home? One can detect in a sickly body the secret torments of the soul, as also its joys: the face takes on the stamp of either. You seem, therefore, to have changed your mode of life, and to be going in a way opposite to your past. Not long ago, as I remember, you were a gallant more notorious than Aundius; you used to frequent the Temple of Isis and that of Peace with its Ganymede, and the secret courts of the Foreign Mother — for in what temple are there not frail fair ones to be found?

[27] "Many men have found profit in my mode of life; but I have made nothing substantial out of my labours. I sometimes have a greasy cloak given me that will save my toga — a coarse and crudely dyed garment that has been ill-combed by the Gallic weaver — or some trifle in silver of an inferior quality. Man is ruled by destiny; even those parts of him that lie beneath his clothes. . . . What greater monster is there in the world than a miserly debauchee? 'I gave you this,' says he, 'and then that; and later again ever so much more.' Thus he makes a reckoning with his lusts. Well, set out the counters, call in the lads with the reckoning board, count out five thousand sesterces all told, and then enumerate my services. ... I am less accounted of than the poor hind who ploughs his master's field. You used to deem yourself a delicate and good-looking youth, fit to be Jove's own cup-bearer; but will men like you, who are unwilling to pay for your own morbid pleasures, ever show a kindness to a poor follower or a slave? A pretty fellow to have presents sent him of green sunshades or big amber balls on a birthday, or on the

first day of showery spring, when he lolls at full length in a huge easy chair counting over the secret gifts he has received upon the Matron's Day!

[54] "Tell me, you sparrow, for whose benefit are you keeping all those hills and farms in Apulia, all those pasture-lands that tire out the kites? Your stores are filled with rich grapes from your Trifoline vineyard, or from the slopes that look down upon Cumae, or the unpeopled Gaurus; whose vats seal up more vintages destined for long life than yours? Would it be a great matter to present a few acres to the loins of an exhausted client? Is it better, think you, that this country woman, with her cottage and her babe and her pet dog, should be bequeathed to a friend who plays the timbrels? 'You're an impudent beggar,' you say. Yes, but my rent cries on me to beg; and so does my single slave-lad — as single as that big eye of Polyphemus which helped the wily Ulysses to make his escape. And one slave is not enough; I shall have to buy a second and feed them both. What shall I do, pray, when the winter howls? What shall I say to their shivering feet and shoulders when December's north wind blows? Shall I say 'Hold on, and wait till the grasshoppers arrive'?

[70] "And though you ignore and pass by my other services, what price do you put on this, that were I not your true and devoted client, your wife would still be a maid? You know how often, and in what ways, you have asked that service of me, and what promises you made to me. . . . There's many a household in which a union that was unstable, ready to break up, and all but dissolved, has been saved by the intervention of a lover. Which way can you turn? Which service do you put first, which last? Is it to be no merit, you thankless and perfidious man, none at all, that I have presented you with a little son or daughter? For you rear the children, and love to spread abroad in the gazette the proofs of your virility. Hang up garlands over your door! You are now a father; I have given you something to set up against ill fame. You have now parental rights; through me you can be entered as an heir, and receive a legacy entire, with a nice little extra into the bargain; to all which perquisites many more will be added if I make up your family to the full number of three."

[90] Indeed, Naevolus, you have just cause of complaint. But what has he got to say on the other side? "He takes no notice, and looks out for another two-legged donkey like myself. But remember, my secrets are for your ears alone; keep my complaints fast locked up in your own bosom. It is a fatal thing to have for your enemy a man who keeps himself smooth by pumice-stone! The man who has lately entrusted me with a secret has a consuming hatred of me, believing I have revealed everything that I know; he will not hesitate to take up a sword, or to lay open my head with a club, or to put a lighted candle against my door. Nor can you disregard or make nothing of the fact that for a man of his means the price of

poison is never high. So keep my secrets close — as close as did the Council of Areopagus!”

[102] O my poor Corydon! Do you suppose that a rich man has any secrets? Though his slaves hold their tongues, his beasts of burden and his dog will talk; his door posts and his marble columns will tell tales. Let him shut the windows, and close every chink with curtains; let him fasten the doors, remove the light, turn everyone out of the house, and permit no one to sleep in it — yet the tavern-keeper close by will know before dawn what he was doing at the second cock-crow; he will hear also all the tales invented by the pastry-man, by the head cook and the carver. For what calumny will they hesitate to concoct against their masters when a slander will avenge them for their strappings? Nor will some tippling friend be wanting to look for you at the crossways, and, do what you will, pour his drunken story into your ear. So just ask those people to hold their tongues about the things you questioned me about just now! Why, they would rather blab out a secret than drink as much stolen wine as Saufeia used to swill when conducting a public sacrifice. There are many reasons for right living; but the chiefest of them all is this, that you need pay no attention to the talk of your slaves. For the tongue is the worst part of a bad slave; and yet worse still is the plight of a man who cannot escape from the talk of those whom he supports with his own bread and money.

[124] “Your advice is excellent, but it is vague. What do you advise me to do now, after all my lost time and disappointed hopes? for the short span of our poor unhappy life is hurrying swiftly on, like a flower, to its close: while we drink, and call for chaplets, for unguents, and for maidens, old age is creeping on us unperceived.”

[130] Be not afraid; so long as these seven hills of ours stand fast, pathic friends will never fail you: from every quarter, in carriages and in ships, those gentry who scratch their heads with one finger will flock in. And you have always a further and better ground of hope — if you fit your diet to your trade.

[135] “Such maxims are for the fortunate; my Clotho and Lachesis are well pleased if I can fill my belly with my labours. O my own little Lares, whom I am wont to supplicate with a pinch of frankincense or corn, or with a tiny garland, when can I assure myself of what will keep my old days from the beggar’s staff and mat? Twenty thousand sesterces, well secured; some vessels of plain silver — yet such as Censor Fabricius would have condemned — and a couple of stout Moesian porters on whose hired necks I may be taken comfortably to my place in the bawling circus. Let me have besides a stooping engraver, and a painter who will quickly dash off any number of likenesses. Enough this for a poor man like me. It is a pitiful prayer, and I have little hope even of that; for whenever Fortune

is supplicated on my behalf, she plugs her ears with wax fetched from that selfsame ship which escaped from the Sicilian songstresses through the deafness of her crew.”

Satire 10. The Vanity of Human Wishes

[1] In all the lands that stretch from Gades to the Ganges and the Morn, there are but few who can distinguish true blessings from their opposites, putting aside the mists of error. For when does Reason direct our desires or our fears? What project do we form so auspiciously that we do not repent us of our effort and of the granted wish? Whole households have been destroyed by the compliant Gods in answer to the masters' prayers; in camp and city alike we ask for things that will be our ruin. Many a man has met death from the rushing flood of his own eloquence; others from the strength and wondrous thews in which they have trusted. More still have been ruined by money too carefully amassed, and by fortunes that surpass all patrimonies by as much as the British whale exceeds the dolphin. It was for this that in the dire days Nero ordered Longinus and the great gardens of the over-wealthy Seneca to be put under siege; for this was it that the noble Palace of the Laterani was beset by an entire cohort; it is but seldom that soldiers find their way into a garret!

Though you carry but few silver vessels with you in a night journey, you will be afraid of the sword and cudgel of a freebooter, you will tremble at the shadow of a reed shaking in the moonlight; but the empty-handed traveller will whistle in the robber's face.

[23] The foremost of all petitions — the one best known to every temple — is for riches and their increase, that our money-chest may be the biggest in the Forum. But you will drink no aconite out of an earthenware cup; you may dread it when a jewelled cup is offered you, or when Setine wine sparkles in a golden bowl. Then will you not commend the two wise men, one of whom would laugh while the opposite sage would weep every time he set a foot outside the door? To condemn by a cutting laugh comes readily to us all; the wonder is how the other sage's eyes were supplied with all that water. The sides of Democritus shook with unceasing laughter, although in the cities of his day there were no purple-bordered or purple-striped robes, no fasces, no palanquins, no tribunals. What if he had seen the Praetor uplifted in his lofty car amid the dust of the Circus, attired in the tunic of Jove, hitching an embroidered Tyrian toga on to his shoulders, and carrying a crown so big that no neck could bear the weight of it? For a public slave is sweating under the burden; and that the Consul may not fancy himself overmuch, the slave rides in the same chariot with his master. Add to all this the bird that is perched on his ivory staff; on this side the horn-blowers, on that the duteous

clients preceding him in long array, with white-robed Roman citizens, whose friendship has been gained by the dinner-dole snugly lying in their purses, marching at his bridle-rein. Even then the philosopher found food for laughter at every meeting with his kind: his wisdom shows us that men of high distinction and destined to set great examples may be born in a dullard air, and in the land of mutton-heads. He laughed at the troubles, ay and at the pleasures, of the crowd, sometimes too at their tears, while for himself he would bid frowning fortune go hang, and point at her the finger of derision.

[54] Thus it is that the things for which we pray, and for which it is right and proper to load the knees of the Gods with wax, are either profitless or pernicious! Some men are hurled headlong by over-great power and the envy to which it exposes them; they are wrecked by the long and illustrious roll of their honours: down come their statues, obedient to the rope; the axe hews in pieces their chariot wheels and the legs of the unoffending horses. And now the flames are hissing, and amid the roar of furnace and of bellows the head of the mighty Sejanus, the darling of the mob, is burning and crackling, and from that face, which was but lately second in the entire world, are being fashioned pipkins, pitchers, frying-pans and slop-pails! Up with the laurel-wreaths over your doors! Lead forth a grand chalked bull to the Capitol! Sejanus is being dragged along by a hook, as a show and joy to all! "What a lip the fellow had! What a face!"— "Believe me, I never liked the man!"— "But on what charge was he condemned? Who informed against him? What was the evidence, who the witnesses, who made good the case?"— "Nothing of the sort; a great and wordy letter came from Capri."— "Good; I ask no more."

[72] And what does the mob of Remus say? It follows fortune, as it always does, and rails against the condemned. That same rabble, if Nortia had smiled upon the Etruscan, if the aged Emperor had been struck down unawares, would in that very hour have conferred upon Sejanus the title of Augustus. Now that no one buys our votes, the public has long since cast off its cares; the people that once bestowed commands, consulships, legions and all else, now meddles no more and longs eagerly for just two things — Bread and Games!

[81] "I hear that many are to perish."— "No doubt of it; there is a big furnace ready."— "My friend Brutidius looked a trifle pale when I met him at the Altar of Mars. I tremble lest the defeated Ajax should take vengeance for having been so ill-defended."— "Let us rush headlong and trample on Caesar's enemy, while he lies upon the bank!"— "Ay, and let our slaves see us, that none bear witness against us, and drag their trembling master into court with a halter round his neck."

[88] Such was the talk at the moment about Sejanus; such were the mutterings of the crowd. And would you like to be courted like Sejanus? To be as rich as he was? To bestow on one man the ivory chairs of office, appoint another to the command of armies, and be counted guardian of a Prince seated on the narrow ledge of Capri with his herd of Chaldaean astrologers? You would like, no doubt, to have Centurions, Cohorts, and Illustrious Knights at your call, and to possess a camp of your own? Why should you not? Even those who don't want to kill anybody would like to have the power to do it. But what grandeur, what high fortune, are worth the having if the joy is overbalanced by the calamities they bring with them? Would you rather choose to wear the bordered robe of the man now being dragged along the streets, or to be a magnate at Fidenae or Gabii, adjudicating upon weights, or smashing vessels of short measure, as a thread-bare Aedile at deserted Ulubrae? You admit, then, that Sejanus did not know what things were to be desired; for in coveting excessive honours, and seeking excessive wealth, he was but building up the many stories of a lofty tower whence the fall would be the greater, and the crash of headlong ruin more terrific. What was it that overthrew the Crassi, and the Pompeii, and him who brought the conquered Quirites under his lash? What but lust for the highest place pursued by every kind of means? What but ambitious prayers granted by unkindly Gods? Few indeed are the kings who go down to Ceres' son-in-law save by sword and slaughter — few the tyrants that perish by a bloodless death!

[114] Every schoolboy who worships Minerva with a modest penny fee, attended by a slave to guard his little satchel, prays all through his holidays for eloquence, for the fame of a Cicero or a Demosthenes. Yet it was eloquence that brought both orators to their death; each perished by the copious and overflowing torrent of his own genius. It was his genius that cut off the hand, and severed the neck, of Cicero; never yet did futile pleader stain the rostra with his blood!

"*O happy Fate for the Roman State*
Was the date of my great Consulate!"

Had Cicero always spoken thus, he might have laughed at the swords of Antony. Better verses meet only for contempt than thou, O famous and divine Philippic, that comest out second on the roll! Terrible, too, was the death of him whom Athens loved to hear sweeping along and holding in check the crowded theatre. Unfriendly were the Gods, and evil the star, under whom was born the man whom his father, blear-eyed with the soot of glowing ore, sent away from the coal, the pincers and the sword-fashioning anvil of grimy Vulcan, to study the art of the rhetorician!

[133] The spoils of war and trophies fastened upon stumps — a breast-plate, a cheek-strap hanging from a broken helmet, a yoke shorn of its pole, the flagstaff of a captured galley, or a captive sorrowing on a triumphal arch — such things are deemed glories too great for man; these are the prizes for which every General strives, be he Greek, Roman, or barbarian; it is for these that he endures toil and peril: so much greater is the thirst for glory than for virtue! For who would embrace virtue herself if you stripped her of her rewards? Yet full oft has a land been destroyed by the vainglory of a few, by the lust for honour and for a title that shall cling to the stones that guard their ashes — stones which may be rent asunder by the rude strength of the barren fig-tree, seeing that even sepulchres have their doom assigned to them!

[147] Put Hannibal into the scales; how many pounds' weight will you find in that greatest of commanders? This is the man for whom Africa was all too small — a land beaten by the Moorish sea and stretching to the steaming Nile, and then, again, to the tribes of Aethiopia and a new race of Elephants! Spain is added to his dominions: he overleaps the Pyrenees; Nature throws in his way Alps and snow: he splits the rocks asunder, and breaks up the mountain-side with vinegar! And now Italy is in his grasp, but still on he presses: "Nought is accomplished," he cries, "until my Punic host breaks down the city gates, and I plant my standard in the midst of the Subura! " O what a sight was that! What a picture it would make, the one-eyed General riding on the Gaetulian monster! What then was his end? Alas for glory! A conquered man, he flees headlong into exile, and there he sits, a mighty and marvellous suppliant, in the King's antechamber, until it please his Bithynian Majesty to awake! No sword, no stone, no javelin shall end the life which once wrought havoc throughout the world: that little ring shall avenge Cannae and all those seas of blood. On! on! thou madman, and race over the wintry Alps, that thou mayest be the delight of schoolboys and supply declaimers with a theme!

[168] One globe is all too little for the youth of Pella; he chafes uneasily within the narrow limits of the world, as though he were cooped up within the rocks of Gyara or the diminutive Seriphos; but yet when once he shall have entered the city fortified by the potter's art, a sarcophagus will suffice him! Death alone proclaims how small are our poor human bodies! We have heard how ships once sailed through Mount Athos, and all the lying tales of Grecian history; how the sea was paved by those self-same ships, and gave solid support to chariot-wheels; how deep rivers failed, and whole streams were drunk dry when the Persian breakfasted, with all the fables of which Sostratus sings with reeking pinions. But in what plight did that king flee from Salamis? he that had been wont to inflict barbaric stripes upon the winds Corus and Eurus — never treated thus in their

Aeolian prison-house — he who had bound the Earth-shaker himself with chains, deeming it clemency, forsooth, not to think him worthy of a branding also: what god, indeed, would be willing to serve such a master? — in what plight did he return? Why, in a single ship; on blood-stained waves, the prow slowly forcing her way through waters thick with corpses! Such was the penalty exacted for that long-desired glory!

[188] Give me length of days, give me many years, O Jupiter! Such is your one and only prayer, in days of strength or of sickness; yet how great, how unceasing, are the miseries of old age! Look first at the misshapen and ungainly face, so unlike its former self; see the unsightly hide that serves for skin; see the pendulous cheeks and the wrinkles like those which a matron baboon carves upon her aged jaws in the shaded glades of Thabraca. The young men differ in various ways: this man is handsomer than that, and he than another; one is stronger than another: but old men all look alike. Their voices are as shaky as their limbs, their heads without hair, their noses drivelling as in childhood. Their bread, poor wretches, has to be munched by toothless gums; so offensive do they become to their wives, their children and themselves, that even the legacy-hunter, Cossus, turns from them in disgust. Their sluggish palate takes joy in wine or food no longer, and all pleasures of the flesh have been long ago forgotten. . . .

[209] And now consider the loss of another sense: what joy has the old man in song, however famous be the singer? what joy in the harping of Seleucus himself, or of those who shine resplendent in gold-embroidered robes? What matters it in what part of the great theatre he sits when he can scarce hear the horns and trumpets when they all blow together? The slave who announces a visitor, or tells the time of day, must needs shout in his ear if he is to be heard.

[217] Besides all this, the little blood in his now chilly frame is never warm except with fever; diseases of every kind dance around him in a body; if you ask of me their names, I could more readily tell you the number of Oppia's paramours, how many patients Themison killed in one season, how many partners were defrauded by Basilus, how many wards corrupted by Hirrus, how many lovers tall Maura wears out in a single season; I could sooner run over the number of villas now belonging to the barber under whose razor my stiff youthful beard used to grate. One suffers in the shoulder, another in the loins, a third in the hip; another has lost both eyes, and envies those who have one; another takes food into his pallid lips from someone else's fingers, while he whose jaws used to fly open at the sight of his dinner, now only gapes like the young of a swallow whose fasting mother flies to him with well-laden beak. But worse than any loss of limb is the failing mind which forgets the names of slaves, and cannot recognise the face of the old friend who dined with him last night, nor those of the children whom he has begotten

and brought up. For by a cruel will he cuts off his own flesh and blood and leaves all his estate to Phiale — so potent was the breath of that alluring mouth which had plied its trade for so many years in her narrow archway.

[240] And though the powers of his mind be strong as ever, yet must he carry forth his sons to burial; he must behold the funeral pyres of his beloved wife and his brothers, and urns filled with the ashes of his sisters. Such are the penalties of the long liver: he sees calamity after calamity befall his house, he lives in a world of sorrow, he grows old amid continual lamentation and in the garb of woe. If we can believe mighty Homer, the King of Pylos was an example of long life second only to the crow; happy forsooth in this that he had put off death for so many generations, and had so often quaffed the new-made wine, counting now his years upon his right hand. But mark for a moment, I beg, how he bewails the decrees of fate and his too-long thread of life, when he beholds the beard of his brave Antilochus in the flames, and asks of every friend around him why he has lived so long, what crime he has committed to deserve such length of days. Thus did Peleus also mourn when he lost Achilles; and so that other father who had to bewail the sea-roving Ithacan. Had Priam perished at some other time, before Paris began to build his audacious ships, he would have gone down to the shade of Assaracus when Troy was still standing, and with regal pomp; his body would have been borne on the shoulders ot Hector and his brothers amid the tears of Ilion's daughters, and the rending of Polyxena's garments: Cassandra would have led the cries of woe. What boon did length of days bring to him? He saw everything in ruins, and Asia perishing by fire and the sword. Laying aside his tiara, and arming himself, he fell, a trembling soldier, before the altar of Almighty Jove, like an aged ox discarded by the thankless plough who offers his poor lean neck to his master's knife. Priam's death was at least that of a human being; but his wife lived on to open her mouth with the savage barking of a dog.

[273] I hasten to our own countrymen, passing by the king of Pontus and Croesus, who was bidden by the wise and eloquent Solon to look to the last lap of a long life. It was this that brought Marius to exile and to prison, it took him to the swamps of Minturnae and made him beg his bread in the Carthage that he had conquered. What could Nature ever in all the world have produced more glorious than him, if after parading his troops of captives with all the pomp of war he had breathed forth his soul in glory as he was about to step down from his Teutonic car? Kindly Campania gave to Pompey a fever, which he might have prayed for as a boon; but the public prayers of all those cities gained the day; so his own fortune and that of Rome preserved him to be vanquished and to lose his head. No such cruel thing befell Lentulus; Cethegus escaped such punishment and fell whole; and Catiline's corpse lay unviolated.

[289] When the loving mother passes the temple of Venus, she prays in whispered breath for her boys — more loudly, and entering into the most trifling particulars, for her daughters — that they may have beauty. “And why should I not?” she asks; “did not Latona rejoice in Diana’s beauty?” Yes: but Lucretia forbids us to pray for a face like her own; and Verginia would gladly take Rutila’s hump and give her own fair form to Rutila. A handsome son keeps his parents in constant fear and misery; so rarely do modesty and good looks go together. For though his home be strict, and have taught him ways as pure as those of the ancient Sabines, and though Nature besides with kindly hand have lavishly gifted him with a pure mind and a cheek mantling with modest blood — and what better thing can Nature, more careful, more potent than any guardian, bestow upon a youth? — he will not be allowed to become a man. The lavish wickedness of some seducer will tempt the boy’s own parents: such trust can be placed in money! No misshapen youth was ever unsexed by cruel tyrant in his castle; never did Nero have a bandy-legged or scrofulous favourite, or one that was hump-backed or pot-bellied!

[310] Go to now, you that revel in your son’s beauty; think of the deadly perils that lie before him. He will become a promiscuous gallant, and have to fear all the vengeance due to outraged husbands; no luckier than Mars, he will not fail to fall into the net. And sometimes the husband’s wrath exacts greater penalties than any law allows: one lover is slain by the sword, another bleeds under the lash; some undergo the punishment of the mullet. Your dear Endymion will become the gallant of some matron whom he loves; but before long, when Servilia has taken him into her pay, he will serve one also whom he loves not, and will strip her of all her ornaments; for what can any woman, be she an Oppia or a Catulla, deny to the man who serves her passion? It is on her passion that a bad woman’s whole nature centres. “But how does beauty hurt the chaste?” you ask. Well, what availed Hippolytus or Bellerophon their firm resolve? The Cretan lady flared up as though repelled with scorn; no less furious was Stheneboea. Both dames lashed themselves into fury; for never is woman so savage as when her hatred is goaded on by shame.

[329] And now tell me what counsel you think should be given to him whom Caesar’s wife is minded to wed. Best and fairest of a patrician house, the unhappy youth is dragged to destruction by Messalina’s eyes. She has long been seated; her bridal veil is ready; the Tyrian nuptial couch is being spread openly in the gardens; a dowry of one million sesterces will be given after the ancient fashion, the soothsayer and the witnesses will be there. And you thought these things were secret, did you, known only to a few? But the lady will not wed save with all the due forms. Say what is your resolve: if you say nay to her, you will have to perish

before the lighting of the lamps; if you perpetrate the crime, you will have a brief respite until the affair, known already to the city and the people, shall come to the Prince's ears; he will be the last to know of the dishonour of his house. Meanwhile, if you value a few days of life so highly, obey your orders: whatever you may deem the easier and the better way, that fair white neck of yours will have to be offered to the sword.

[346] Is there nothing then for which men shall pray? If you ask my counsel, you will leave it to the gods themselves to provide what is good for us, and what will be serviceable for our state; for, in place of what is pleasing, they will give us what is best. Man is dearer to them than he is to himself. Impelled by strong and blind desire, we ask for wife and offspring; but the gods know ot what sort the sons, of what sort the wife, will be. Nevertheless that you may have something to pray for, and be able to offer to the shrines entrails and presaging sausages from a white porker, you should pray for a sound mind in a sound body; for a stout heart that has no fear of death, and deems length of days the least of Nature's gifts; that can endure any kind of toil; that knows neither wrath nor desire, and thinks that the woes and hard labours of Hercules are better than the loves and the banquets and the down cushions of Sardanapalus. What I commend to you, you can give to yourself; for it is assuredly through virtue that lies the one and only road to a life of peace. Thou wouldst have no divinity, O Fortune, if we had but wisdom; it is we that make a goddess of thee, and place thee in the skies.

Satire 11. Extravagance and Simplicity of Living

[1] If Atticus dines sumptuously, he is thought a fine gentleman; if Rutilus does the same, people say he has lost his senses: for at what does the public laugh so loudly as at an Apicius reduced to poverty? Every dinner table, all the baths, lounging-places and theatres have their fling at Rutilus; for while still young, active, and warm-blooded, and fit to wear a helmet, he plunges on till he will have to enrol himself — not compelled indeed, but not forbidden by the Tribune — under the rules and royal mandates of a trainer of gladiators. You may see many of these gentry being waited for by an oft-eluded creditor at the entrance to the meat-market — men whose sole reason for living lies in their palate. The greater their straits — though the house is ready to fall, and the daylight begins to show between the cracks — the more luxuriously and daintily do they dine. Meanwhile they ransack all the elements for new relishes; no cost ever stands in their way; if you look closely into it, the greater the price, the greater the pleasure. So when they want to raise money to go after the rest, they think nothing of pawning their plate, or breaking up the image of their mother; and having thus seasoned their gluttonous delf at a cost of four hundred sesterces, they come down at last to the hotch-potch of the gladiatorial school. It matters much therefore who provides the feast; what is extravagant in Rutilus, gets a fine name in Ventidius, and takes its character from his means.

[23] Rightly do I despise a man who knows how much higher Atlas is than all the other mountains of Africa, and yet knows not the difference between a purse and an iron-bound money-box. The maxim “Know thyself” comes down to us from the skies; it should be imprinted in the heart, and stored in the memory, whether you are looking for a wife, or wishing for a seat in the sacred Senate: even Thersites never asked for that breastplate of Achilles in which Ulysses cut such a sorry figure. If you are preparing to conduct a great and difficult cause, take counsel of yourself and tell yourself what you are — are you a great orator, or just a spouter like Curtius and Matho? Let a man take his own measure and have regard to it in things great or small, even in the buying of a fish, that he set not his heart upon a mullet, when he has only a gudgeon in his purse. For if your purse is getting empty while your maw is expanding, what will be your end when you have sunk your paternal fortune and all your belongings in a belly which can hold capital and solid silver as well as flocks and lands? With such owners the last thing to go is the ring; poor Pollio, his finger stripped, has to go a-begging! It is

not an early death or an untimely grave that extravagance has to dread: old age is more terrible to it than death.

[46] The regular stages are these: money is borrowed in Rome and squandered before the owner's eyes; when some little of it is still left, and the lender's face grows pale, these gentlemen give leg bail, and make off for Baiae and its oyster-beds — for in these days people think no more of absconding from the Forum than of flitting from the stuffy Subuva to the Esquiline. One pang, one sorrow only, afflicts these exiles, that they must, for one season, miss the Circensian games! No drop of blood lingers in their cheek: Shame is ridiculed as she flees from the city, and few would bid her stay.

[56] To-day, friend Persicus, you will discover whether I make good, in deed and in my ways of life, the fair maxims which I preach, or whether, while commending beans, I am at heart a glutton: openly bidding my slave to bring me porridge, but whispering "cheese-cakes" in his ear. For now that you have promised to be my guest, you will find in me an Evander; you yourself will be the Tirynthian, or the guest less great than he, though he too came of blood divine — the one by water, the other borne by fire, to the stars. And now hear my feast, which no meat-market shall adorn. From my Tiburtine farm there will come a plump kid, tenderest of the flock, innocent of grass, that has never yet dared to nibble the twigs of the dwarf willow, and has more of milk in him than blood; some wild asparagus, gathered by the bailiff's wife when done with her spindle, and some lordly eggs, warm in their wisps of hay, together with the hens that laid them. There will be crapes too, kept half the year, as fresh as when they hung upon the tree; pears from Signia and Syria, and in the same baskets fresh-smelling apples that rival those of Picenum, and of which you need not be afraid, seeing that winter's cold has dried up their autumnal juice, and removed the perils of unripeness.

[77] Such were the banquets of our Senate in days of old, when already grown luxurious; when Curius, with his own hands, would lay upon his modest hearth the simple herbs he had gathered in his little garden — herbs scoffed at nowadays by the dirty ditcher who works in chains, and remembers the savour of tripe in the reeking cookshop. For feast days, in olden times, they would keep a side of dried pork, hanging from an open rack, or put before the relations a flitch of birthday bacon, with the addition of some fresh meat, if there happened to be a sacrifice to supply it. A kinsman who had thrice been hailed as Consul, who had commanded armies, and filled the office of Dictator, would come home earlier than was his wont for such a feast, shouldering the spade with which he had been subduing the hillside. For when men quailed before a Fabius or a stern Cato, before a Scaurus or a Fabricius — when even a Censor might dread the severe verdict of his

colleague — no one deemed it a matter of grave and serious concern what kind of tortoise-shell was swimming in the waves of Ocean to form a head-rest for our Troy-born grandees. Couches in those days were small, their sides unadorned: a simple headpiece of bronze would display the head of a be-garlanded ass, beside which would romp in play the children of the village. Thus house and furniture were all in keeping with the fare.

[100] The rude soldier of those days had no taste for, or knowledge of, Greek art; if allotted cups made by great artists as his share in the booty of a captured city, he would break them up to provide gay trappings for his horse, or to chase a helmet that should display to the dying foe an image of the Romulean beast bidden by Rome's destiny to grow tame, with the twin Quirini beneath a rock, and the nude effigy of the God swooping down with spear and shield. Their messes of spelt were then served on platters of earthenware; such silver as there was glittered only on their arms — all which things you may envy if you are at all inclined that way. The majesty of the temples also was more near to help us; it was then that was heard through the entire city that midnight voice telling how the Gauls were advancing from the shores of Ocean, the Gods taking on them the part of prophecy. Such were the warnings of Jupiter, such the cave which he bestowed on the concerns of Latium when he was made of clay, and undefiled by gold.

[117] In those days our tables were home-grown, made of our own trees; for such use was kept some aged chestnut blown down perchance by the Southwestern blast. But nowadays a rich man takes no pleasure in his dinner — his turbot and his venison have no taste, his unguents and his roses no perfume — unless the broad slabs of his dinner-table rest upon a ramping, gaping leopard of solid ivory, made of the tusks sent to us by the swift-footed Moor from the portal of Syene, or by the still duskier Indian — or perhaps shed by the monstrous beast in the Nabataean forest when too big and too heavy for his head. These are the things that give good appetite and good digestion; for to these gentlemen a table with a leg of silver is like a finger with an iron ring. For this reason I will have none of your haughty guests to make comparisons between himself and me, and look down upon my humble state. So destitute am I of ivory that neither my dice nor counters are made of it; even my knife-handles are of bone. Yet are not the viands tainted thereby, nor does the pullet cut up any the worse on that account. Nor shall I have a carver to whom the whole carving-school must bow, a pupil of the learned Trypherus, in whose school is cut up, with blunt knives, a magnificent feast of hares and sow's paunches, of boars and antelopes, of Scythian fowls and tall flamingoes and Gaetulian gazelles, until the whole Subura rings with the clatter of the elm-wood banquet. My raw youngster, untutored all his days, has

never learnt how to filch a slice of kid or the wing of a guinea-fowl, unpractised save in the theft of scraps. Cups of common ware, bought for a few pence, will be handed round by an unpolished lad, clad so as to keep out the cold. No Phrygian or Lycian youth, none bought from a dealer at a huge price, will you find; when you want anything, ask for it in Latin. They are all dressed alike; their hair cut close and uncurled, and only combed to-day because of the company. One is the son of a hardy shepherd; another of the cattle-man: he sighs for the mother whom he has not seen for so long, and thinks wistfully of the little cottage and the kids he knew so well; a lad of open countenance and simple modesty, such as those ought to be who are clothed in glowing purple. No noisy frequenter he of baths, presenting his armpits to be cleared of hair, and with only an oil-flask to conceal his nudity. He will hand you a wine that was bottled on the hills among which he was born, and beneath whose tops he played — for wine and servant alike have one and the same fatherland.

[162] You may look perhaps for a troop of Spanish maidens to win applause by immodest dance and song, sinking down with quivering thighs to the floor — such sights as brides behold seated beside their husbands, though it were a shame to speak of such things in their presence. . . . My humble home has no place for follies such as these. The clatter of castanets, words too foul for the strumpet that stands naked in a reeking archway, with all the arts and language of lust, may be left to him who spits wine upon floors of Lacedaemonian marble; such men we pardon because of their high station. In men of moderate position gaming and adultery are shameful; but when those others do these same things, they are called gay fellows and fine gentlemen. My feast to-day will provide other performances than these. The bard of the *Iliad* will be sung, and the lays of the lofty-toned Maro that contest the palm with his. What matters it with what voice strains like these are read?

[183] And now put away cares and cast business to the winds! Present yourself with a welcome holiday, now that you may be idle for the entire day. Let there be no talk of money, and let there be no secret wrath or suspicion in your heart because your wife is wont to go forth at dawn and to come home at night with crumpled hair and flushed face and ears. Cast off straightway before my threshold all that troubles you, all thought of house and slaves, with all that slaves break or lose, and above all put away all thought of thankless friends.

[193] Meantime the solemn Idaean rite of the Megalesian napkin is being held; there sits the Praetor in his triumphal state, the prey of horseflesh; and (if I may say so without offence to the vast unnumbered mob) all Rome to-day is in the Circus. A roar strikes upon my ear which tells me that the Green has won; for had it lost, Rome would be as sad and dismayed as when the Consuls were

vanquished in the dust of Cannae. Such sights are for the young, whom it befits to shout and make bold wagers with a smart damsel by their side: but let my shrivelled skin drink in the vernal sun, and escape the toga. You may go at once to your bath with no shame on your brow, though it wants a whole hour of mid-day. That you could not do for five days continuously, since even such a life has weariness. It is rarity that gives zest to pleasure.

Satire 12. How Catullus escaped Shipwreck

[1] Dearer to me, Corvinus, is this day, when my festal turf is awaiting the victims vowed to the Gods, than my own birthday. To the Queen of Heaven I offer a snow-white lamb; a fleece as white to the Goddess armed with the Moorish Gorgon; hard by is the frolicsome victim destined for Tarpeian Jove, shaking the tight-stretched rope and brandishing his brow; for he is a bold young steer, ripe for temple and for altar, and fit to be sprinkled with wine; it already shames him to suck his mother's milk, and with his budding horn he assails the oaks. Were my fortune large, and as ample as my love, I should have been hauling along a bull fatter than Hispulla, slow-footed from his very bulk; reared on no neighbouring herbage he, but showing in his blood the rich pastures of the Clitumnus, and marching along to to offer his neck to the stroke of the stalwart priest, to celebrate the return of my still trembling friend who has lately gone through such terrors, and now marvels to find himself safe and sound.

[17] For besides the perils of the deep he escaped a lightning stroke. A mass of dense black cloud shut out the heavens, and down came a flash of fire upon the yards. Every man believed himself smitten by the bolt, and soon in his terror bethought him that no shipwreck could be so terrible as a ship on fire. All happened in the same way and as frightfully as when a storm arises in a poem, when lo! a new kind of peril came: hear it and give your pity once again, though the rest of the tale is all of one piece: a fearful lot, well known to many, and testified by many a votive tablet in our temples. Who knows not that it is Isis who feeds our painters?

[29] A fate like to these befell our friend Catullus also. For when the hold was half full of water, and the waves rocked the hull from side to side, so that the white-haired skipper, with all his skill, could bring no succour to the labouring mast, he resolved to compound with the winds like the beaver, who gives up one part of his body that he may keep the rest; so conscious is he of the drug which he carries in his groin. "Overboard with everything!" shouted Catullus, ready to cast headlong his finest wares: purple garments, such as would have befitted a soft Maecenas, with other fabrics dyed on the sheep's back by the noble nature of the herbage — though doubtless the hidden virtues of the water and air of Baetica also lent their aid. Nor did he hesitate to throw over pieces of silver plate — charger's wrought by Parthenius, and bowls holding three gallons, fit to slake the thirst of the Centaur Pholus or the wife of Fuscus. Besides these were baskets and

dishes without number, and much chased work out of which the crafty purchaser of Olynthus had slaked his thirst. What other man is there, in what part of the world, who would dare to value his life above his plate, or his safety above his property? Some men are so blinded and depraved that, instead of making fortunes for the sake of living, they live for their fortunes' sake.

[52] And now most of the cargo has gone overboard, but even these losses do not ease the vessel; so in his extremity the skipper had to fall back upon cutting away the mast, and so find a way out of his straits — a dire pass indeed when no remedy can be found but one that diminishes the ship! Go now, and commit your life to the winds! Go trust yourself to a hewn plank which parts you from death by four finger-breadths, or seven if it be extra thick! Only remember in future, besides your bread and your bread-basket and your pot-bellied flagon, to take with you axes also for use in time of storm.

[62] But soon the sea fell flat, and our mariners came on better times. Destiny proved stronger than wind and wave; the glad Fates, with kindly hand, spun a yarn of white wool, there sprang up what was no stronger than a gentle breeze, under which the poor ship sped on by the sorry help of outstretched garments, and the single sail now left to her on her prow. Soon the winds abated, and out came the sun, bringing hope of life; and then there came into view the beetling height so dear to Iulus, and preferred by him for his abode to his stepmother's Lavinum, a height that took its name from the white sow whose wondrous womb made glad the Phrygians' hearts, and gained fame for her thirty teats — a sight never seen before!

[75] And now at length the ship comes within the moles built out to enclose the sea. She passes the Tyrrhenian Pharos, and those arms which stretch out and meet again in mid-ocean, leaving Italy far behind — a port more wondrous far than those of Nature's making. Then the skipper, with his crippled ship, makes for the still waters of the inner basin in which any Baian shallop may ride in safety. There the sailors shave their heads and delight, in garrulous ease, to tell the story of their perils.

[83] Away then, ye boys, and with reverent tongues and souls hang up garlands upon the shrines, sprinkle meal upon the knives, and deck the soft altars of verdant turf. I will quickly follow, and having duly performed the greater rite, will return thence home, where my little images of shining crumbling wax are being decked with slender wreaths. Here will I entreat my own Jupiter; here will I offer incense to my paternal Lares, and scatter pansies of every hue. Here all is bright; the gateway, in token of feast, has put up trailing branches, and is worshipping with early-lighted lamps.

[93] Look not askance, Corvinus, upon these rejoicings. The Catullus for whose return I set up all these altars has three little heirs of his own. You may wait long enough before you find anyone to bestow a sickly hen, just closing her eyes, upon so unprofitable a friend; nay, a hen would be all too costly: no quail will ever fall for a man who is a father! But if the rich and childless Gallitta or Pacius have a touch of fever, their entire porticoes will be dressed out with tablets fastened in due form; there will be some to vow hecatombs, not elephants, indeed, seeing that elephants are not for sale, nor does that beast breed in Latium, or anywhere beneath our skies, but is fetched from the dark man's land, and fed in the Rutulian forest and the domains of Turnus. The herd is Caesar's,' and will serve no private master, since their forefathers were wont to obey the Tyrian Hannibal and our generals and the Molossian king, and to carry cohorts on their backs — no small fraction of a war — whole towers going forth to battle! Therefore Novius would not hesitate, Pacuvius Hister2 would not hesitate, to lead that ivoried monster to the altar, and offer it to Gallitta's Lares, the only victim worthy of such august divinities, and of those who hunt their gold. For the latter worthy, if permitted, will vow to sacrifice the tallest and comeliest of his slaves; he will place fillets on the brows of his slave-boys and maidservants; if he has a marriageable Iphigenia at home, he will place her upon the altar, though he could never hope for the hind of tragic story to provide a secret substitute.

[121] I commend the wisdom of my fellow townsman, nor can I compare a thousand ships to an inheritance; for if the sick man escape the Goddess of Death, he will be caught within the net, he will destroy his will, and after the prodigious services of Pacuvius will maybe by a single word, make him heir to all his possessions, and Pacuvius will strut proudly over his vanquished rivals. You see therefore how well worth while it was to slaughter that maiden at Mycenae! Long live Pacuvius! may he live, I pray, as many years as Nestor; may he possess as much as Nero plundered; may he pile up gold mountain-high; may he love no one, and be by none beloved!

Satire 13. The Terrors of a Guilty Conscience

[1] No deed that sets an example of evil brings joy to the doer of it. The first punishment is this: that no guilty man is acquitted at the bar of his own conscience, though he have won his cause by a juggling urn, and the corrupt favour of the judge. What do you suppose, Calvinus, that people are now thinking about the recent villainy and the charge of trust betrayed? Your means are not so small that the weight of a slight loss will weigh you down; nor is your misfortune rare. Such a mishap has been known to many; it is one of the common kind, plucked at random out of Fortune's heap. Away with undue lamentations! a man's wrath should not be hotter than is fit, nor greater than the loss sustained. You are scarce able to bear, the very smallest particle of misfortune; your bowels foam hot within you because your friend will not give up to you the sacred trust committed to him; does this amaze one who was born in the Consulship of Fonteius, and has left sixty years behind him? Have you gained nothing from all your experience?

[19] Great indeed is Philosophy, the conqueror of Fortune, and sacred are her precepts; but they too are to be deemed happy who have learnt under the schooling of life to endure its ills without fretting against the yoke. What day is there, however festal, which fails to disclose theft, treachery and fraud: gain made out of every kind of crime, and money won by the dagger or the bowl? For honest men are scarce; hardly so numerous as the gates of Thebes, or the mouths of the enriching Nile. We are living in a ninth age; an age more evil than that of iron — one for whose wickedness Nature herself can find no name, no metal from which to call it. We summon Gods and men to our aid with cries as loud as that with which the vocal dole applauds Faesidius when he pleads. Tell me, you old gentleman, that should be wearing the *bulla* of childhood, do you know nothing of the charm of other people's money? Are you ignorant of how the world laughs at your simplicity when you demand of any man that he shall not perjure himself, and believe that some divinity is to be found in temples or in altars red with blood? Primitive men lived thus in the olden days, before Saturn laid down his diadem and fled, betaking himself to the rustic sickle; in the days when Juno was a little maid, and Jupiter still a private gentleman in the caves of Ida. In those days there were no banquets of the heavenly host above the clouds, there was no Trojan youth, no fair wife of Hercules for cup-bearer, no Vulcan wiping arms begrimed by the Liparaean forge after tossing off his nectar. Each God then dined by himself; there was no such mob of deities as there is to-day; the stars were

satisfied with a few divinities, and pressed with a lighter load upon the hapless Atlas. No monarch had as yet had the gloomy realms below allotted to him; there was no grim Pluto with a Sicilian spouse; there was no wheel, no rock, no Furies, no black torturing Vulture; the shades led a merry life, with no kings over their nether world. Dishonesty was a prodigy in those days; men deemed it a heinous sin, worthy of death, if a youth did not rise before his elders, or a boy before any bearded man, though he himself might see more strawberries, and bigger heaps of acorns, in his own home. So worshipful was it to be older by four years, so equal to reverend age was the first down of manhood!

[60] But nowadays, if a friend does not disavow a sum entrusted to him, if he restore the old purse with all its rust, his good faith is deemed a portent calling for the sacred books of Etruria, and to be expiated by a lamb decked with garlands. If I discover an upright and blameless man, I liken him to a boy born with double limbs, or to fishes found by a marvelling rustic under the plough, or to a pregnant mule: I am as concerned as though it had rained stones, or a swarm of bees had settled in a long cluster on a temple-roof, or as though some river had poured down wondrous floods of milk into the sea.

[71] You complain, do you, that by an impious fraud you have been robbed of ten thousand sesterces? What if someone else has by a like fraud lost a secret deposit of two hundred thousand sesterces? A third a still greater sum, which could scarce find room in the corners of his ample treasure-chest? So simple and easy a thing is it to disregard heavenly witnesses, if no mortal man is privy to the secret! Hear how loudly the fellow denies the charge! See the assurance of his perfidious face! He swears by the rays of the sun and the Tarpeian thunderbolts; by the lance of Mars and the arrows of the Cirrhaean Seer; by the shafts and quiver of the maiden huntress, and by thine own trident, O Neptune, thou lord of the Aegaean sea. He throws in besides the bow of Hercules, and Minerva's spear, and all the weapons contained in all the armouries of Heaven; if he be a father, "May I eat," he tearfully declares, "my own son's head boiled, and dripping with Egyptian vinegar!"

[86] Some think that all things are subject to the chances of Fortune; these believe that the world has no governor to move it, but that Nature rolls along the changes of day and year; they will therefore lay their hands on any altar you please without a tremor. Another fears that punishment will follow crime; he believes that there are Gods, but perjures himself all the same, reasoning thus within himself: "Let Isis deal with my body as she wills, and blast my sight with her avenging rattle, provided only that even when blind I may keep the money which I disavow; it is worth having phthisis or running ulcers or losing half one's leg at the price! Ladas himself, if not needing treatment at Anticyra or by Archigenes,

would not hesitate to accept the rich man's gout; for what is to be got out of fame for swiftness of foot, or from a hungry branch of the Pisaean Olive ? The wrath of the Gods may be great, but it assuredly is slow; if then they charge themselves with punishing all the guilty, when will they get my length? And besides I may perchance find the God placable; he is wont to forgive things like this. Many commit the same crime and fare differently: one man gets a gibbet, another a crown, as the reward of crime."

[106] That is how they reassure their minds when in terror for some deadly guilt. If you summon them then to the holy shrine, they will be there before you; nay, they will themselves drag you thither, and dare you to the proof; for when a bad cause is well backed by a bold face, the man gets credit for self-confidence. Such a one plays a part, like the runaway buffoon of the witty Catullus, but you, poor wretch, may shout so as to out-do Stentor, or rather as loudly as the Mars of Homer, "Do you hear all this, O Jupiter, with lip unmoved, when you ought to have been making yourself heard, whether you be made of marble or of bronze? Else why do I open my packet of holy incense, and place it on your blazing altar? Why offer slices of a calf's liver or the fat of a white pig? So far as I can see, there is nothing to choose between your images and the statue of Vagellius!"

[120] And now hear what consolations can be offered on the other side by one who has not embraced the doctrines either of the Cynics, or of the Stoics — who only differ from the Cynics by a shirt — nor yet reverenced Epicurus, so proud of the herbs in his tiny garden. Let doubtful maladies be tended by doctors of repute; your veins may be entrusted to a disciple of Philippus. If in all the world you cannot show me so abominable a crime, I hold my peace; I will not forbid you to smite your breast with your fists, or to pummel your face with open palm, seeing that after so great a loss you must close your doors, and that a household bewails the loss of money with louder lamentations than a death. In such a misfortune no grief is simulated; no one is content to rend the top of his garment, or to squeeze forced moisture from his eyes; unfeigned are the tears which lament the loss of wealth.

[135] But if you see every court beset with complaints like to yours; if after a bond has been read over ten times by the opposing party, they declare the document to be waste paper, though convicted by their own handwriting, and. by the signet ring, most choice of sardonyx stones, kept in an ivory case — do you, my fine fellow, suppose that you are to be placed outside the common lot, because you were born of a white hen, while we are common chickens, hatched out of unlucky eggs? Your loss is a modest one, to be endured with a moderate amount of choler, if you cast an eye on grosser wrongs. Compare with your case the hired robber, or the fire purposely started by sulphur, the flame bursting out at your front door;

think too of those who carry off from ancient temples splendid cups of venerable antiquity, that were the gift of nations, or crowns dedicated by some ancient monarch! If such things are not to be had, a petty desecrator will be found to scrape off the gilding from the thigh of Hercules, or from the very face of Neptune, or to strip Castor of his beaten gold. And why should he hesitate, when he has been used to melt down an entire Thunderer? Compare too the manufacturers and sellers of poison, and the man who should be cast into the sea inside an ox's hide, with whom a luckless destiny encloses a harmless ape. What a mere fraction these of the crimes which Gallicus, the guardian of our city, has to listen to from dawn to eve! If you would know what mankind is like, that one court-house will suffice; spend a few days in it, and when you come out, dare to call yourself unfortunate. Who marvels at a swollen throat in the Alps? or in Meroe at a woman's breast bigger than her sturdy babe? Who is amazed to see a German with blue eyes and yellow hair, twisting his greasy curls into a horn? We marvel not, clearly because this one nature is common to them all. The Pygmy warrior marches forth in his tiny arms to encounter the sudden swoop and clamorous cloud of Thracian birds; but soon, no match for his foe, he is snatched up by the savage crane and borne in his crooked talons through the air. If you saw this in our own country, you would shake with laughter; but in that land, where the whole host is only one foot high, though like battles are witnessed every day, no one laughs!

[174] "What? Is there to be no punishment for that perjured soul and his impious fraud?" Well, suppose him to have been hurried off in heavy chains, and slain (what more could anger ask?) at our good pleasure; yet your loss still remains, your deposit will not be saved; and the smallest drop of blood from that headless body will bring you hatred along with your consolation. "O! but vengeance is good, sweeter than life itself." Yes; so say the ignorant, whose passionate hearts you may see ablaze at the slightest cause, sometimes for no cause at all; any occasion, indeed, however small it be, suffices for their wrath. But so will not Chrysippus say, or the gentle Thales, or the old man who dwelt near sweet Hymettus, who would have given to his accuser no drop of the hemlock-draught which was administered to him in that cruel bondage. Benign Philosophy, by degrees, strips from us most of our vices, and all our mistakes; it is she that first teaches us the right. For vengeance is always the delight of a little, weak, and petty mind; of which you may straightway draw proof from this — that no one so rejoices in vengeance as a woman.

[192] But why should you suppose that a man escapes punishment whose mind is ever kept in terror by the consciousness of an evil deed which lashes him with unheard blows, his own soul ever shaking over him the unseen whip of torture? It

is a grievous punishment, more cruel far than any devised by the stern Caedicius or by Rhadamanthus, to carry in one's breast by night and by day one's own accusing witness. The Pythian prophetess once made answer to a Spartan that it would not pass unpunished in after time that he had thought of keeping back a sum entrusted to him supporting the wrong by perjury; for he asked what was the mind of the Deity, and whether Apollo counselled him to do the deed. He therefore restored the money, through fear, and not from honesty; nevertheless he found all the words of the Oracle to be true and worthy of the shrine, being destroyed with his whole race and family and relations, however far removed. Such are the penalties endured by the mere wish to sin; for he who secretly meditates a crime within his breast has all the guiltiness of the deed.

[210] What then if the purposed deed be done? His disquiet never ceases, not even at the festal board; his throat is as dry as in a fever; he can scarcely take his food, it swells between his teeth; he spits out the wine, poor wretch; he cannot abide the choicest old Albanian, and if you bring out something finer still, wrinkles gather upon his brow as though it had been puckered up by some Falernian turned sour. In the night, if his troubles grant him a short slumber, and his limbs, after tossing upon the bed, are sinking into repose, he straightway beholds the temple and the altar of the God whom he has outraged; and what weighs with chiefest terror on his soul, he sees you in his dreams; your awful form, larger than life, frightens his quaking heart and wrings confession from him. These are the men who tremble and grow pale at every lightning-flash; when it thunders, they quail at the first rumbling in the heavens; not as though it were an affair of chance or brought about by the raging of the winds, but as though the flame had fallen in wrath and as a judgment upon the earth. If one storm pass harmless by, they look more anxiously for the next, as though this calm were only a reprieve. If, again, they suffer from pains in the side, with a fever that robs them of their sleep, they believe that the sickness has been inflicted on them by the offended Deity: these they deem to be the missiles, these the arrows of the Gods. They dare not vow a bleating victim to a shrine, or offer a crested cock to the Lares; for what hope is permitted to the guilty sick? What victim is not more worthy of life than they? Inconstant and shifty, for the most part, is the nature of bad men. In committing a crime, they have courage enough and to spare; they only begin to feel what is right and what wrong when it has been committed. Yet nature, firm and changeless, returns to the ways which it has condemned. For who ever fixed a term to his own offending? When did a hardened brow ever recover the banished blush? What man have you ever seen that was satisfied with one act of villainy? Our scoundrel will yet put his feet into the snare; he will have to endure the dark prison-house and the staple, or one of those crags in the Aegaean sea that are

crowded with our noble exiles. You will exult over the stern punishment of a hated name, and at length admit with joy that none of the Gods is deaf or like unto Tiresias.

Satire 14. No Teaching like that of Example

[1] There are many things of ill repute, friend Fuscinus, — things that would affix a lasting stain to the brightest of lives, — which parents themselves point out and hand on to their sons. If the aged father delights in ruinous play, his heir too gambles in his teens, and rattles the selfsame weapons in a tiny dice-box. If a youth has learnt from the hoary gluttony of a spendthrift father to peel truffles, to preserve mushrooms, and to souse beccaficoes in their own juice, none of his relatives need expect better things of him when he grows up. As soon as he has passed his seventh year, before he has cut all his second teeth, though you put a thousand bearded preceptors on his right hand, and as many on his left, he will always long to fare sumptuously, and not fall below the high standard of his cookery.

[15] When Rutilus delights in the sound of a cruel flogging, deeming it sweeter than any siren's song, and being himself a very Antiphates, or a Polyphemus, to his trembling household, is he inculcating gentleness, and leniency to slight faults: does he hold that the bodies and souls of slaves are made of the same stuff and elements as our own; or is he inculcating cruelty, never happy until he has summoned a torturer, and he can brand some one with a hot iron for stealing a couple of towels? What counsel does the father give to his son when he revels in the clanking of a chain, and takes wondrous pleasure in branded slaves, in prisons and his country bridewell? Are you simple enough to suppose that Larga's daughter will remain virtuous when she cannot count over her mother's lovers so rapidly, or string their names together so quickly, as not to take breath full thirty times? She was her mother's confidante as a girl; at her dictation she now indites her own little love-notes, despatching them to her paramours by the hand of the self-same menials. So Nature ordains; no evil example corrupts us so soon and so rapidly as one that has been set at home, since it comes into the mind on high authority. Here and there perhaps a youth may decline to follow the bad example: one whose soul the Titan has fashioned with kindlier skill and of a finer clay; but the rest are led on by the parental steps which they should avoid, and are dragged into the old track of vice which has so long been pointed out to them.

[38] Abstain therefore from things which you must condemn: for this there is at least one all-powerful motive, that our crimes be not copied by our children. For we are all of us teachable in what is base and wrong; you may find a Catiline among any people, and in any clime, but nowhere will you find a Brutus, or the

uncle of a Brutus. Let no foul word or sight cross the threshold within which there is a father. Away with you, ye hireling damsels! Away with the songs of the night-revelling parasite! If you have any evil deed in mind, you owe the greatest reverence to the young; disregard not your boy's tender years, and let your infant son stand in the way of the sin that you propose. For if some day or other he shall do a deed deserving the censor's wrath, and shall show himself like to you, not in form and face only, but also your child in vice, and following in all your footsteps with sin deeper than your own, you will doubtless rebuke him and chide him angrily and thereafter prepare to change your will. But how can you assume the grave brow and the free tone of a father if you in your old age are doing things worse than he did, and your own empty pate has long been needing the windy cupping-glass?

[59] When you expect a guest, not one of your household will be idle. "Sweep the pavement! Polish up the pillars! Down with that dusty spider, web and all! One of you clean the plain silver, another the embossed vessels!" So shouts the master, standing over them whip in hand. And so you are afraid, poor fool, that the eyes of your expected guest may be offended by the sight of dog's filth in the hall or of a portico splashed with mud — things which one slave-boy can put right with half a peck of sawdust: and yet will you take no pains that your son may behold a stainless home, free from any stain and blemish? It is good that you have presented your country and your people with a citizen, if you make him serviceable to his country, useful for the land, useful for the things both of peace and war. For it will make all the difference in what practices, in what habits, you bring him up. The stork feeds her young upon the serpents and the lizards which she finds in the wilds; the young search for the same things when they have gotten to themselves wings. The vulture hurries from dead cattle and dogs and gibbets to bring some of the carrion to her offspring; so this becomes the food of the vulture when he is full-grown and feeds himself, making his nest in a tree of his own. The noble birds that wait on Jove hunt the hare or the roe in the woods, and from them serve up prey to their eyrie; so when their progeny are of full age and soar up from the nest, hunger bids them swoop down upon that same prey which they had first tasted when they chipped the shell.

[86] Cretonius was given to building; now on Caieta's winding shore, now on the heights of Tibur, now on the Praenestine hills, he would rear lofty mansions, with marbles fetched from Greece and distant lands, outdoing the temples of Fortune and of Hercules by as much as the eunuch Posides overtopped our own Capitol. Housed therefore in this manner, he impaired his fortune and frittered away his wealth; some goodly portion of it still remained, but it was all squandered by his madman of a son in building new mansions of still costlier marbles.

[95] Some who have had a father who reveres the Sabbath, worship nothing but the clouds, and the divinity of the heavens, and see no difference between eating swine's flesh, from which their father abstained, and that of man; and in time they take to circumcision. Having been wont to flout the laws of Rome, they learn and practise and revere the Jewish law, and all that Moses committed to his secret tome, forbidding to point out the way to any not worshipping the same rites, and conducting none but the circumcised to the desired fountain. For all which the father was to blame, who gave up every seventh day to idleness, keeping it apart from all the concerns of life.

[107] All vices but one the young imitate of their own free will; avarice alone is enjoined on them against the grain. For that vice has a deceptive appearance and semblance of virtue, being gloomy of mien, severe in face and garb. The miser is openly commended for his thrift, being deemed a saving man, who will be a surer guardian of his own wealth than if it were watched by the dragons of the Hesperides or of Colchis. Moreover, such a one is thought to be skilled in the art of money-getting; for it is under workers such as he that fortunes grow. And they grow bigger by every kind of means: the anvil is ever working, and the forge never ceases to glow.

[119] Thus the father deems the miser to be fortunate; and when he worships wealth, believing that no poor man was ever happy, he urges his sons to follow in the same path and to attach themselves to the same school. There are certain rudiments in vice; in these he imbues them from the beginning, compelling them to study its pettiest meannesses; after a while he instructs them in the inappeasable lust of money-getting. He pinches the bellies of his slaves with short rations, starving himself into the bargain; for he cannot bear to eat up all the mouldy fragments of stale bread. In the middle of September he will save up the hash of yesterday; in summer-time he will preserve under seal for to-morrow's dinner a dish of beans, with a bit of mackerel, or half a stinking sprat, counting the leaves of the cut leeks before he puts them away. No beggar from a bridge would accept an invitation to such a meal! But for what end do you pile up riches gathered through torments such as these, when it is plain madness and sheer lunacy to live in want that you may be wealthy when you die? Meantime, while your purse is full to bursting, your love of gain grows as much as the money itself has grown, and the man who has none of it covets it the least. And so when one country house is not enough for you, you buy a second; then you must extend your boundaries, because your neighbour's field seems bigger and better than your own; you must buy that too, and his vineyard, and the hill that is thick and grey with olive-trees. And if no price will persuade the owner to sell, you will send into his green corn by night a herd of lean and famished cattle, with wearied

necks, who will not come home until they have put the whole crop into their ravenous bellies; no sickle could make a cleaner job! How many bewail wrongs like these can scarce be told, nor how many fields have been brought to the hammer by such outrages.

[152] But what a talk there will be! How loud the blast of evil rumour! "What harm in that?" you will say: "better keep my peapods for myself than have the praises of the whole country-side if I am to have but a small farm and a miserable crop." Yes; and no doubt you will escape disease and weakness, you will have no sorrow, no trouble, you will have long and ever happier days, if only you are sole possessor of as many acres of good land as the Roman people tilled in the days of Tatius. In later times, Romans broken with old age, who had fought in the Punic battles or against the dread Pyrrhus or the swords of the Molossians, received at last, in return for all their wounds, a scanty two acres of land. None ever deemed such recompense too small for their service of toil and blood; none spoke of a shabby, thankless country. A little plot like that would feed the father himself and the crowd at the cottage where lay the wife in childbed, with four little ones playing around — one slave-born, three the master's own; for their big brothers, on their return from ditch or furrow, a second and ampler supper of porridge would be smoking in a lordly dish. To-day we don't think such a plot of ground big enough for our garden!

[173] It is here mostly that lies the cause of crime. No human passion has mingled more poison-bowls, none has more often wielded the murderous dagger, than the fierce craving for unbounded wealth. For the man who wants wealth must have it at once; what respect for laws, what fear, what sense of shame is to be found in a miser hurrying to be rich? "Live content, my boys, with these cottages and hills of yours," said the Marsian or Hernican or Vestinian father in the days of yore; "let the plough win for us what bread shall suffice our table; such fare the rustic Gods approve, whose aid and bounty gave us the glad ear of corn, and taught man to disdain the acorn of ancient times. The man who is not ashamed to wear high boots in time of frost, and who keeps off the East wind with skins turned inwards, will never wish to do a forbidden thing; it is purple raiment, whatever it be, foreign and unknown to us, that leads to crime and wickedness."

[189] Such were the maxims which those ancients taught the young; but now, when autumn days are over, the father rouses his sleeping son after midnight with a shout: "Awake, boy, and take your tablets; scribble away and get up your cases; read through the red-lettered laws of our forefathers, or send in a petition for a centurion's vine-staff. See that Laelius notes your uncombed head and hairy nostrils, and admires your broad shoulders; destroy the huts of the Moors and the forts of the Brigantes, that your sixtieth year may bring you the eagle that will

make you rich. Or if you are too lazy to endure the weary labours of the camp, if the sound of horn and trumpet melts your soul within you, buy something that you can sell at half as much again; feel no disgust at a trade that must be banished to the other side of the Tiber; make no distinction between hides and unguents: the smell of gain is good whatever the thing from which it comes. Let this maxim be ever on your lips, a saying worthy of the Gods, and of Jove himself if he turned poet: 'No matter whence the money comes, but money you must have.'" These are the lessons taught by skinny old nurses to little boys before they can walk; this is what every girl learns before her ABC!

[210] To any father urging precepts such as these I would say this: "Tell me, O emptiest of men, who bids you hurry? The disciple, I warrant you, will outstrip his master. You may leave him with an easy mind; you will be outdone as surely as Telamon was beaten by Ajax, or Peleus by Achilles. Be gentle with the young; their bones are not yet filled up with the marrow of ripe wickedness. When the lad begins to comb a beard, and apply to its length the razor's edge, he will give false testimony, he will sell his perjuries for a trifling sum, touching the altar and the foot of Ceres all the time. If your daughter-in-law brings a deadly dowry into the house, you may count her as already dead and buried. What a grip of fingers will throttle her in her sleep! For the wealth which you think should be hunted for over land and sea, your son will acquire by a shorter road; great crimes demand no labour. Some day you will say, 'I never taught these things, I never advised them': no, but you are yourself the cause and origin of your son's depravity; for whosoever teaches the love of wealth turns his sons into misers by his ill-omened instruction. When he shows him how to double his patrimony by fraud, he gives him his head, and throws a free rein over the car; try to call him back, and he cannot stop: he will pay no heed to you, he will rush on, leaving the turning-post far behind. No man is satisfied with sinning just as far as you permit: so much greater is the license which they allow themselves!

[235] "When you tell a youth that a man is a fool who makes a present to a friend, or relieves and lightens the poverty of a kinsman, you teach him to plunder and to cheat and to commit any kind of crime for money's sake, the love of which is as great in you as was love of their country in the hearts of the Decii, or in that of Menoeceus, if Greece speaks true for Thebes — that country in whose furrows armed legions sprang into life out of dragons' teeth, taking straightway to grim battle as though a bugler had also risen up along with them. Thus you will see the fire, whose sparks you yourself have kindled, blazing far and wide and carrying all before them. Nor will you yourself, poor wretch, meet with any mercy; the pupil lion, with a loud roar, will devour the trembling instructor in his den. Your nativity, you say, is known to the astrologers: but it is a tedious thing to wait for

the slow-running spindle, and you will die before your thread is snapped. You are already in your son's way; you are delaying his prayers; your long and stag-like old age is a torment to the young man. Seek out Archigenes at once; buy some of the mixture of Mithridates; if you wish to pluck one more fig, and gather roses once again, you should have some medicament to be swallowed before dinner by one who is both a father and a king."

[256] I am showing you the choicest of diversions, one with which no theatre, no show of a grand Praetor can compare, if you will observe at what a risk to life men increase their fortunes, become possessors of full brass-bound treasure-chests, or of the cash which must be deposited with watchful Castor, ever since Mars the Avenger lost his helmet and failed to protect his own effects. So you may give up all the performances of Flora, of Ceres, and of Cybele; so much finer are the games of human life. Is there more pleasure to be got from gazing at men hurled from a spring-board, or tripping down a tight rope, than from yourself — you who spend your whole life in a Corycian ship, ever tossed by the wind from North or South, a poor contemptible trafficker in stinking wares, finding your joy in importing sweet wine from the shores of ancient Crete, or flagons that were fellow-citizens of Jove? Yet the man who plants his steps with balanced foot gains his livelihood thereby; that rope keeps him from cold and hunger; while you run the risk for the sake of a thousand talents or a hundred mansions. Look at our ports, our seas, crowded with big ships! The men at sea now outnumber those on shore. Whithersoever hope of gain shall call, thither fleets will come; not content with bounding over the Carpathian and Gaetulian seas, they will leave Calpe far behind, and hear the sun hissing in the Herculean main. It is well worth while, no doubt, to have beheld the monsters of the deep and the young mermen of the Ocean that you may return home with tight-stuffed purse, and exult in your swollen money-bags!

[284] Not all men are possessed with one form of madness. One madman in his sister's arms is terrified by the faces and fire of the Furies; another, when he strikes down an ox, believes that it is Agamemnon or the Ithacan that is bellowing. The man who loads his ship up to the gunwale with goods, with only a plank between him and the deep, is in need of a keeper, though he keep his hands off his shirt and his cloak, seeing that he endures all that misery and all that danger for the sake of bits of silver cut up into little images and inscriptions! Should clouds and thunder threaten, "Let go!" cries the merchant who has bought up corn or pepper, "that black sky, this dark wrack, are nought — it is but summer lightning." Poor wretch! on this very night perchance he will be cast out amid broken timbers and engulfed by the waves, clutching his purse with his left hand or his teeth. The man for whose desires yesterday not all the gold which Tagus

and the ruddy Pactolus rolls along would have sufficed, must now content himself with a rag to cover his cold and nakedness, and a poor morsel of food, while he begs for pennies as a shipwrecked mariner, and supports himself by a painted storm!

[303] Wealth gotten with such woes is preserved by fears and troubles that are greater still; it is misery to have the guardianship of a great fortune. The millionaire Licinus orders a troop of slaves to be on the watch all night with fire buckets in their places, being anxious for his amber, his statues and Phrygian marbles, his ivory and plaques of tortoise-shell. The nude Cynic fears no fire for his tub; if broken, he will make himself a new house to-morrow, or repair it with clamps of lead. When Alexander beheld in that tub its mighty occupant, he felt how much happier was the man who had no desires than he who claimed for himself the entire world, with perils before him as great as his achievements. Had we but wisdom, thou wouldst have no Divinity, O Fortune: it is we that make thee into a Goddess!

[316] Yet if any should ask of me what measure of fortune is enough, I will tell him: as much as thirst, cold and hunger demand; as much as sufficed you, Epicurus, in your little garden; as much as in earlier days was to be found in the house of Socrates. Never does Nature say one thing and Wisdom another. Do the limits within which I confine you seem too severe? Then throw in something from our own manners; make up a sum as big as that which Otho's law deems worthy of the fourteen rows. If that also knits your brow, and makes you thrust out your lip, take a couple of knights, or make up thrice four hundred thousand sesterces! If your lap is not yet full, if it is still opening for more, then neither the wealth of Croesus, nor that of the Persian Monarchs, will suffice you, nor yet that of Narcissus, on whom Claudius Caesar lavished everything, and whose orders he obeyed when bidden to slay his wife.

Satire 15. An Egyptian Atrocity

[1] Who knows not, O Bithynian Volusius, what monsters demented Egypt worships? One district adores the crocodile, another venerates the Ibis that gorges itself with snakes. In the place where magic chords are sounded by the truncated Memnon, and ancient hundred-gated Thebes lies in ruins, men worship the glittering golden image of the long-tailed ape. In one part cats are worshipped, in another a river fish, in another whole townships venerate a dog; none adore Diana, but it is an impious outrage to crunch leeks and onions with the teeth. What a holy race to have such divinities springing up in their gardens! No animal that grows wool may appear upon the dinner-table; it is forbidden there to slay the young of the goat; but it is lawful to feed on the flesh of man! When Ulysses told a tale like this over the dinner-table to the amazed Alcinous, he stirred some to wrath, some perhaps to laughter, as a lying story-teller. “What?” one would say, “will no one hurl this fellow into the sea, who merits a terrible and a true Charybdis with his inventions of monstrous Laestrygones and Cyclopes? For I could sooner believe in Scylla, and the clashing Cyanean rocks, and skins full of storms, or in the story how Circe, by a gentle touch, turned Elpenor and his comrades into grunting swine. Did he deem the Phaeacians people so devoid of brains?” So might some one have justly spoken who was not yet tipsy, and had taken but a small drink of wine from the Corcyraean bowl, for the Ithacan’s tale was all his own, with none to bear him witness.

[27] I will now relate strange deeds done of late in the consulship of Juncus, beyond the walls of broiling Coptus; a crime of the common herd, worse than any crime of the tragedians; for though you turn over all the tales of long-robed Tragedy from the days of Pyrrha onwards, you will find there no crime committed by an entire people. But hear what an example of ruthless barbarism has been displayed in these days of ours.

[33] Between the neighbouring towns of Ombi and Tentyra there burns an ancient and long-cherished feud and undying hatred, whose wounds are not to be healed. Each people is filled with fury against the other because each hates its neighbours’ Gods, deeming that none can be held as deities save its own. So when one of these peoples held a feast, the chiefs and leaders of their enemy thought good to seize the occasion, so that their foe might not enjoy a glad and merry day, with the delight of grand banquets, with tables set out at every temple and every crossway, and with night-long feasts, and with couches spread all day

and all night, and sometimes discovered by the sun upon the seventh morn. Egypt, doubtless, is a rude country; but in indulgence, so far as I myself have noted, its barbarous rabble yields not to the ill-famed Canopus. Victory too would be easy, it was thought, over men steeped in wine, stuttering and stumbling in their cups. On the one side were men dancing to a swarthy piper, with unguents, such as they were, and flowers and chaplets on their heads; on the other side, a ravenous hate. First come loud words, as preludes to the fray: these serve as a trumpet-call to their hot passions; then shout answering shout, they charge. Bare hands do the fell work of war. Scarce a cheek is left without a gash; scarce one nose, if any, comes out of the battle unbroken. Through all the ranks might be seen battered faces, and features other than they were; bones gaping through torn cheeks, and fists dripping with blood from eyes. Yet the combatants deem themselves at play and waging a boyish warfare because there are no corpses on which to trample. What avails a mob of so many thousand brawlers if no lives are lost? So fiercer and fiercer grows the fight; they now search the ground for stones — the natural weapons of civic strife — and hurl them with bended arms against the foe: not such stones as Turnus or Ajax flung, or like that with which the son of Tydeus struck Aeneas on the hip, but such as may be cast by hands unlike to theirs, and born in these days of ours. For even in Homer's day the race of man was on the wane; earth now produces none but weak and wicked men that provoke such Gods as see them to laughter and to loathing.

[72] To come back from our digression: the one side, reinforced, boldly draws the sword and renews the fight with showers of arrows; the dwellers in the shady palm-groves of neighbouring Tentyra turn their backs in headlong flight before the Ombite charge. Hereupon one of them, over-afraid and hurrying, tripped and was caught; the conquering host cut up his body into a multitude of scraps and morsels, that one dead man might suffice for everyone, and devoured it bones and all. There was no stewing of it in boiling pots, no roasting upon spits; so slow and tedious they thought it to wait for a fire, that they contented themselves with the corpse uncooked!

[84] One may here rejoice that no outrage was done to the flame that Prometheus stole from the highest heavens, and gifted to the earth. I felicitate the element, and doubt not that you are pleased; but never was flesh so relished as by those who endured to put that carcase between their teeth. For in that act of gross wickedness, do not doubt or ask whether it was only the first gullet that enjoyed its meal; for when the whole body had been consumed, those who stood furthest away actually dragged their fingers along the ground and so got some smack of the blood.

[93] The Vascones, fame tells us, once prolonged their lives by such food as this; but their case was different. Unkindly fortune had brought on them the last dire extremity of war, the famine of a long siege. In a plight like that of the people just named, resorting to such food deserves our pity, inasmuch as not till they had consumed every herb, every living thing, and everything else to which the pangs of an empty belly drove them — not till their very enemies pitied their pale, lean and wasted limbs — did hunger make them tear the limbs of other men, being ready to feed even upon their own. What man, what God, would withhold a pardon from bellies which had suffered such dire straits, and which might look to be forgiven by the Manes of those whose bodies they were devouring? To us, indeed, Zeno gives better teaching, for he permits some things, though not indeed all things, to be done for the saving of life; but how could a Cantabrian be a Stoic, and that too in the days of old Metellus? To-day the whole world has its Greek and its Roman Athens; eloquent Gaul has trained the pleaders of Britain, and distant Thule talks of hiring a rhetorician. Yet the people I have named were a noble people; and the people of Zacynthos, their equals in bravery and honour, their more than equals in calamity, offer a like excuse. But Egypt is more savage than the Maeotid altar; for if we may hold the poet's tales as true, the foundress of that accursed Tauric rite does but slay her victims; they have nought further or more terrible than the knife to fear. But what calamity drove these Egyptians to the deed? What extremity of hunger, what beleaguering army, compelled them to so monstrous and infamous a crime?

[122] Were the land of Memphis to run dry, could they do aught else than this to shame the Nile for being loth to rise? No dread Cimbrians or Britons, no savage Scythians or monstrous Agathyrsians, ever raged so furiously as this unwarlike and worthless rabble that hoists tiny sails on crockery ships, and plies puny oars on boats of painted earthenware! No penalty can you devise for such a crime, no fit punishment for a people in whose minds rage and hunger are like and equal things. When Nature gave tears to man, she proclaimed that he was tender-hearted; and tenderness is the best quality in man. She therefore bids us weep for the misery of a friend upon his trial, or when a ward whose streaming cheeks and girlish locks raise a doubt as to his sex brings a defrauder into court. It is at Nature's behest that we weep when we meet the bier of a full-grown maiden, or when the earth closes over a babe too young for the funeral pyre. For what good man, what man worthy of the mystic torch, and such as the priest of Ceres would wish him to be, believes that any human woes concern him not? It is this that separates us from the dumb herd; and it is for this that we alone have had allotted to us a nature worthy of reverence, capable of divine things, fit to acquire and practise the arts of life, and that we have drawn from on high that gift of feeling

which is lacking to the beasts that grovel with eyes upon the ground. To them in the beginning of the world our common maker gave only life; to us he gave souls as well, that fellow-feeling might bid us ask or proffer aid, gather scattered dwellers into a people, desert the primeval groves and woods inhabited by our forefathers, build houses for ourselves, with others adjacent to our own, that a neighbour's threshold from the confidence that comes of union, might give us peaceful slumbers; shield with arms a fallen citizen, or one staggering from a grievous wound, give battle signals by a common trumpet, and seek protection inside the same city walls, and behind gates fastened by a single key.

[159] But in these days there is more amity among serpents than among men; wild beasts are merciful to beasts spotted like themselves. When did the stronger lion ever take the life of the weaker? In what wood did a boar ever breathe his last under the tusks of a boar bigger than himself? The fierce tigress of India dwells in perpetual peace with her fellow; bears live in harmony with bears. But man finds it all too little to have forged the deadly blade on an impious anvil; for whereas the first artificers only wearied themselves with forging hoes and harrows, spades and ploughshares, not knowing how to beat out swords, we now behold a people whose wrath is not assuaged by slaying someone, but who deem that a man's breast, arms, and face afford a kind of food. What would Pythagoras say, or to what place would he not flee, if he beheld these horrors of to-day, — he who refrained from every living creature as if it were human, and would not indulge his belly with every kind of vegetable?

Satire 16. The Immunities of the Military

[1] Who can count up, Gallius, all the prizes of prosperous soldiering? I would myself pray to be a trembling recruit if I could but enter a favoured camp under a lucky star: for one moment of benignant fate is of more avail than a letter of commendation to Mars from Venus, or from his mother, who delights in the sandy shore of Samos.

[7] Let us first consider the benefits common to all soldiers, of which not the least is this, that no civilian will dare to thrash you; if thrashed himself, he must hold his tongue, and not venture to exhibit to the Praetor the teeth that have been knocked out, or the black and blue lumps upon his face, or the one eye left which the doctor holds out no hope of saving. If he seek redress, he has appointed for him as judge a hob-nailed centurion with a row of jurors with brawny calves sitting before a big bench. For the old camp law and the rule of Camillus still holds good which forbids a soldier to attend court outside the camp, and at a distance from the standards. “Most right and proper it is,” you say, “that a centurion should pass sentence on a soldier; nor shall I fail of satisfaction if I make good my case.” But then the whole cohort will be your enemies; all the maniples will agree as one man in applying a cure to the redress you have received by giving you a thrashing which shall be worse than the first. So, as you possess a pair of legs, you must have a mulish brain worthy of the eloquent Vagellius to provoke so many jack-boots, and all those thousands of hobnails. And besides who would venture so far from the city? Who would be such a Pylades as to go inside the rampart? Better dry your eyes at once, and not importune friends who will but make excuses. When the judge has called for witnesses, let the man, whoever he be, who saw the assault dare to say, “I saw it,” and I will deem him worthy of the beard and long hair of our forefathers. Sooner will you find a false witness against a civilian than one who will tell the truth against the interest and the honour of a soldier.

[35] And now let us note other profits and perquisites of the service. If some rascally neighbour have filched from me a dell or a field of my ancestral estate, and have dug up, from the mid point of my boundary, the hallowed stone which I have honoured every year with an offering of flat cake and porridge; or if a debtor refuses to repay the money that he has borrowed, declaring that the signatures are false, and the document null and void: I shall have to wait for the time of year when the whole world begin their suits, and even then there will be a thousand

wearisome delays. So often does it happen that when only the benches have been set out — when the eloquent Caecilius is taking off his cloak, and Fuscus has gone out for a moment — though everything is ready, we disperse, and fight our battle after the dilatory fashion of the courts. But the gentlemen who are armed and belted have their cases set down for whatever time they please; nor is their substance worn away by the slow drag-chain of the law.

[51] Soldiers alone, again, have the right to make their wills during their fathers' lifetime; for the law ordains that money earned in military service is not to be included in the property which is in the father's sole control. This is why Coranus, who follows the standards and earns soldier's pay, is courted by his own father, though now tottering from old age. The son receives the advancement that is his due, and reaps the recompense for his own good services. And indeed it is the interest of the General that the most brave should also be the most fortunate, and that all should have medals and necklets to be proud of.

The Satire breaks off here.

The Latin Text



According to legend, Juvenal was a pupil of the famous rhetorician Quintilian, who founded a rhetoric school in Rome.

CONTENTS OF THE LATIN TEXT



In this section of the eBook, readers can view the original Latin text of Juvenal's Satires. You may wish to Bookmark this page for future reference.

CONTENTS

SATVRA I
SATVRA II
SATVRA III
SATVRA IV
SATVRA V
SATVRA VI
SATVRA VII
SATVRA VIII
SATVRA IX
SATVRA X
SATVRA XI
SATVRA XII
SATVRA XIII
SATVRA XIV
SATVRA XV
SATVRA XVI

SATVRA I

Semper ego auditor tantum? numquamne reponam
uexatus totiens rauci Theseide Cordi?
inpune ergo mihi recitauerit ille togatas,
hic elegos? inpune diem consumpserit ingens
Telephus aut summi plena iam margine libri
scriptus et in tergo necdum finitus Orestes?
nota magis nulli domus est sua quam mihi lucus
Martis et Aeoliis uicinum rupibus antrum
Vulcani; quid agant uenti, quas torqueat umbras
Aeacus, unde alius furtiuae deuehat aurum
pelliculae, quantas iaculetur Monychus ornos,
Frontonis platani conuolsaque marmora clamant
semper et adsiduo ruptae lectore columnae.
expectes eadem a summo minimoque poeta.
et nos ergo manum ferulae subduximus, et nos
consilium dedimus Sullae, priuatus ut altum
dormiret. stulta est clementia, cum tot ubique
uatibus occurras, periturae parcere chartae.
cur tamen hoc potius libeat decurrere campo,
per quem magnus equos Auruncae flexit alumnus,
si uacat ac placidi rationem admittitis, edam.
cum tener uxorem ducat spado, Meuia Tuscum
figat aprum et nuda teneat uenabula mamma,
patricios omnis opibus cum prouocet unus
quo tondente grauis iuueni mihi barba sonabat,
cum pars Niliacae plebis, cum uerna Canopi
Crispinus Tyrias umero reuocante lacernas
uentilet aestiuum digitis sudantibus aurum
nec sufferre queat maioris pondera gemmae,
difficile est saturam non scribere. nam quis iniquae
tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se,
causidici noua cum ueniat lectica Mathonis
plena ipso, post hunc magni delator amici
et cito rapturus de nobilitate comesa

quod superest, quem Massa timet, quem munere
palpat Carus et a trepido Thymele summissa Latino;
cum te summoueant qui testamenta merentur
noctibus, in caelum quos euehit optima summi
nunc uia processus, uetulae uesica beatae?
unciolam Proculeius habet, sed Gillo deuncem,
partes quisque suas ad mensuram inguinis heres.
accipiat sane mercedem sanguinis et sic
palleat ut nudis pressit qui calcibus anguem
aut Lugudunensem rhetor dicturus ad aram.
quid referam quanta siccum iecur ardeat ira,
cum populum gregibus comitum premit hic spoliator
pupilli prostantis et hic damnatus inani
iudicio? quid enim saluis infamia nummis?
exul ab octaua Marius bibit et fruitur dis
iratis, at tu uictrix, prouincia, ploras.
haec ego non credam Venusina digna lucerna?
haec ego non agitem? sed quid magis? Heracleas
aut Diomedeas aut mugitum labyrinthi
et mare percussum puero fabrumque uolantem,
cum leno accipiat moechi bona, si capiendi
ius nullum uxori, doctus spectare lacunar,
doctus et ad calicem uigilanti stertere naso;
cum fas esse putet curam sperare cohortis
qui bona donauit praesepibus et caret omni
maiorum censu, dum peruolat axe citato
Flaminiam puer Automedon? nam lora tenebat
ipse, lacernatae cum se iactaret amicae.
nonne libet medio ceras inplere capaces
quadriuio, cum iam sexta ceruice feratur
hinc atque inde patens ac nuda paene cathedra
et multum referens de Maecenate supino
signator falsi, qui se lautum atque beatum
exiguis tabulis et gemma fecerit uda?
occurrit matrona potens, quae molle Calenum
porrectura uiro miscet sitiente rubetam
instituitque rudes melior Lucusta propinquas
per famam et populum nigros efferre maritos.
aude aliquid breuibus Gyaris et carcere dignum,

si uis esse aliquid. probitas laudatur et alget;
criminibus debent hortos, praetoria, mensas,
argentum uetus et stantem extrapocula caprum.
quem patitur dormire nurus corruptor auarae,
quem sponsae turpes et praetextatus adulter?
si natura negat, facit indignatio uersum
qualemcumque potest, quales ego uel Cluuienus.
ex quo Deucalion nimbis tollentibus aequor
nauigio montem ascendit sortesque poposcit
paulatimque anima caluerunt mollia saxa
et maribus nudas ostendit Pyrrha puellas,
quidquid agunt homines, uotum, timor, ira, uoluptas,
gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago libelli est.
et quando uberior uitiorum copia? quando
maior auaritiae patuit sinus? alea quando
hos animos? neque enim loculis comitantibus itur
ad casum tabulae, posita sed luditur arca.
proelia quanta illic dispensatore uidebis
armigero! simplexne furor sestertia centum
perdere et horrenti tunicam non reddere seruo?
quis totidem erexit uillas, quis fercula septem
secreto cenauit auus? nunc sportula primo
limine parua sedet turbae rapienda togatae.
ille tamen faciem prius inspicit et trepidat ne
suppositus uenias ac falso nomine poscas:
agnitus accipies. iubet a praecone uocari
ipsos Troiugenas, nam uexant limen et ipsi
nobiscum. ‘da praetori, da deinde tribuno.’
sed libertinus prior est. ‘prior’ inquit ‘ego adsum.
cur timeam dubitemur locum defendere, quamuis
natus ad Euphraten, molles quod in aure fenestrae
arguerint, licet ipse negem? sed quinque tabernae
quadringenta parant. quid confert purpura maior
optandum, si Laurenti custodit in agro
conductas Coruinus ouis, ego possideo plus
Pallante et Licinis?’ expectent ergo tribuni,
uincant diuitiae, sacro ne cedat honori
nuper in hanc urbem pedibus qui uenerat albis,
quandoquidem inter nos sanctissima diuitiarum

maiestas, etsi funesta Pecunia templo
nondum habitat, nullas nummorum ereximus aras,
ut colitur Pax atque Fides, Victoria, Virtus
quaeque salutato crepitat Concordia nido.
sed cum summus honor finito conputet anno,
sportula quid referat, quantum rationibus addat,
quid facient comites quibus hinc toga, calceus hinc est
et panis fumusque domi? densissima centum
quadrantes lectica petit, sequiturque maritum
languida uel praegnas et circumducitur uxor.
hic petit absenti nota iam callidus arte
ostendens uacuam et clausam pro coniuge sellam.
'Galla mea est' inquit, 'citius dimitte. moraris?
profer, Galla, caput. noli uexare, quiescet.'
ipse dies pulchro distinguitur ordine rerum:
sportula, deinde forum iurisque peritus Apollo
atque triumphales, inter quas ausus habere
nescio quis titulos Aegyptius atque Arabarches,
cuius ad effigiem non tantum meiiere fas est.
uestibulis abeunt ueteres lassique clientes
uotaque deponunt, quamquam longissima cenae
spes homini; caulis miseris atque ignis emendus.
optima siluarum interea pelagique uorabit
rex horum uacuisque toris tantum ipse iacebit.
nam de tot pulchris et latis orbibus et tam
antiquis una comedunt patrimonia mensa.
nullus iam parasitus erit. sed quis ferat istas
luxuriae sordes? quanta est gula quae sibi totos
ponit apros, animal propter conuiuia natum!
poena tamen praesens, cum tu deponis amictus
turgidus et crudum pauonem in balnea portas.
hinc subitae mortes atque intestata senectus.
it noua nec tristis per cunctas fabula cenas;
ducitur iratis plaudendum funus amicis.
nil erit ulterius quod nostris moribus addat
posteritas, eadem facient cupientque minores,
omne in praecipiti uitium stetit. utere uelis,
totos pande sinus. dices hic forsitan 'unde
ingenium par materiae? unde illa priorum

scribendi quodcumque animo flagrante liberet
simplicitas? “cuius non audeo dicere nomen?
quid refert dictis ignoscat Mucius an non?”
pone Tigillinum, taeda lucebis in illa
qua stantes ardent qui fixo gutture fumant,
et latum media sulcum deducit harena.’
qui dedit ergo tribus patruis aconita, uehatur
pensilibus plumis atque illinc despiciat nos?
‘cum ueniet contra, digito compesce labellum:
accusator erit qui uerbum dixerit “hic est.”
securus licet Aenean Rutulumque ferocem
committas, nulli grauis est percussus Achilles
aut multum quaesitus Hylas urnamque secutus:
ense uelut stricto quotiens Lucilius ardens
infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens est
criminibus, tacita sudant praecordia culpa.
inde ira et lacrimae. tecum prius ergo uoluta
haec animo ante tubas: galeatum sero duelli
paenitet.’ experiar quid concedatur in illos
quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis atque Latina.

SATVRA II

Vltra Sauromatas fugere hinc libet et glacialem
Oceanum, quotiens aliquid de moribus audent
qui Curios simulant et Bacchanalia uiuunt.
indocti primum, quamquam plena omnia gypso
Chrysippi inuenias; nam perfectissimus horum,
si quis Aristotelen similem uel Pittacon emit
et iubet archet pluteum seruare Cleanthas.
frontis nulla fides; quis enim non uicus abundat
tristibus obscenis? castigas turpia, cum sis
inter Socraticos notissima fossa cinaedos?
hispida membra quidem et durae per bracchia saetae
promittunt atrocem animum, sed podice leui
caeduntur tumidae medico ridente mariscae.
rarus sermo illis et magna libido tacendi
atque supercilio breuior coma. uerius ergo
et magis ingenue Peribomius; hunc ego fatis
inputo, qui uultu morbum incessuque fatetur.
horum simplicitas miserabilis, his furor ipse
dat ueniam; sed peiiores, qui talia uerbis
Herculis inuadunt et de uirtute locuti
clunem agitant. ‘ego te ceuentem, Sexte, uerebor?’
infamis Varillus ait, ‘quo deterior te?’
loripedem rectus derideat, Aethiopem albus.
quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?
quis caelum terris non misceat et mare caelo
si fur displiceat Verri, homicida Miloni,
Clodius accuset moechos, Catilina Cethegum,
in tabulam Sullae si dicant discipuli tres?
qualis erat nuper tragico pollutus adulter
concubitu, qui tunc leges reuocabat amaras
omnibus atque ipsis Veneri Martique timendas,
cum tot abortiuis fecundam Iulia uuluam
solueret et patruo similes effunderet offas.
nonne igitur iure ac merito uitia ultima fictos

contemnunt Scauros et castigata remordent?
non tulit ex illis toruum Laronia quendam
clamantem totiens ‘ubi nunc, lex Iulia, dormis?’
atque ita subridens: ‘felicia tempora, quae te
moribus opponunt. habeat iam Roma pudorem:
tertius e caelo cecidit Cato. sed tamen unde
haec emis, hirsuto spirant opobalsama collo
quae tibi? ne pudeat dominum monstrare tabernae.
quod si uexantur leges ac iura, citari
ante omnis debet Scantinia. respice primum
et scrutare uiros, faciunt nam plura; sed illos
defendit numerus iunctaeque umbone phalanges.
magna inter molles concordia. non erit ullum
exemplum in nostro tam detestabile sexu.
Tedia non lambit Cluuiam nec Flora Catullam:
Hispo subit iuuenes et morbo pallet utroque.
numquid nos agimus causas, ciuilia iura
nouimus aut ullo strepitu fora uestra mouemus?
luctantur paucae, comedunt coloephia paucae.
uos lanam trahitis calathisque peracta refertis
uellera, uos tenui praegnantem stamine fusum
Penelope melius, leuius torquetis Arachne,
horrida quale facit residens in codice paelex.
notum est cur solo tabulas inpleuerit Hister
liberto, dederit uiuus cur multa puellae.
diues erit magno quae dormit tertia lecto.
tu nube atque tace: donant arcana cylindros.
de nobis post haec tristis sententia fertur?
dat ueniam coruis, uexat censura columbas.’
fugerunt trepidi uera ac manifesta canentem
Stoicidae; quid enim falsi Laronia? sed quid
non facient alii, cum tu multicia sumas,
Cretice, et hanc uestem populo mirante perores
in Proculas et Pollittas? est moecha Fabulla;
damnetur, si uis, etiam Carfinia: talem
non sumet damnata togam. ‘sed Iulius ardet,
aestuo.’ nudus agas: minus est insania turpis.
en habitum quo te leges ac iura ferentem
uulneribus crudis populus modo uictor et illud

montanum positis audiret uulgus aratris.
quid non proclames, in corpore iudicis ista
si uideas? quaero an deceant multicia testem.
acer et indomitus libertatisque magister,
Cretice, perluces. dedit hanc contagio labem
et dabit in plures, sicut grex totus in agris
unius scabie cadit et porrigine porci
uuaque conspecta liuorem ducit ab uua.
foedius hoc aliquid quandoque audebis amictu;
nemo repente fuit turpissimus. accipient te
paulatim qui longa domi redimicula sumunt
frontibus et toto posuere monilia collo
atque bonam tenerae placant abdomine porcae
et magno cratere deam. sed more sinistro
exagitata procul non intrat femina limen:
solis ara deae maribus patet. ‘ite, profanae,’
clamatur, ‘nullo gemit hic tibicina cornu.’
talia secreta coluerunt orgia taeda
Cecropiam soliti Baptae lassare Cotyton.
ille supercilium madida fuligine tinctum
obliqua producit acu pingitque trementis
attollens oculos; uitreo bibit ille priapo
reticulumque comis auratum ingentibus implet
caerulea indutus scutulata aut galbina rasa
et per Iunonem domini iurante ministro;
ille tenet speculum, pathici gestamen Othonis,
Actoris Aurunci spolium, quo se ille uidebat
armatum, cum iam tolli uexilla iuberet.
res memoranda nouis annalibus atque recenti
historia, speculum ciuilis sarcina belli.
nimirum summi ducis est occidere Galbam
et curare cutem, summi constantia ciuis
Bebriaci campis solium adfectare Palati
et pressum in faciem digitis extendere panem,
quod nec in Assyrio pharetrata Sameramis orbe
maesta nec Actiaca fecit Cleopatra carina.
hic nullus uerbis pudor aut reuerentia mensae,
hic turpis Cybeles et fracta uoce loquendi
libertas et crine senex fanaticus albo

sacrorum antistes, rarum ac memorabile magni
gutturis exemplum conducendusque magister.
quid tamen expectant, Phrygio quos tempus erat
iam more superuacuam cultris abrumpere carnem?
quadringenta dedit Gracchus sestertia dotem
cornicini, siue hic recto cantauerat aere;
signatae tabulae, dictum ‘feliciter,’ ingens
cena sedet, gremio iacuit noua nupta mariti.
o proceres, censore opus est an haruspice nobis?
scilicet horreres maioraque monstra putares,
si mulier uitulum uel si bos ederet agnum?
segmenta et longos habitus et flammea sumit
arcano qui sacra ferens nutantia loro
sudauit clipeis ancilibus. o pater urbis,
unde nefas tantum Latiis pastoribus? unde
haec tetigit, Gradiue, tuos urtica nepotes?
traditur ecce uiro clarus genere atque opibus uir,
nec galeam quassas nec terram cuspide pulsas
nec quereris patri. uade ergo et cede seueri
iugeribus campi, quem neglegis. ‘officium cras
primo sole mihi peragendum in ualle Quirini.’
quae causa officii? ‘quid quaeris? nubit amicus
nec multos adhibet.’ liceat modo uiuere, fient,
fient ista palam, cupient et in acta referri.
interea tormentum ingens nubentibus haeret
quod nequeant parere et partu retinere maritos.
sed melius, quod nil animis in corpora iuris
natura indulget: steriles moriuntur, et illis
turgida non prodest condita pyxide Lyde,
nec prodest agili palmas praebere luperco.
uicit et hoc monstrum tunicati fuscina Gracchi,
lustrauitque fuga mediam gladiator harenam
et Capitolinis generosior et Marcellis
et Catuli Paulique minoribus et Fabiis et
omnibus ad podium spectantibus, his licet ipsum
admoueas cuius tunc munere retia misit.
esse aliquos manes et subterranea regna,
Cocytum et Stygio ranas in gurgite nigras,
atque una transire uadum tot milia cumba

nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum aere lauantur.
sed tu uera puta: Curius quid sentit et ambo
Scipiadae, quid Fabricius manesque Camilli,
quid Cremerae legio et Cannis consumpta iuuentus,
tot bellorum animae, quotiens hinc talis ad illos
umbra uenit? cuperent lustrari, si qua darentur
sulpura cum taedis et si foret umida laurus.
illic heu miseri traducimur. arma quidem ultra
litora Iuuernae promouimus et modo captas
Orcadas ac minima contentos nocte Britannos,
sed quae nunc populi fiunt uictoris in urbe
non faciunt illi quos uicimus. et tamen unus
Armenius Zalaces cunctis narratur ephebis
mollior ardenti sese indulsisse tribuno.
aspice quid faciant commercia: uenerat obses,
hic fiunt homines. nam si mora longior urbem
indulsit pueris, non umquam derit amator.
mittentur bracae, cultelli, frena, flagellum:
sic praetextatos referunt Artaxata mores.

SATVRA III

Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici
laudo tamen, vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis
destinet atque unum civem donare Sibyllae.
ianua Baiarum est et gratum litus amoeni
secessus. ego vel Prochytam praepono Suburae;
nam quid tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut non
deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus
tectorum adsiduos ac mille pericula saevae
urbis et Augusto recitantes mense poetas?
Sed dum tota domus raeda componitur una,
substitit ad veteres arcus madidamque Capenam.
hic, ubi nocturnae Numa constituebat amicae
(nunc sacri fontis nemus et delubra locantur
Iudaeis, quorum cophinus fenumque supellex;
omnis enim populo mercedem pendere iussa est
arbor et eiectis mendicat silva Camenis),
in vallem Egeriae descendimus et speluncas
dissimiles veris. quanto praesentius esset
numen aquis, viridi si margine cluderet undas
herba nec ingenuum violarent marmora tofum.
Hic tunc Umbricius ‘quando artibus’ inquit ‘honestis
nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
res hodie minor est here quam fuit atque eadem cras
deteret exiguis aliquid, proponimus illuc
ire, fatigatas ubi Daedalus exuit alas,
dum nova canities, dum prima et recta senectus,
dum superest Lachesi quod torqueat et pedibus me
porto meis nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.
cedamus patria. vivant Artorius istic
et Catulus, maneant qui nigrum in candida vertunt,
quis facile est aedem conducere, flumina, portus,
siccandam eluviem, portandum ad busta cadaver,
et praebere caput domina venale sub hasta.
quondam hi cornicines et municipalis harenae

perpetui comites notaeque per oppida buccae
munera nunc edunt et, verso pollice vulgus
cum iubet, occidunt populariter; inde reversi
conducunt foricas, et cur non omnia? cum sint
quales ex humili magna ad fastigia rerum
extollit quotiens voluit Fortuna iocari.

Quid Romae faciam? mentiri nescio; librum,
si malus est, nequeo laudare et poscere; motus
astrorum ignoro; funus promittere patris
nec volo nec possum; ranarum viscera numquam
inspexi; ferre ad nuptam quae mittit adulter,
quae mandat, norunt alii; me nemo ministro
fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo tamquam
mancus et extinctae corpus non utile dextrae.
quis nunc diligitur nisi conscius et cui fervens
aestuat occultis animus semperque tacendis?
nil tibi se debere putat, nil conferet umquam,
participem qui te secreti fecit honesti.
carus erit Verri qui Verrem tempore quo vult
accusare potest. tanti tibi non sit opaci
omnis harena Tagi quodque in mare volvitur aurum,
ut somno careas ponendaque praemia sumas
tristis et a magno semper timearis amico.

Quae nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris
et quos praecipue fugiam, properabo fateri,
nec pudor obstabit. non possum ferre, Quirites,
Graecam urbem. quamvis quota portio faecis Achaei?
iam pridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes
et linguam et mores et cum tibicine chordas
obliquas nec non gentilia tympana secum
vexit et ad circum iussas prostare puellas.
ite, quibus grata est picta lupa barbara mitra.
rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirine,
et ceromatico fert niceteria collo.
hic alta Sicyone, ast hic Amydone relicta,
hic Andro, ille Samo, hic Trallibus aut Alabandis,
Esquilias dictumque petunt a vimine collem,
viscera magnarum domuum dominique futuri.
ingenium velox, audacia perdita, sermo

promptus et Isaeo torrentior: ede quid illum
esse putes. quemvis hominem secum attulit ad nos:
grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,
augur, schoenobates, medicus, magus, omnia novit
Graeculus esuriens: in caelum iusseris ibit.
in summa non Maurus erat neque Sarmata nec Thrax
qui sumpsit pinnas, mediis sed natus Athenis.
horum ego non fugiam conchylia? me prior ille
signabit fultusque toro meliore recumbet,
advectus Romam quo pruna et cottana vento?
usque adeo nihil est quod nostra infantia caelum
hausit Aventini baca nutrita Sabina?

Quid quod adulandi gens prudentissima laudat
sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici,
et longum invalidi collum cervicibus aequat
Herculis Antaeum procul a tellure tenentis,
miratur vocem angustam, qua deterius nec
ille sonat quo mordetur gallina marito?
haec eadem licet et nobis laudare, sed illis
creditur. an melior cum Thaida sustinet aut cum
uxorem comoedus agit vel Dorida nullo
cultam palliolo? mulier nempe ipsa videtur,
non persona, loqui: vacua et plana omnia dicas
infra ventriculum et tenui distantia rima.
nec tamen Antiochus nec erit mirabilis illic
aut Stratocles aut cum molli Demetrius Haemo:
natio comoeda est. rides, maiore cachinno
concutitur; flet, si lacrimas conspexit amici,
nec dolet; igniculum brumae si tempore poscas,
accipit endromidem; si dixeris “aestuo,” sudat.
non sumus ergo pares: melior, qui semper et omni
nocte dieque potest aliena sumere vultum
a facie, iactare manus laudare paratus,
si bene ructavit, si rectum minxit amicus,
si trulla inverso crepitum dedit aurea fundo.

Praeterea sanctum nihil +aut+ ab inguine tutum,
non matrona laris, non filia virgo, nec ipse
sponsus levis adhuc, non filius ante pudicus.
horum si nihil est, aviam resupinat amici.

[scire volunt secreta domus atque inde timeri.]
et quoniam coepit Graecorum mentio, transi
gymnasia atque audi facinus maioris abollae.
Stoicus occidit Baream delator amicum
discipulumque senex ripa nutritus in illa
ad quam Gorgonei delapsa est pinna caballi.
non est Romano cuiquam locus hic, ubi regnat
Protogenes aliquis vel Diphilus aut Hermarchus,
qui gentis vitio numquam partitur amicum,
solus habet. nam cum facilem stillavit in aurem
exiguum de naturae patriaeque veneno,
limine summoveor, perierunt tempora longi
servitii; nusquam minor est iactura clientis.

Quod porro officium, ne nobis blandiar, aut quod
pauperis hic meritum, si curet nocte togatus
currere, cum praetor lictorem impellat et ire
praecipitem iubeat dudum vigilantibus orbis,
ne prior Albinam et Modiam collega salutet?
divitis hic servo cludit latus ingenuorum
filius; alter enim quantum in legione tribuni
accipiunt donat Calvinae vel Catienae,
ut semel aut iterum super illam palpitet; at tu,
cum tibi vestiti facies scorti placet, haeres
et dubitas alta Chionen deducere sella.
da testem Romae tam sanctum quam fuit hospes
numinis Idaei, procedat vel Numa vel qui
servavit trepidam flagranti ex aede Minervam:
protinus ad censum, de moribus ultima fiet
quaestio. “quot pascit servos? quot possidet agri
iugera? quam multa magnaque paropside cenat?”
quantum quisque sua nummorum servat in arca,
tantum habet et fidei. iures licet et Samothracum
et nostrorum aras, contemnere fulmina pauper
creditur atque deos dis ignoscentibus ipsis.

Quid quod materiam praebet causasque iocorum
omnibus hic idem, si foeda et scissa lacerna,
si toga sordidula est et rupta calceus alter
pelle patet, vel si consuto volnere crassum
atque recens linum ostendit non una cicatrix?

nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se
quam quod ridiculos homines facit. “exeat” inquit,
“si pudor est, et de pulvino surgat equestri,
cuius res legi non sufficit, et sedeant hic
lenonum pueri quocumque ex fornice nati,
hic plaudat nitidus praeconis filius inter
pinnirapi cultos iuvenes iuvenesque lanistae.”
sic libitum vano, qui nos distinxit, Othoni.
quis gener hic placuit censu minor atque puellae
sarcinulis inpar? quis pauper scribitur heres?
quando in consilio est aedilibus? agmine facto
debuerant olim tenues migrasse Quirites.

Haut facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat
res angusta domi, sed Romae durior illis
conatus: magno hospitium miserabile, magno
servorum ventres, et frugi cenula magno.
fictilibus cenare pudet, quod turpe negabis
translatus subito ad Marsos mensamque Sabellam
contentusque illic Veneto duroque cucullo.

Pars magna Italiae est, si verum admittimus, in qua
nemo togam sumit nisi mortuus. ipsa dierum
festorum herboso colitur si quando theatro
maiestas tandemque redit ad pulpita notum
exodium, cum personae pallentis hiatum
in gremio matris formidat rusticus infans,
aequales habitus illic similesque videbis
orchestram et populum; clari velamen honoris
sufficiunt tunicae summis aedilibus albae.
hic ultra vires habitus nitor, hic aliquid plus
quam satis est interdum aliena sumitur arca.
commune id vitium est: hic vivimus ambitiosa
paupertate omnes. quid te moror? omnia Romae
cum pretio. quid das, ut Cossum aliquando salutes,
ut te respiciat clauso Veiento labello?
ille metit barbam, crinem hic deponit amati;
plena domus libis venalibus: accipe et istud
fermentum tibi habe. praestare tributa clientes
cogimur et cultis augere peculia servis.

Quis timet aut timuit gelida Praeneste ruinam

aut positis nemorosa inter iuga Volsiniis aut
simplicibus Gabiis aut proni Tiburis arce?
nos urbem colimus tenui tibicine fultam
magna parte sui; nam sic labentibus obstat
vilicus et, veteris rimae cum texit hiatum,
securos pendente iubet dormire ruina.
vivendum est illic, ubi nulla incendia, nulli
nocte metus. iam poscit aquam, iam frivola transfert
Ucalegon, tabulata tibi iam tertia fumant:
tu nescis; nam si gradibus trepidatur ab imis,
ultimus ardebit quem tegula sola tuetur
a pluvia, molles ubi reddunt ova columbae.
lectus erat Cordo Procula minor, urceoli sex
ornamentum abaci, nec non et parvulus infra
cantharus et recubans sub eodem marmore Chiron,
iamque vetus Graecos servabat cista libellos
et divina opici rodebant carmina mures.
nil habuit Cordus, quis enim negat? et tamen illud
perdidit infelix totum nihil. ultimus autem
aerumnae cumulus, quod nudum et frusta rogantem
nemo cibo, nemo hospitio tectoque iuvabit.

Si magna Asturici cecidit domus, horrida mater,
pullati proceres, differt vadimonia praetor.
tum gemimus casus urbis, tunc odimus ignem.
ardet adhuc, et iam accurrit qui marmora donet,
conferat inpensas; hic nuda et candida signa,
hic aliquid praeclarum Euphranoris et Polycliti,
haec Asianorum vetera ornamenta deorum,
hic libros dabit et forulos mediamque Minervam,
hic modium argenti. meliora ac plura reponit
Persicus orborum lautissimus et merito iam
suspectus tamquam ipse suas incenderit aedes.

Si potes avelli circensibus, optima Sorae
aut Fabrateriae domus aut Frusinone paratur
quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.
hortulus hic puteusque brevis nec reste movendus
in tenuis plantas facili diffunditur haustu.
vive bidentis amans et culti vilicus horti
unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagoreis.

est aliquid, quocumque loco, quocumque recessu,
unius sese dominum fecisse lacertae.
Plurimus hic aeger moritur vigilando (sed ipsum
languorem peperit cibus inperfectus et haerens
ardenti stomacho); nam quae meritoria somnum
admittunt? magnis opibus dormitur in urbe.
inde caput morbi. raedarum transitus arto
vicorum in flexu et stantis convicia mandrae
eripient somnum Druso vitulisque marinis.
si vocat officium, turba cedente vehetur
dives et ingenti curret super ora Liburna
atque obiter leget aut scribet vel dormiet intus;
namque facit somnum clausa lectica fenestra.
ante tamen veniet: nobis properantibus obstat
unda prior, magno populus premit agmine lumbos
qui sequitur; ferit hic cubito, ferit assere duro
alter, at hic tignum capiti incutit, ille metretam.
pinguia crura luto, planta mox undique magna
calcor, et in digito clavus mihi militis haeret.
Nonne vides quanto celebretur sportula fumo?
centum convivae, sequitur sua quemque culina.
Corbulo vix ferret tot vasa ingentia, tot res
inpositas capiti, quas recto vertice portat
servulus infelix et cursu ventilat ignem.
scinduntur tunicae sartae modo, longa coruscat
serraco veniente abies, atque altera pinum
plaustra vehunt; nutant alte populoque minantur.
nam si procubuit qui saxa Ligustica portat
axis et eversum fudit super agmina montem,
quid superest de corporibus? quis membra, quis ossa
invenit? obtritum volgi perit omne cadaver
more animae. domus interea secura patellas
iam lavat et bucca foculum excitat et sonat unctis
striglibus et pleno componit lintea guto.
haec inter pueros varie properantur, at ille
iam sedet in ripa taetrumque novicius horret
porthmea nec sperat caenosi gurgitis alnum
infelix nec habet quem porrigat ore trientem.
Respice nunc alia ac diversa pericula noctis:

quod spatium tectis sublimibus unde cerebrum
testa ferit, quotiens rimosa et curta fenestris
vasa cadant, quanto percussum pondere signent
et laedant silicem. possis ignavus haberi
et subiti casus inprovidus, ad cenam si
intestatus eas: adeo tot fata, quot illa
nocte patent vigiles te praetereunte fenestrae.
ergo optes votumque feras miserabile tecum,
ut sint contentae patulas defundere pelves.

Ebrius ac petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,
dat poenas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum
Pelidae, cubat in faciem, mox deinde supinus:
[ergo non aliter poterit dormire; quibusdam]
somnum rixa facit. sed quamvis inprobus annis
atque mero fervens cavet hunc quem coccina laena
vitari iubet et comitum longissimus ordo,
multum praeterea flammarum et aenea lampas.
me, quem luna solet deducere vel breve lumen
candelae, cuius dispenso et tempero filum,
contemnit. miserae cognosce prohoemia rixae,
si rixa est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum.
stat contra starique iubet. parere necesse est;
nam quid agas, cum te furiosus cogat et idem
fortior? “unde venis” exclamat, “cuius aceto,
cuius conche tumes? quis tecum sectile porrum
sutor et elixi verecis labra comedit?
nil mihi respondes? aut dic aut accipe calcem.
ede ubi consistas: in qua te quaero proseucha?”
dicere si temptes aliquid tacitusve recedas,
tantumdem est: feriunt pariter, vadimonia deinde
irati faciunt. libertas pauperis haec est:
pulsatus rogat et pugnis concisus adorat
ut liceat paucis cum dentibus inde reverti.

Nec tamen haec tantum metuas; nam qui spoliet te
non derit clausis domibus postquam omnis ubique
fixa catenatae siluit compago tabernae.
interdum et ferro subitus grassator agit rem:
armato quotiens tutae custode tenentur
et Pomptina palus et Gallinaria pinus,

sic inde huc omnes tamquam ad vivaria currunt.
qua fornace graves, qua non incude catenae?
maximus in vinclis ferri modus, ut timeas ne
vomer deficiat, ne marra et sarcula desint.
felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas
saecula quae quondam sub regibus atque tribunis
viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.
His alias poteram et pluris subnectere causas,
sed iumenta vocant et sol inclinat. eundum est;
nam mihi commota iamdudum mulio virga
adnuit. ergo vale nostri memor, et quotiens te
Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,
me quoque ad Helvinam Cererem vestramque Dianam
converte a Cumis. saturarum ego, ni pudet illas,
auditor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros.’

SATVRA IV

Ecce iterum Crispinus, et est mihi saepe uocandus
ad partes, monstrum nulla uirtute redemptum
a uitiis, aegrae solaque libidine fortes
deliciae, uiduas tantum aspernatus adulter.
quid refert igitur, quantis iumenta fatiget
porticibus, quanta nemorum uectetur in umbra,
iugera quot uicina foro, quas emerit aedes
[nemo malus felix, minime corruptor et idem]
incestus, cum quo nuper uittata iacebat
sanguine adhuc uiuo terram subitura sacerdos?
sed nunc de factis leuioribus. et tamen alter
si fecisset idem caderet sub iudice morum;
nam, quod turpe bonis Titio Seiioque, decebat
Crispinum. quid agas, cum dira et foedior omni
crimine persona est? mullum sex milibus emit,
aequantem sane paribus sestertia libris,
ut perhibent qui de magnis maiora locuntur.
consilium laudo artificis, si munere tanto
praecipuam in tabulis ceram senis abstulit orbi;
est ratio ulterior, magnae si misit amicae,
quae uehitur cluso latis specularibus antro.
nil tale expectes: emit sibi. multa uidemus
quae miser et frugi non fecit Apicius. hoc tu
succinctus patria quondam, Crispine, papyro?
hoc pretio squamae? potuit fortasse minoris
piscator quam piscis emi; prouincia tanti
uendit agros, sed maiores Apulia uendit.
qualis tunc epulas ipsum gluttisse putamus
induperatorem, cum tot sestertia, partem
exiguam et modicae sumptam de margine cenae,
purpureus magni ructarit scurra Palati,
iam princeps equitum, magna qui uoce solebat
uendere municipes fracta de merce siluros?
incipe, Calliope. licet et considere: non est

cantandum, res uera agitur. narrate, puellae
Pierides, prosit mihi uos dixisse puellas.
    cum iam semianimum laceraret Flauius orbem
ultimus et caluo seruiret Roma Neroni,
incidit Hadriaci spatium admirabile rhombi
ante domum Veneris, quam Dorica sustinet Ancon,
impleuitque sinus; neque enim minor haeserat illis
quos operit glacies Maeotica ruptaque tandem
solibus effundit torrentis ad ostia Ponti
desidia tardos et longo frigore pingues.
destinat hoc monstrum cumbae linique magister
pontifici summo. quis enim proponere talem
aut emere auderet, cum plena et litora multo
delatore forent? dispersi protinus algae
inquisitores agerent cum remige nudo,
non dubitaturi fugitiuum dicere piscem
depastumque diu uiuaria Caesaris, inde
elapsum ueterem ad dominum debere reuerti.
si quid Palfurio, si credimus Armillato,
quidquid conspicuum pulchrumque est aequore toto
res fisci est, ubicumque natat. donabitur ergo,
ne pereat. iam letifero cedente pruinis
autumno, iam quartanam sperantibus aegris,
stridebat deformis hiems praedamque recentem
seruabat; tamen hic properat, uelut urgueat auster.
utque lacus suberant, ubi quamquam diruta seruat
ignem Troianum et Vestam colit Alba minorem,
obstitit intranti miratrix turba parumper.
ut cessit, facili patuerunt cardine ualuae;
exclusi spectant admissa obsonia patres.
itur ad Atriden. tum Picens ‘accipe’ dixit
‘priuatis maiora focis. genialis agatur
iste dies. propera stomachum laxare sagina
et tua seruatum consume in saecula rhombum.
ipse capi uoluit.’ quid apertius? et tamen illi
surgebant cristae. nihil est quod credere de se
non possit cum laudatur dis aequa potestas.
sed derat pisci patinae mensura. uocantur
ergo in consilium proceres, quos oderat ille,

in quorum facie miserae magnaeque sedebat
pallor amicitiae. primus clamante Liburno
‘currite, iam sedit’ rapta properabat abolla
Pegasus, attonitae positus modo uilicus urbi.
anne aliud tum praefecti? quorum optimus atque
interpres legum sanctissimus omnia, quamquam
temporibus diris, tractanda putabat inermi
iustitia. uenit et Crispi iucunda senectus,
cuius erant mores qualis facundia, mite
ingenium. maria ac terras populosque regenti
quis comes utilior, si clade et peste sub illa
saeuitiam damnare et honestum adferre liceret
consilium? sed quid uiolentius aure tyranni,
cum quo de pluuiis aut aestibus aut nimboso
uere locuturi fatum pendebat amici?
ille igitur numquam derexit bracchia contra
torrentem, nec ciuis erat qui libera posset
uerba animi proferre et uitam inpendere uero.
sic multas hiemes atque octogensima uidit
solstitia, his armis illa quoque tutus in aula.
proximus eiusdem properabat Acilius aeui
cum iuuene indigno quem mors tam saeua maneret
et domini gladiis tam festinata; sed olim
prodigio par est in nobilitate senectus,
unde fit ut malim fraterculus esse gigantis.
profuit ergo nihil misero quod comminus ursos
figebat Numidas Albana nudus harena
uenator. quis enim iam non intellegat artes
patricias? quis priscum illud miratur acumen,
Brute, tuum? facile est barbato inponere regi.
nec melior uultu quamuis ignobilis ibat
Rubrius, offensae ueteris reus atque tacendae,
et tamen inprobior saturam scribente cinaedo.
Montani quoque uenter adest abdomine tardus,
et matutino sudans Crispinus amomo
quantum uix redolent duo funera, saeuior illo
Pompeius tenui iugulos aperire susurro,
et qui uulturibus seruabat uiscera Dacis
Fuscus marmorea meditatus proelia uilla,

et cum mortifero prudens Veiiento Catullo,
qui numquam uisae flagrabat amore puellae,
grande et conspicuum nostro quoque tempore monstrum,
caecus adulator dirusque ~a ponte~ satelles,
dignus Aricinos qui mendicaret ad axes
blandaque deuexae iactaret basia raedae.
nemo magis rhombum stupuit; nam plurima dixit
in laeuum conuersus, at illi dextra iacebat
belua. sic pugnas Cilicis laudabat et ictus
et pegma et pueros inde ad uelaria raptos.
non cedit Veiiento, sed ut fanaticus oestro
percussus, Bellona, tuo diuinat et ‘ingens
omen habes’ inquit ‘magni clarique triumphi.
regem aliquem capies, aut de temone Britanno
excidet Aruiragus. peregrina est belua: cernis
erectas in terga sudes?’ hoc defuit unum
Fabricio, patriam ut rhombi memoraret et annos.
‘quidnam igitur censes? conciditur?’ ‘absit ab illo
dedecus hoc’ Montanus ait, ‘testa alta paretur
quae tenui muro spatiosum colligat orbem.
debetur magnus patinae subitusque Prometheus.
argillam atque rotam citius properate, sed ex hoc
tempore iam, Caesar, figuli tua castra sequantur.’
uicit digna uiro sententia. nouerat ille
luxuriam inperii ueterem noctesque Neronis
iam medias aliamque famem, cum pulmo Falerno
arderet. nulli maior fuit usus edendi
tempestate mea: Circeis nata forent an
Lucrinum ad saxum Rutupinoue edita fundo
ostrea callebat primo deprendere morsu,
et semel aspecti litus dicebat echini.
surgitur et misso proceres exire iubentur
consilio, quos Albanam dux magnus in arcem
traxerat attonitos et festinare coactos,
tamquam de Chattis aliquid toruisque Sygambris
dicturus, tamquam ex diuersis partibus orbis
anxia praecipiti uenisset epistula pinna.
atque utinam his potius nugis tota illa dedisset
tempora saeuitiae, claras quibus abstulit urbi

inlustresque animas inpune et uindice nullo.
sed periit postquam cerdonibus esse timendus
coeperat: hoc nocuit Lamiarum caede madenti.

SATVRA V

Si te propositi nondum pudet atque eadem est mens,
ut bona summa putes aliena uiuere quadra,
si potes illa pati quae nec Sarmentus iniquas
Caesaris ad mensas nec uilis Gabba tulisset,
quamuis iurato metuam tibi credere testi.
uentre nihil noui frugalius; hoc tamen ipsum
defecisse puta, quod inani sufficit aluo:
nulla crepido uacat? nusquam pons et tegetis pars
dimidia breuior? tantine iniuria cenae,
tam ieiuna fames, cum possit honestius illic
et tremere et sordes farris mordere canini?
primo fige loco, quod tu discumbere iussus
mercedem solidam ueterum capis officiorum.
fructus amicitiae magnae cibus: inputat hunc rex,
et quamuis rarum tamen inputat. ergo duos post
si libuit menses neglectum adhibere clientem,
tertia ne uacuo cessaret culcita lecto,
'una simus' ait. uotorum summa. quid ultra
quaeris? habet Trebius propter quod rumpere somnum
debeat et ligulas dimittere, sollicitus ne
tota salutatrix iam turba peregerit orbem,
sideribus dubiis aut illo tempore quo se
frigida circumagunt pigri serraca Bootae.
qualis cena tamen! uinum quod sucida nolit
lana pati: de conuiua Corybanta uidebis.
iurgia proludunt, sed mox et pocula torques
saucius et rubra deterges uulnera mappa,
inter uos quotiens libertorumque cohortem
pugna Saguntina feruet commissa lagona.
ipse capillato diffusum consule potat
calcatamque tenet bellis socialibus uuam.
cardiaco numquam cyathum missurus amico
cras bibet Albanis aliquid de montibus aut de
Setinis, cuius patriam titulumque senectus

deleuit multa ueteris fuligine testae,
quale coronati Thrasea Heluidiusque bibebant
Brutorum et Cassi natalibus. ipse capaces
Heliadum crustas et inaequales berullo
Virro tenet phialas: tibi non committitur aurum,
uel, si quando datur, custos adfixus ibidem,
qui numeret gemmas, ungues obseruet acutos.
da ueniam: praeclara illi laudatur iaspis.
nam Virro, ut multi, gemmas ad pocula transfert
a digitis, quas in uaginae fronte solebat
ponere zelotypo iuuenis praelatus Iarbae.
tu Beneuentani sutoris nomen habentem
siccabis calicem nasorum quattuor ac iam
quassatum et rupto poscentem sulpura uitro.
si stomachus domini feruet uinoque ciboque,
frigidior Geticis petitur decocta pruinis.
non eadem uobis poni modo uina querebar?
uos aliam potatis aquam. tibi pocula cursor
Gaetulus dabit aut nigri manus ossea Mauri
et cui per mediam nolis occurrere noctem,
cliuosae ueheris dum per monumenta Latinae.
flos Asiae ante ipsum, pretio maiore paratus
quam fuit et Tulli census pugnacis et Anci
et, ne te teneam, Romanorum omnia regum
friuola. quod cum ita sit, tu Gaetulum Ganymedem
respice, cum sities. nescit tot milibus emptus
pauperibus miscere puer, sed forma, sed aetas
digna supercilio. quando ad te peruenit ille?
quando rogatus adest calidae gelidaeque minister?
quippe indignatur ueteri parere clienti
quodque aliquid poscas et quod se stante recumbas.
[maxima quaeque domus seruis est plena superbis.]
ecce alius quanto porrexit murmure panem
uix fractum, solidae iam mucida frusta farinae,
quae genuinum agitent, non admittentia morsum.
sed tener et niueus mollique siligine fictus
seruatur domino. dextram cohibere memento;
salua sit artoptae reuerentia. finge tamen te
inprobulum, superest illic qui ponere cogat:

‘uis tu consuetis, audax conuiua, canistris
impleri panisque tui nouisse colorem?’
‘scilicet hoc fuerat, propter quod saepe relicta
coniuge per montem aduersum gelidasque cucurri
Esquilias, fremeret saeua cum grandine uernus
Iuppiter et multo stillaret paenula nimbo.’
aspice quam longo distinguat pectore lancem
quae fertur domino squilla, et quibus undique saepta
asparagis qua despiciat conuiuia cauda,
dum uenit excelsi manibus sublata ministri.
sed tibi dimidio constrictus cammarus ouo
ponitur exigua feralis cena patella.
ipse Venafrano piscem perfundit, at hic qui
pallidus adfertur misero tibi caulis olebit
lanternam; illud enim uestris datur alueolis quod
canna Micipsarum prora subuexit acuta,
propter quod Romae cum Boccare nemo lauatur,
quod tutos etiam facit a serpentibus atris.
mullus erit domini, quem misit Corsica uel quem
Tauromenitanae rupes, quando omne peractum est
et iam defecit nostrum mare, dum gula saeuit,
retibus adsiduis penitus scrutante macello
proxima, nec patimur Tyrrhenum crescere piscem.
instruit ergo focum prouincia, sumitur illinc
quod captator emat Laenas, Aurelia uendat.
Virroni muraena datur, quae maxima uenit
gurgite de Siculo; nam dum se continet Auster,
dum sedet et siccat madidas in carcere pinnas,
contemnunt mediam temeraria lina Charybdim:
uos anguilla manet longae cognata colubrae
aut ~glacie aspersus~ maculis Tiberinus et ipse
uernula riparum, pinguis torrente cloaca
et solitus mediae cryptam penetrare Suburae.
ipsi pauca uelim, facilem si praebeat aurem.
nemo petit, modicis quae mittebantur amicis
a Seneca, quae Piso bonus, quae Cotta solebat
largiri; namque et titulis et fascibus olim
maior habebatur donandi gloria. solum
poscimus ut cenes ciuiliter. hoc face et esto,

esto, ut nunc multi, diues tibi, pauper amicis.
anseris ante ipsum magni iecur, anseribus par
altilis, et flaui dignus ferro Meleagri
spumat aper. post hunc tradentur tubera, si uer
tunc erit et facient optata tonitrua cenas
maiores. ‘tibi habe frumentum’ Alledius inquit,
‘o Libye, disiunge boues, dum tubera mittas.’
structorem interea, ne qua indignatio desit,
saltantem spectes et chironomunta uolanti
cultello, donec peragat dictata magistri
omnia; nec minimo sane discrimine refert
quo gestu lepores et quo gallina secetur.
duceris planta uelut ictus ab Hercule Cacus
et ponere foris, si quid temptaueris umquam
hiscere tamquam habeas tria nomina. quando propinat
Virro tibi sumitue tuis contacta labellis
pocula? quis uestrum temerarius usque adeo, quis
perditus, ut dicat regi ‘bibe’? plurima sunt quae
non audent homines pertusa dicere laena.
quadringenta tibi si quis deus aut similis dis
et melior fatis donaret homuncio, quantus
ex nihilo, quantus fieres Virronis amicus!
‘da Trebio, pone ad Trebium. uis, frater, ab ipsis
ilibus?’ o nummi, uobis hunc praestat honorem,
uos estis frater. dominus tamen et domini rex
si uis tunc fieri, nullus tibi paruulus aula
luserit Aeneas nec filia dulcior illo.
[iucundum et carum sterilis facit uxor amicum.]
sed tua nunc Mycale pariat licet et pueros tres
in gremium patris fundat semel, ipse loquaci
gaudebit nido, uiridem thoraca iubebit
adferri minimasque nuces assemque rogatum,
ad mensam quotiens parasitus uenerit infans.
uilibus ancipites fungi ponentur amicis,
boletus domino, sed quales Claudius edit
ante illum uxoris, post quem nihil amplius edit.
Virro sibi et reliquis Virronibus illa iubebit
poma dari, quorum solo pascaris odore,
qualia perpetuus Phaeacum autumnus habebat,

credere quae possis subrepta sororibus Afris:
tu scabie frueris mali, quod in aggere rodit
qui tegitur parma et galea metuensque flagelli
discit ab hirsuta iaculum torquere capella.
    forsitan inpensae Virronem parcere credas.
hoc agit, ut doleas; nam quae comoedia, mimus
quis melior plorante gula? ergo omnia fiunt,
si nescis, ut per lacrimas effundere bilem
cogaris pressoque diu stridere molari.
tu tibi liber homo et regis conuiua uideris:
captum te nidore suae putat ille culinae,
nec male coniectat; quis enim tam nudus, ut illum
bis ferat, Etruscum puero si contigit aurum
uel nodus tantum et signum de paupere loro?
spes bene cenandi uos decipit. ‘ecce dabit iam
semesum leporem atque aliquid de clunibus apri,
ad nos iam ueniet minor altilis.’ inde parato
intactoque omnes et stricto pane tacetis.
ille sapit, qui te sic utitur. omnia ferre
si potes, et debes. pulsandum uertice raso
praebebis quandoque caput nec dura timebis
flagra pati, his epulis et tali dignus amico.

SATVRA VI

Credo Pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam
in terris uisamque diu, cum frigida paruas
praeberet spelunca domos ignemque laremque
et pecus et dominos communi clauderet umbra,
siluestrem montana torum cum sterneret uxor
frondibus et culmo uicinarumque ferarum
pellibus, haut similis tibi, Cynthia, nec tibi, cuius
turbauit nitidos extinctus passer ocellos,
sed potanda ferens infantibus ubera magnis
et saepe horridior glandem ructante marito.
quippe aliter tunc orbe nouo caeloque recenti
uiuebant homines, qui rupto robore nati
compositiue luto nullos habuere parentes.
multa Pudicitiae ueteris uestigia forsan
aut aliqua exstiterint et sub Ioue, sed Ioue nondum
barbato, nondum Graecis iurare paratis
per caput alterius, cum furem nemo timeret
caulibus ac pomis et aperto uiueret horto.
paulatim deinde ad superos Astraea recessit
hac comite, atque duae pariter fugere sorores.
anticum et uetus est alienum, Postume, lectum
concutere atque sacri genium contemnere fulcri.
omne aliud crimen mox ferrea protulit aetas:
uiderunt primos argentea saecula moechos.
conuentum tamen et pactum et sponsalia nostra
tempestate paras iamque a tonsore magistro
pecteris et digito pignus fortasse dedisti?
certe sanus eras. uxorem, Postume, ducis?
dic qua Tisiphone, quibus exagitere colubris.
ferre potes dominam saluis tot restibus ullam,
cum pateant altae caligantesque fenestrae,
cum tibi uicinum se praebeat Aemilius pons?
aut si de multis nullus placet exitus, illud
nonne putas melius, quod tecum pusio dormit?

pusio, qui noctu non litigat, exigit a te
nulla iacens illic munuscula, nec queritur quod
et lateri parcas nec quantum iussit anheles.
sed placet Vrsidio lex Iulia: tollere dulcem
cogitat heredem, cariturus turture magno
mullorumque iubis et captatore macello.
quid fieri non posse putes, si iungitur ulla
Vrsidio? si moechorum notissimus olim
stulta maritali iam porrigit ora capistro,
quem totiens texit perituri cista Latini?
quid quod et antiquis uxor de moribus illi
quaeritur? o medici, nimiam pertundite uenam.
delicias hominis! Tarpeium limen adora
pronus et auratam Iunoni caede iuuencam,
si tibi contigerit capitis matrona pudici.
paucae adeo Cereris uittas contingere dignae,
quarum non timeat pater oscula. necte coronam
postibus et densos per limina tende corymbos.
unus Hiberinae uir sufficit? ocius illud
extorquebis, ut haec oculo contenta sit uno.
magna tamen fama est cuiusdam rure paterno
uiuentis. uiuat Gabiis ut uixit in agro,
uiuat Fidenis, et agello cedo paterno.
quis tamen adfirmat nil actum in montibus aut in
speluncis? adeo senuerunt Iuppiter et Mars?
porticibusne tibi monstratur femina uoto
digna tuo? cuneis an habent spectacula totis
quod securus ames quodque inde excerpere possis?
chironomon Ledam molli saltante Bathyllo
Tuccia uesicae non imperat, Apula gannit,
[sicut in amplexu, subito et miserabile longum.]
attendit Thymele: Thymele tunc rustica discit.
ast aliae, quotiens aulaea recondita cessant,
et uacuo clusoque sonant fora sola theatro,
atque a plebeis longe Megalesia, tristes
personam thyrsumque tenent et subligar Acci.
Vrbicus exodio risum mouet Atellanae
gestibus Autonoes, hunc diligit Aelia pauper.
soluitur his magno comoedi fibula, sunt quae

Chrysogonum cantare uetent, Hispulla tragoedo
gaudet: an expectas ut Quintilianus ametur?
accipis uxorem de qua citharoedus Echion
aut Glaphyrus fiat pater Ambrosiusque choraules.
longa per angustos figamus pulpita uicos,
ornentur postes et grandi ianua lauro,
ut testudineo tibi, Lentule, conopeo
nobilis Euryalum murmillonem exprimat infans.
nupta senatori comitata est Eppia ludum
ad Pharon et Nilum famosaque moenia Lagi
prodigia et mores urbis damnante Canopo.
inmemor illa domus et coniugis atque sororis
nil patriae indulsit, plorantisque improba natos
utque magis stupeas ludos Paridemque reliquit.
sed quamquam in magnis opibus plumaque paterna
et segmentatis dormisset paruula cunis,
contempsit pelagus; famam contempserat olim,
cuius apud molles minima est iactura cathedras.
Tyrrhenos igitur fluctus lateque sonantem
pertulit Ionium constanti pectore, quamuis
mutandum totiens esset mare. iusta pericli
si ratio est et honesta, timent pauidoque gelantur
pectore nec tremulis possunt insistere plantis:
fortem animum praestant rebus quas turpiter audent.
si iubeat coniunx, durum est conscendere nauem,
tunc sentina grauis, tunc summus uertitur aer:
quae moechum sequitur, stomacho ualet. illa maritum
conuomit, haec inter nautas et prandet et errat
per puppem et duros gaudet tractare rudentis.
qua tamen exarsit forma, qua capta iuuenta
Eppia? quid uidit propter quod ludia dici
sustinuit? nam Sergiolus iam radere guttur
coeperat et secto requiem sperare lacerto;
praeterea multa in facie deformia, sicut
attritus galea mediisque in naribus ingens
gibbus et acre malum semper stillantis ocelli.
sed gladiator erat. facit hoc illos Hyacinthos;
hoc pueris patriaeque, hoc praetulit illa sorori
atque uiro. ferrum est quod amant. hic Sergius idem

accepta rude coepisset Veiiento uideri.
quid priuata domus, quid fecerit Eppia, curas?
respice riuales diuorum, Claudius audi
quae tulerit. dormire uirum cum senserat uxor,
sumere nocturnos meretrix Augusta cucullos
ausa Palatino et tegetem praeferre cubili
linquebat comite ancilla non amplius una.
sed nigrum flauo crinem abscondente galero
intrauit calidum ueteri centone lupanar
et cellam uacuam atque suam; tunc nuda papillis
prostitit auratis titulum mentita Lyciscae
ostenditque tuum, generose Britannice, uentrem.
excepit blanda intrantis atque aera poposcit.
[continueque iacens cunctorum absorbuit ictus.]
mox lenone suas iam dimittente puellas
tristis abit, et quod potuit tamen ultima cellam
clausit, adhuc ardens rigidae tentigine uoluae,
et lassata uiris necdum satiata recessit,
obscurisque genis turpis fumoque lucernae
foeda lupanaris tulit ad puluinar odorem.
hippomanes carmenque loquar coctumque uenenum
priuignoque datum? faciunt grauiora coactae
imperio sexus minimumque libidine peccant.
‘optima sed quare Caesennia teste marito?’
bis quingena dedit. tanti uocat ille pudicam,
nec pharetris Veneris macer est aut lampade feruet:
inde faces ardent, ueniunt a dote sagittae.
libertas emitur. coram licet innuat atque
rescribat: uidua est, locuples quae nupsit auaro.
‘cur desiderio Bibulae Sertorius ardet?’
si uerum excutias, facies non uxor amatur.
tres rugae subeant et se cutis arida laxet,
fiant obscuri dentes oculique minores,
‘collige sarcinulas’ dicet libertus ‘et exi.
iam grauis es nobis et saepe emungeris. exi
ocius et propera. sicco uenit altera naso.’
interea calet et regnat poscitque maritum
pastores et ouem Canusinam ulmosque Falernas —
quantulum in hoc! — pueros omnes, ergastula tota,

quodque domi non est, sed habet uicinus, ematur.
mense quidem brumae, cum iam mercator Iason
clausus et armatis obstat casa candida nautis,
grandia tolluntur crystallina, maxima rursus
murrina, deinde adamas notissimus et Beronices
in digito factus pretiosior. hunc dedit olim
barbarus incestae, dedit hunc Agrippa sorori,
obseruant ubi festa mero pede sabbata reges
et uetus indulget senibus clementia porcis.
‘nullane de tantis gregibus tibi digna uidetur?’
sit formonsa, decens, diues, fecunda, uetustos
porticibus disponat auos, intactior omni
crinibus effusis bellum dirimente Sabina,
rara auis in terris nigroque simillima cycno,
quis feret uxorem cui constant omnia? malo,
malo Venustinam quam te, Cornelia, mater
Gracchorum, si cum magnis uirtutibus adfers
grande supercilium et numeras in dote triumphos.
tolle tuum, precor, Hannibalem uictumque Syphacem
in castris et cum tota Carthagine migra.
‘parce, precor, Paean, et tu, dea, pone sagittas;
nil pueri faciunt, ipsam configite matrem’
Amphion clamat, sed Paean contrahit arcum.
extulit ergo greges natorum ipsumque parentem,
dum sibi nobilior Latonae gente uidetur
atque eadem scrofa Niobe fecundior alba.
quae tanti grauitas, quae forma, ut se tibi semper
inputet? huius enim rari summique uoluptas
nulla boni, quotiens animo corrupta superbo
plus aloes quam mellis habet. quis deditus autem
usque adeo est, ut non illam quam laudibus effert
horreat inque diem septenis oderit horis?
quaedam parua quidem, sed non toleranda maritis.
nam quid rancidius quam quod se non putat ulla
formosam nisi quae de Tusca Graecula facta est,
de Sulmonensi mera Cecropis? omnia Graece:
[cum sit turpe magis nostris nescire Latine.]
hoc sermone pauent, hoc iram, gaudia, curas,
hoc cuncta effundunt animi secreta. quid ultra?

concumbunt Graece. dones tamen ista puellis,
tune etiam, quam sextus et octogensimus annus
pulsat, adhuc Graece? non est hic sermo pudicus
in uetula. quotiens lasciuum interuenit illud
zoe kai psyche, modo sub lodice relictis
uteris in turba. quod enim non excitet inguen
uox blanda et nequam? digitos habet. ut tamen omnes
subsidant pinnae, dicas haec mollius Haemo
quamquam et Carpophoro, facies tua conputat annos.
si tibi legitimis pactam iunctamque tabellis
non es amaturus, ducendi nulla uidetur
causa, nec est quare cenam et mustacea perdas
labente officio crudis donanda, nec illud
quod prima pro nocte datur, cum lance beata
Dacicus et scripto radiat Germanicus auro.
si tibi simplicitas uxoria, deditus uni
est animus, summitte caput ceruice parata
ferre iugum. nullam inuenies quae parcat amanti.
ardeat ipsa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis
et spoliis; igitur longe minus utilis illi
uxor, quisquis erit bonus optandusque maritus.
nil umquam inuita donabis coniuge, uendes
hac obstante nihil, nihil haec si nolet emetur.
haec dabit affectus: ille excludatur amicus
iam senior, cuius barbam tua ianua uidit.
testandi cum sit lenonibus atque lanistis
libertas et iuris idem contingat harenae,
non unus tibi riualis dictabitur heres.
‘pone crucem seruo.’ ‘meruit quo crimine seruus
supplicium? quis testis adest? quis detulit? audi;
nulla umquam de morte hominis cunctatio longa est.’
‘o demens, ita seruus homo est? nil fecerit, esto:
hoc uolo, sic iubeo, sit pro ratione uoluntas.’
imperat ergo uiro. sed mox haec regna relinquit
permutatque domos et flammea conterit; inde
auolat et spreti repetit uestigia lecti.
ornatas paulo ante fores, pendentia linquit
uela domus et adhuc uirides in limine ramos.
sic crescit numerus, sic fiunt octo mariti

quinque per autumnos, titulo res digna sepulcri.
    desperanda tibi salua concordia socru.
illa docet spoliis nudi gaudere mariti,
illa docet missis a corruptore tabellis
nil rude nec simplex rescribere, decipit illa
custodes aut aere domat. tum corpore sano
aduocat Archigenen onerosaque pallia iactat.
abditus interea latet et secretus adulter
inpatiensque morae silet et praeputia ducit.
scilicet expectas ut tradat mater honestos
atque alios mores quam quos habet? utile porro
filiolam turpi uetulae producere turpem.
    nulla fere causa est in qua non femina litem
mouerit. accusat Manilia, si rea non est.
conponunt ipsae per se formantque libellos,
principium atque locos Celso dictare paratae.
    endromidas Tyrias et femineum ceroma
quis nescit, uel quis non uidit uulnera pali,
quem cauat adsiduis rudibus scutoque lacessit
atque omnis implet numeros dignissima prorsus
Florali matrona tuba, nisi si quid in illo
pectore plus agitat ueraeque paratur harenae?
quem praestare potest mulier galeata pudorem,
quae fugit a sexu? uires amat. haec tamen ipsa
uir nollet fieri; nam quantula nostra uoluptas!
quale decus, rerum si coniugis auctio fiat,
balteus et manicae et cristae crurisque sinistri
dimidium tegimen! uel si diuersa mouebit
proelia, tu felix ocreas uendente puella.
hae sunt quae tenui sudant in cyclade, quarum
delicias et panniculus bombycinus urit.
aspice quo fremitu monstratos perferat ictus
et quanto galeae curuetur pondere, quanta
poplitibus sedeat quam denso fascia libro,
et ride positis scaphium cum sumitur armis.
dicite uos, neptes Lepidi caeciue Metelli
Gurgitis aut Fabii, quae ludia sumpserit umquam
hos habitus? quando ad palum gemat uxor Asyli?
    semper habet lites alternaque iurgia lectus

in quo nupta iacet; minimum dormitur in illo.
tum grauis illa uiro, tunc orba tigride peior,
cum simulat gemitus occulti conscia facti,
aut odit pueros aut ficta paelice plorat
uberibus semper lacrimis semperque paratis
in statione sua atque expectantibus illam,
quo iubeat manare modo. tu credis amorem,
tu tibi tunc, uruca, places fletumque labellis
exorbes, quae scripta et quot lecture tabellas
si tibi zelotypae retegantur scrinia moechae!
sed iacet in serui complexibus aut equitis. dic,
dic aliquem sodes hic, Quintiliane, colorem.
haeremus. dic ipsa. ‘olim conuenerat’ inquit
‘ut faceres tu quod uelles, nec non ego possem
indulgere mihi. clames licet et mare caelo
confundas, homo sum.’ nihil est audacius illis
deprensis: iram atque animos a crimine sumunt.
unde haec monstra tamen uel quo de fonte requiris?
praestabat castas humilis fortuna Latinas
quondam, nec uitiis contingi parua sinebant
tecta labor somnique breues et uellere Tusco
uexatae duraeque manus ac proximus urbi
Hannibal et stantes Collina turre mariti.
nunc patimur longae pacis mala, saeuior armis
luxuria incubuit uictumque ulciscitur orbem.
nullum crimen abest facinusque libidinis ex quo
paupertas Romana perit. hinc fluxit ad istos
et Sybaris colles, hinc et Rhodos et Miletos
atque coronatum et petulans madidumque Tarentum.
prima peregrinos obscena pecunia mores
intulit, et turpi fregerunt saecula luxu
diuitiae molles. quid enim uenus ebria curat?
inguinis et capitis quae sint discrimina nescit
grandia quae mediis iam noctibus ostrea mordet,
cum perfusa mero spumant unguenta Falerno,
cum bibitur concha, cum iam uertigine tectum
ambulat et geminis exsurgit mensa lucernis.
i nunc et dubita qua sorbeat aera sanna
Maura, Pudicitiae ueterem cum praeterit aram,

Tullia quid dicat, notae collactea Maurae.
noctibus hic ponunt lecticas, micturiunt hic
effigiemque deae longis siphonibus implent
inque uices equitant ac Luna teste mouentur,
inde domos abeunt: tu calcas luce reuersa
coniugis urinam magnos uisurus amicos.
nota bonae secreta deae, cum tibia lumbos
incitat et cornu pariter uinoque feruntur
attonitae crinemque rotant ululantque Priapi
maenades. o quantus tunc illis mentibus ardor
concubitus, quae uox saltante libidine, quantus
ille meri ueteris per crura madentia torrens!
lenonum ancillas posita Saufeia corona
prouocat et tollit pendentis praemia coxae,
ipsa Medullinae fluctum crisantis adorat:
palma inter dominas, uirtus natalibus aequa.
nil ibi per ludum simulabitur, omnia fient
ad uerum, quibus incendi iam frigidus aeuo
Laomedontiades et Nestoris hirnea possit.
tunc prurigo morae inpatiens, tum femina simplex,
ac pariter toto repetitus clamor ab antro
‘iam fas est, admitte uiros.’ dormitat adulter,
illa iubet sumpto iuuenem properare cucullo;
si nihil est, seruis incurritur; abstuleris spem
seruorum, uenit et conductus aquarius; hic si
quaeritur et desunt homines, mora nulla per ipsam
quo minus inposito clunem summittat asello.
atque utinam ritus ueteres et publica saltem
his intacta malis agerentur sacra; sed omnes
nouerunt Mauri atque Indi quae psaltria penem
maiorem quam sunt duo Caesaris Anticatones
illuc, testiculi sibi conscius unde fugit mus,
intulerit, ubi uelari pictura iubetur
quaecumque alterius sexus imitata figuras.
et quis tunc hominum contemptor numinis, aut quis
simpuuium ridere Numae nigrumque catinum
et Vaticano fragiles de monte patellas
ausus erat? sed nunc ad quas non Clodius aras?
[audio quid ueteres olim moneatis amici,

‘pone seram, cohibe.’ sed quis custodiet ipsos
custodes? cauta est et ab illis incipit uxor.]
iamque eadem summis pariter minimisque libido,
nec melior silicem pedibus quae conterit atrum
quam quae longorum uehitur ceruice Syrorum.
ut spectet ludos, conducit Ogulnia uestem,
conducit comites, sellam, ceruical, amicas,
nutricem et flauam cui det mandata puellam.
haec tamen argenti superest quodcumque paterni
leuibus athletis et uasa nouissima donat.
multis res angusta domi, sed nulla pudorem
paupertatis habet nec se metitur ad illum
quem dedit haec posuitque modum. tamen utile quid sit
prospiciunt aliquando uiri, frigusque famemque
formica tandem quidam expauere magistra:
prodiga non sentit pereuntem femina censum.
ac uelut exhausta recidiuus pullulet arca
nummus et e pleno tollatur semper aceruo,
non umquam reputant quanti sibi gaudia constent.
in quacumque domo uiuit luditque professus Ox1
obscenum, tremula promittit et omnia dextra, Ox2
inuenies omnis turpes similesque cinaedis. Ox3
his uiolare cibos sacraeque adsistere mensae Ox4
permittunt, et uasa iubent frangenda lauari Ox5
cum colocyntha bibit uel cum barbata chelidon. Ox6
purior ergo tuis laribus meliorque lanista, Ox7
in cuius numero longe migrare iubetur Ox8
psyllus ab ~eupholio.~ quid quod nec retia turpi Ox9
iunguntur tunicae, nec cella ponit eadem Ox10
munimenta umeri ~pulsatamque arma~ tridentem Ox11
qui nudus pugnare solet? pars ultima ludi Ox12
accipit has animas aliusque in carcere neruos. Ox13
sed tibi communem calicem facit uxor et illis Ox14
cum quibus Albanum Surrentinumque recuset Ox15
flaua ruinosi lupa degustare sepulchri. Ox16
horum consiliis nubunt subitaeque recedunt, Ox17
his languentem animum ~seruant~ et seria uitae, Ox18
his clunem atque latus discunt uibrare magistris, Ox19
quicquid praeterea scit qui docet. haud tamen illi Ox20

semper habenda fides: oculos fuligine pascit Ox21
distinctus croceis et reticulatus adulter. Ox22
suspectus tibi sit, quanto uox mollior et quo Ox23
saepius in teneris haerebit dextera lumbis. Ox24
hic erit in lecto fortissimus; exuit illic Ox25
personam docili Thais saltata Triphallo. Ox26
quem rides? aliis hunc mimum! sponsio fiat: Ox27
purum te contendo uirum. contendo: fateris? Ox28
an uocat ancillas tortoris pergula? noui Ox29
consilia et ueteres quaecumque monetis amici, Ox30
'pone seram, cohibe'. sed quis custodiet ipsos Ox31
custodes, qui nunc lasciuae furta puellae Ox32
hac mercede silent? crimen commune tacetur. Ox33
prospicit hoc prudens et a illis incipit uxor. Ox34
sunt quas eunuchi inbelles ac mollia semper
oscula delectent et desperatio barbae
et quod abortiuo non est opus. illa uoluptas
summa tamen, quom iam calida matura iuuenta
inguina traduntur medicis, iam pectine nigro.
ergo expectatos ac iussos crescere primum
testiculos, postquam coeperunt esse bilibres,
tonsoris tantum damno rapit Heliodorus.
mangonum pueros uera ac miserabilis urit 373a
debilitas, follisque pudet cicerisque relicti. 373b
conspicuus longe cunctisque notabilis intrat
balnea nec dubie custodem uitis et horti
prouocat a domina factus spado. dormiat ille
cum domina, sed tu iam durum, Postume, iamque
tondendum eunucho Bromium committere noli.
si gaudet cantu, nullius fibula durat
uocem uendentis praetoribus. organa semper
in manibus, densi radiant testudine tota
sardonyches, crispo numerantur pectine chordae
quo tener Hedymeles operas dedit: hunc tenet, hoc se
solatur gratoque indulget basia plectro.
quaedam de numero Lamiarum ac nominis Appi
et farre et uino Ianum Vestamque rogabat,
an Capitolinam deberet Pollio quercum
sperare et fidibus promittere. quid faceret plus

aegrotante uiro, medicis quid tristibus erga
filiolum? stetit ante aram nec turpe putauit
pro cithara uelare caput dictataque uerba
pertulit, ut mos est, et aperta palluit agna.
dic mihi nunc, quaeso, dic, antiquissime diuom,
respondes his, Iane pater? magna otia caeli;
non est, quod uideo, non est quod agatur apud uos.
haec de comoedis te consulit, illa tragoedum
commendare uolet: uaricosus fiet haruspex.
    sed cantet potius quam totam peruolet urbem
audax et coetus possit quae ferre uirorum
cumque paludatis ducibus praesente marito
ipsa loqui recta facie siccisque mamillis.
haec eadem nouit quid toto fiat in orbe,
quid Seres, quid Thraces agant, secreta nouercae
et pueri, quis amet, quis diripiatur adulter;
dicet quis uiduam praegnatem fecerit et quo
mense, quibus uerbis concumbat quaeque, modis quot.
instantem regi Armenio Parthoque cometen
prima uidet, famam rumoresque illa recentis
excipit ad portas, quosdam facit; isse Niphaten
in populos magnoque illic cuncta arua teneri
diluuio, nutare urbes, subsidere terras,
quocumque in triuio, cuicumque est obuia, narrat.
nec tamen id uitium magis intolerabile quam quod
uicinos humiles rapere et concidere loris
~exortata~ solet. nam si latratibus alti
rumpuntur somni, ‘fustes huc ocius’ inquit
‘adferte’ atque illis dominum iubet ante feriri,
deinde canem. grauis occursu, taeterrima uultu
balnea nocte subit, conchas et castra moueri
nocte iubet, magno gaudet sudare tumultu,
cum lassata graui ceciderunt bracchia massa,
callidus et cristae digitos inpressit aliptes
ac summum dominae femur exclamare coegit.
conuiuae miseri interea somnoque fameque
urguentur. tandem illa uenit rubicundula, totum
oenophorum sitiens, plena quod tenditur urna
admotum pedibus, de quo sextarius alter

ducitur ante cibum rabidam facturus orexim,
dum redit et loto terram ferit intestino.
marmoribus riui properant, aurata Falernum
peluis olet; nam sic, tamquam alta in dolia longus
deciderit serpens, bibit et uomit. ergo maritus
nauseat atque oculis bilem substringit opertis.
illa tamen grauior, quae cum discumbere coepit
laudat Vergilium, periturae ignoscit Elissae,
committit uates et comparat, inde Maronem
atque alia parte in trutina suspendit Homerum.
cedunt grammatici, uincuntur rhetores, omnis
turba tacet, nec causidicus nec praeco loquetur,
altera nec mulier. uerborum tanta cadit uis,
tot pariter pelues ac tintinnabula dicas
pulsari. iam nemo tubas, nemo aera fatiget:
una laboranti poterit succurrere Lunae.
inponit finem sapiens et rebus honestis;
nam quae docta nimis cupit et facunda uideri
crure tenus medio tunicas succingere debet,
caedere Siluano porcum, quadrante lauari.
non habeat matrona, tibi quae iuncta recumbit,
dicendi genus, aut curuum sermone rotato
torqueat enthymema, nec historias sciat omnes,
sed quaedam ex libris et non intellegat. odi
hanc ego quae repetit uoluitque Palaemonis artem
seruata semper lege et ratione loquendi
ignotosque mihi tenet antiquaria uersus
nec curanda uiris. opicae castiget amicae
uerba: soloecismum liceat fecisse marito.
nil non permittit mulier sibi, turpe putat nil,
cum uiridis gemmas collo circumdedit et cum
auribus extentis magnos commisit elenchos.
[intolerabilius nihil est quam femina diues.]
interea foeda aspectu ridendaque multo
pane tumet facies aut pinguia Poppaeana
spirat et hinc miseri uiscantur labra mariti.
ad moechum lota ueniunt cute. quando uideri
uult formonsa domi? moechis foliata parantur,
his emitur quidquid graciles huc mittitis Indi.

tandem aperit uultum et tectoria prima reponit,
incipit agnosci, atque illo lacte fouetur
propter quod secum comites educit asellas
exul Hyperboreum si dimittatur ad axem.
sed quae mutatis inducitur atque fouetur
tot medicaminibus coctaeque siliginis offas
accipit et madidae, facies dicetur an ulcus?
est pretium curae penitus cognoscere toto
quid faciant agitentque die. si nocte maritus
auersus iacuit, periit libraria, ponunt
cosmetae tunicas, tarde uenisse Liburnus
dicitur et poenas alieni pendere somni
cogitur, hic frangit ferulas, rubet ille flagello,
hic scutica; sunt quae tortoribus annua praestent.
uerberat atque obiter faciem linit, audit amicas
aut latum pictae uestis considerat aurum
et caedit, longi relegit transuersa diurni
et caedit, donec lassis caedentibus ‘exi’
intonet horrendum iam cognitione peracta.
praefectura domus Sicula non mitior aula.
nam si constituit solitoque decentius optat
ornari et properat iamque expectatur in hortis
aut apud Isiacae potius sacraria lenae,
disponit crinem laceratis ipsa capillis
nuda umeros Psecas infelix nudisque mamillis.
‘altior hic quare cincinnus?’ taurea punit
continuo flexi crimen facinusque capilli.
quid Psecas admisit? quaenam est hic culpa puellae,
si tibi displicuit nasus tuus? altera laeuum
extendit pectitque comas et uoluit in orbem.
est in consilio materna admotaque lanis
emerita quae cessat acu; sententia prima
huius erit, post hanc aetate atque arte minores
censebunt, tamquam famae discrimen agatur
aut animae: tanta est quaerendi cura decoris.
tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc conpagibus altum
aedificat caput: Andromachen a fronte uidebis,
post minor est, credas aliam. cedo si breue parui
sortita est lateris spatium breuiorque uidetur

uirgine Pygmaea nullis adiuta coturnis
et leuis erecta consurgit ad oscula planta.
nulla uiri cura interea nec mentio fiet
damnorum. uiuit tamquam uicina mariti,
hoc solo propior, quod amicos coniugis odit
et seruos, grauis est rationibus. ecce furentis
Bellonae matrisque deum chorus intrat et ingens
semiuir, obsceno facies reuerenda minori,
mollia qui rapta secuit genitalia testa
iam pridem, cui rauca cohors, cui tympana cedunt
plebeia et Phrygia uestitur bucca tiara.
grande sonat metuique iubet Septembris et austri
aduentum, nisi se centum lustrauerit ouis
et xerampelinas ueteres donauerit ipsi,
ut quidquid subiti et magni discriminis instat
in tunicas eat et totum semel expiet annum.
hibernum fracta glacie descendet in amnem,
ter matutino Tiberi mergetur et ipsis
uerticibus timidum caput abluet, inde superbi
totum regis agrum nuda ac tremibunda cruentis
erepet genibus; si candida iusserit Io,
ibit ad Aegypti finem calidaque petitas
a Meroe portabit aquas, ut spargat in aede
Isidis, antiquo quae proxima surgit ouili.
credit enim ipsius dominae se uoce moneri.
en animam et mentem cum qua di nocte loquantur!
ergo hic praecipuum summumque meretur honorem
qui grege linigero circumdatus et grege caluo
plangentis populi currit derisor Anubis.
ille petit ueniam, quotiens non abstinet uxor
concubitu sacris obseruandisque diebus
magnaque debetur uiolato poena cadurco
et mouisse caput uisa est argentea serpens;
illius lacrimae meditataque murmura praestant
ut ueniam culpae non abnuat ansere magno
scilicet et tenui popano corruptus Osiris.
cum dedit ille locum, cophino fenoque relicto
arcanam Iudaea tremens mendicat in aurem,
interpres legum Solymarum et magna sacerdos

arboris ac summi fida internuntia caeli.
implet et illa manum, sed parcius; aere minuto
qualiacumque uoles Iudaei somnia uendunt.
spondet amatorem tenerum uel diuitis orbi
testamentum ingens calidae pulmone columbae
tractato Armenius uel Commagenus haruspex;
pectora pullorum rimabitur, exta catelli
interdum et pueri; faciet quod deferat ipse.
Chaldaeis sed maior erit fiducia: quidquid
dixerit astrologus, credent a fonte relatum
Hammonis, quoniam Delphis oracula cessant
et genus humanum damnat caligo futuri.
praecipuus tamen est horum, qui saepius exul,
cuius amicitia conducendaque tabella
magnus ciuis obit et formidatus Othoni.
inde fides artis, sonuit si dextera ferro
laeuaque, si longe castrorum in carcere mansit.
nemo mathematicus genium indemnatus habebit,
sed qui paene perit, cui uix in Cyclada mitti
contigit et parua tandem caruisse Seripho.
consulit ictericae lento de funere matris,
ante tamen de te Tanaquil tua, quando sororem
efferat et patruos, an sit uicturus adulter
post ipsam; quid enim maius dare numina possunt?
haec tamen ignorat quid sidus triste minetur
Saturni, quo laeta Venus se proferat astro,
quis mensis damnis, quae dentur tempora lucro:
illius occursus etiam uitare memento,
in cuius manibus ceu pinguia sucina tritas
cernis ephemeridas, quae nullum consulit et iam
consulitur, quae castra uiro patriamque petente
non ibit pariter numeris reuocata Thrasylli.
ad primum lapidem uectari cum placet, hora
sumitur ex libro; si prurit frictus ocelli
angulus, inspecta genesi collyria poscit;
aegra licet iaceat, capiendo nulla uidetur
aptior hora cibo nisi quam dederit Petosiris.
si mediocris erit, spatium lustrabit utrimque
metarum et sortes ducet frontemque manumque

praebebit uati crebrum poppysma roganti.
diuitibus responsa dabit Phryx augur et inde
conductus, dabit astrorum mundique peritus
atque aliquis senior qui publica fulgura condit.
plebeium in circo positum est et in aggere fatum.
quae nudis longum ostendit ceruicibus aurum
consulit ante falas delphinorumque columnas
an saga uendenti nubat caupone relicto.
    hae tamen et partus subeunt discrimen et omnis
nutricis tolerant fortuna urguente labores,
sed iacet aurato uix ulla puerpera lecto.
tantum artes huius, tantum medicamina possunt,
quae steriles facit atque homines in uentre necandos
conducit. gaude, infelix, atque ipse bibendum
porrige quidquid erit; nam si distendere uellet
et uexare uterum pueris salientibus, esses
Aethiopis fortasse pater, mox decolor heres
impleret tabulas numquam tibi mane uidendus.
transeo suppositos et gaudia uotaque saepe
ad spurcos decepta lacus, saepe inde petitos
pontifices, salios Scaurorum nomina falso
corpore laturos. stat Fortuna inproba noctu
adridens nudis infantibus: hos fouet omni
inuoluitque sinu, domibus tunc porrigit altis
secretumque sibi mimum parat; hos amat, his se
ingerit utque suos semper producit alumnos.
    hic magicos adfert cantus, hic Thessala uendit
philtra, quibus ualeat mentem uexare mariti
et solea pulsare natis. quod desipis, inde est,
inde animi caligo et magna obliuio rerum
quas modo gessisti. tamen hoc tolerabile, si non
[semper aquam portes rimosa ad dolia, semper 614a
istud onus subeas ipsis manantibus urnis, 614b
quo rabidus nostro Phalarim de rege dedisti.] 614c
et furere incipias ut auunculus ille Neronis,
cui totam tremuli frontem Caesonia pulli
infudit. quae non faciet quod principis uxor?
ardebant cuncta et fracta conpage ruebant
non aliter quam si fecisset Iuno maritum

insanum. minus ergo nocens erit Agrippinae
boletus, siquidem unius praecordia pressit
ille senis tremulumque caput descendere iussit
in caelum et longa manantia labra saliua:
haec poscit ferrum atque ignes, haec potio torquet,
haec lacerat mixtos equitum cum sanguine patres.
tanti partus equae, tanti una uenefica constat.
oderunt natos de paelice; nemo repugnet,
nemo uetet, iam iam priuignum occidere fas est.
uos ego, pupilli, moneo, quibus amplior est res,
custodite animas et nulli credite mensae:
liuida materno feruent adipata ueneno.
mordeat ante aliquis quidquid porrexerit illa
quae peperit, timidus praegustet pocula papas.
fingimus haec altum satura sumente coturnum
scilicet, et finem egressi legemque priorum
grande Sophocleo carmen bacchamur hiatu,
montibus ignotum Rutulis caeloque Latino?
nos utinam uani. sed clamat Pontia ‘feci,
confiteor, puerisque meis aconita paraui,
quae deprensa patent; facinus tamen ipsa peregi.’
tune duos una, saeuissima uipera, cena?
tune duos? ‘septem, si septem forte fuissent.’
credamus tragicis quidquid de Colchide torua
dicitur et Procne; nil contra conor. et illae
grandia monstra suis audebant temporibus, sed
non propter nummos. minor admiratio summis
debetur monstris, quotiens facit ira nocentes
hunc sexum et rabie iecur incendente feruntur
praecipites, ut saxa iugis abrupta, quibus mons
subtrahitur cliuoque latus pendente recedit.
illam ego non tulerim quae conputat et scelus ingens
sana facit. spectant subeuntem fata mariti
Alcestim et, similis si permutatio detur,
morte uiri cupiant animam seruare catellae.
occurrent multae tibi Belides atque Eriphylae
mane, Clytemestram nullus non uicus habebit.
hoc tantum refert, quod Tyndaris illa bipennem
insulsam et fatuam dextra laeuaque tenebat;

at nunc res agitur tenui pulmone rubetae,
sed tamen et ferro, si praegustarit Atrides
Pontica ter uicti cautus medicamina regis.

SATVRA VII

Et spes et ratio studiorum in Caesare tantum;
solus enim tristes hac tempestate Camenas
respexit, cum iam celebres notique poetae
balneolum Gabiis, Romae conducere furnos
temptarent, nec foedum alii nec turpe putarent
praecones fieri, cum desertis Aganippes
uallibus esuriens migraret in atria Clio.
nam si Pieria quadrans tibi nullus in umbra
ostendatur, ames nomen uictumque Machaerae
et uendas potius commissa quod auctio uendit
stantibus, oenophorum, tripedes, armaria, cistas,
Alcithoen Pacci, Thebas et Terea Fausti.
hoc satius quam si dicas sub iudice ‘uidi’
quod non uidisti; faciant equites Asiani,
[quamquam et Cappadoces faciant equitesque Bithyni]
altera quos nudo traducit gallica talo.
nemo tamen studiis indignum ferre laborem
cogetur posthac, nectit quicumque canoris
eloquium uocale modis laurumque momordit.
hoc agite, o iuuenes. circumspicit et stimulat uos
materiamque sibi ducis indulgentia quaerit.
si qua aliunde putas rerum expectanda tuarum
praesidia atque ideo croceae membrana tabellae
impletur, lignorum aliquid posce ocius et quae
componis dona Veneris, Telesine, marito,
aut clude et positos tinea pertunde libellos.
frange miser calamum uigilataque proelia dele,
qui facis in parua sublimia carmina cella,
ut dignus uenias hederis et imagine macra.
spes nulla ulterior; didicit iam diues auarus
tantum admirari, tantum laudare disertos,
ut pueri Iunonis auem. sed defluit aetas
et pelagi patiens et cassidis atque ligonis.
taedia tunc subeunt animos, tunc seque suamque

Terpsichoren odit facunda et nuda senectus.
    accipe nunc artes. ne quid tibi conferat iste,
quem colis et Musarum et Apollinis aede relicta,
ipse facit uersus atque uni cedit Homero
propter mille annos, et si dulcedine famae
succensus recites, maculosas commodat aedes.
haec longe ferrata domus seruire iubetur
in qua sollicitas imitatur ianua portas.
scit dare libertos extrema in parte sedentis
ordinis et magnas comitum disponere uoces;
nemo dabit regum quanti subsellia constant
et quae conducto pendent anabathra tigillo
quaeque reportandis posita est orchestra cathedris.
nos tamen hoc agimus tenuique in puluere sulcos
ducimus et litus sterili uersamus aratro.
nam si discedas, laqueo tenet ambitiosi
[consuetudo mali, tenet insanabile multos]
scribendi cacoethes et aegro in corde senescit.
sed uatem egregium, cui non sit publica uena,
qui nihil eitum soleat deducere, nec qui
communi feriat carmen triuiale moneta,
hunc, qualem nequeo monstrare et sentio tantum,
anxietate carens animus facit, omnis acerbi
inpatiens, cupidus siluarum aptusque bibendis
fontibus Aonidum. neque enim cantare sub antro
Pierio thyrsumque potest contingere maesta
paupertas atque aeris inops, quo nocte dieque
corpus eget: satur est cum dicit Horatius ‘euhoe.’
quis locus ingenio, nisi cum se carmine solo
uexant et dominis Cirrhae Nysaeque feruntur
pectora uestra duas non admittentia curas?
magnae mentis opus nec de lodice paranda
attonitae currus et equos faciesque deorum
aspicere et qualis Rutulum confundat Erinys.
nam si Vergilio puer et tolerabile desset
hospitium, caderent omnes a crinibus hydri,
surda nihil gemeret graue bucina. poscimus ut sit
non minor antiquo Rubrenus Lappa coturno,
cuius et alueolos et laenam pignerat Atreus?

non habet infelix Numitor quod mittat amico,
Quintillae quod donet habet, nec defuit illi
unde emeret multa pascendum carne leonem
iam domitum; constat leuiori belua sumptu
nimirum et capiunt plus intestina poetae.
contentus fama iaceat Lucanus in hortis
marmoreis, at Serrano tenuique Saleiio
gloria quantalibet quid erit, si gloria tantum est?
curritur ad uocem iucundam et carmen amicae
Thebaidos, laetam cum fecit Statius urbem
promisitque diem: tanta dulcedine captos
adficit ille animos tantaque libidine uolgi
auditur. sed cum fregit subsellia uersu
esurit, intactam Paridi nisi uendit Agauen.
ille et militiae multis largitus honorem
semenstri uatum digitos circumligat auro.
quod non dant proceres, dabit histrio. tu Camerinos
et Baream, tu nobilium magna atria curas?
praefectos Pelopea facit, Philomela tribunos.
haut tamen inuideas uati quem pulpita pascunt.
quis tibi Maecenas, quis nunc erit aut Proculeius
aut Fabius, quis Cotta iterum, quis Lentulus alter?
tum par ingenio pretium, tunc utile multis
pallere et uinum toto nescire Decembri.
    uester porro labor fecundior, historiarum
scriptores? perit hic plus temporis atque olei plus.
nullo quippe modo millensima pagina surgit
omnibus et crescit multa damnosa papyro;
sic ingens rerum numerus iubet atque operum lex.
quae tamen inde seges? terrae quis fructus apertae?
quis dabit historico quantum daret acta legenti?
    ‘sed genus ignauum, quod lecto gaudet et umbra.’
dic igitur quid causidicis ciuilia praestent
officia et magno comites in fasce libelli.
ipsi magna sonant, sed tum cum creditor audit
praecipue, uel si tetigit latus acrior illo
qui uenit ad dubium grandi cum codice nomen.
tunc inmensa caui spirant mendacia folles
conspuiturque sinus; ueram deprendere messem

si libet, hinc centum patrimonia causidicorum,
parte alia solum russati pone Lacertae.
consedere duces, surgis tu pallidus Aiax
dicturus dubia pro libertate bubulco
iudice. rumpe miser tensum iecur, ut tibi lasso
figantur uirides, scalarum gloria, palmae.
quod uocis pretium? siccus petasunculus et uas
pelamydum aut ueteres, Maurorum epimenia, bulbi
aut uinum Tiberi deuectum, quinque lagonae.
si quater egisti, si contigit aureus unus,
inde cadunt partes ex foedere pragmaticorum.
'Aemilio dabitur quantum licet, et melius nos
egimus.' huius enim stat currus aeneus, alti
quadriiuges in uestibulis, atque ipse feroci
bellatore sedens curuatum hastile minatur
eminus et statua meditatur proelia lusca.
sic Pedo conturbat, Matho deficit, exitus hic est
Tongilii, magno cum rhinocerote lauari
qui solet et uexat lutulenta balnea turba
perque forum iuuenes longo premit assere Maedos
empturus pueros, argentum, murrina, uillas;
spondet enim Tyrio stlattaria purpura filo.
[et tamen est illis hoc utile. purpura uendit]
causidicum uendunt amethystina; conuenit illi
et strepitu et facie maioris uiuere census,
sed finem inpensae non seruat prodiga Roma.
fidimus eloquio? Ciceroni nemo ducentos
nunc dederit nummos, nisi fulserit anulus ingens.
respicit haec primum qui litigat, an tibi serui
octo, decem comites, an post te sella, togati
ante pedes. ideo conducta Paulus agebat
sardonyche, atque ideo pluris quam Gallus agebat,
quam Basilus. rara in tenui facundia panno.
quando licet Basilo flentem producere matrem?
quis bene dicentem Basilum ferat? accipiat te
Gallia uel potius nutricula causidicorum
Africa, si placuit mercedem ponere linguae.
declamare doces? o ferrea pectora Vetti,
cum perimit saeuos classis numerosa tyrannos.

nam quaecumque sedens modo legerat, haec eadem stans
perferet atque eadem cantabit uersibus isdem.
occidit miseros crambe repetita magistros.
quis color et quod sit causae genus atque ubi summa
quaestio, quae ueniant diuersa parte sagittae,
nosse uolunt omnes, mercedem soluere nemo.
‘mercedem appellas? quid enim scio?’ ‘culpa docentis
scilicet arguitur, quod laeuae parte mamillae
nil salit Arcadico iuueni, cuius mihi sexta
quaque die miserum dirus caput Hannibal inplet,
quidquid id est de quo deliberat, an petat urbem
a Cannis, an post nimbos et fulmina cautus
circumagat madidas a tempestate cohortes.
quantum uis stipulare et protinus accipe: quid do
ut totiens illum pater audiat?’ haec alii sex
uel plures uno conclamant ore sophistae
et ueras agitant lites raptore relicto;
fusa uenena silent, malus ingratusque maritus
et quae iam ueteres sanant mortaria caecos.
ergo sibi dabit ipse rudem, si nostra mouebunt
consilia, et uitae diuersum iter ingredietur
ad pugnam qui rhetorica descendit ab umbra,
summula ne pereat qua uilis tessera uenit
frumenti; quippe haec merces lautissima. tempta
Chrysogonus quanti doceat uel Pollio quanti
lautorum pueros, artem scindes Theodori.
balnea sescentis et pluris porticus in qua
gestetur dominus quotiens pluit. anne serenum
expectet spargatque luto iumenta recenti?
hic potius, namque hic mundae nitet ungula mulae.
parte alia longis Numidarum fulta columnis
surgat et algentem rapiat cenatio solem.
quanticumque domus, ueniet qui fercula docte
conponit, ueniet qui pulmentaria condit.
hos inter sumptus sestertia Quintiliano,
ut multum, duo sufficient: res nulla minoris
constabit patri quam filius. ‘unde igitur tot
Quintilianus habet saltus?’ exempla nouorum
fatorum transi. felix et pulcher et acer,

felix et sapiens et nobilis et generosus
adpositam nigrae lunam subtexit alutae,
felix orator quoque maximus et iaculator
et, si perfrixit, cantat bene. distat enim quae
sidera te excipiant modo primos incipientem
edere uagitus et adhuc a matre rubentem.
si Fortuna uolet, fies de rhetore consul;
si uolet haec eadem, fiet de consule rhetor.
Ventidius quid enim? quid Tullius? anne aliud quam
sidus et occulti miranda potentia fati?
seruis regna dabunt, captiuis fata triumphum.
felix ille tamen coruo quoque rarior albo.
paenituit multos uanae sterilisque cathedrae,
sicut Tharsimachi probat exitus atque Secundi
Carrinatis; et hunc inopem uidistis, Athenae,
nil praeter gelidas ausae conferre cicutas.
di maiorum umbris tenuem et sine pondere terram
spirantisque crocos et in urna perpetuum uer,
qui praeceptorem sancti uoluere parentis
esse loco. metuens uirgae iam grandis Achilles
cantabat patriis in montibus et cui non tunc
eliceret risum citharoedi cauda magistri;
sed Rufum atque alios caedit sua quemque iuuentus,
Rufum, quem totiens Ciceronem Allobroga dixit.
quis gremio Celadi doctique Palaemonis adfert
quantum grammaticus meruit labor? et tamen ex hoc,
quodcumque est (minus est autem quam rhetoris aera),
discipuli custos praemordet acoenonoetus
et qui dispensat frangit sibi. cede, Palaemon,
et patere inde aliquid decrescere, non aliter quam
institor hibernae tegetis niueique cadurci,
dummodo non pereat mediae quod noctis ab hora
sedisti, qua nemo faber, qua nemo sederet
qui docet obliquo lanam deducere ferro,
dummodo non pereat totidem olfecisse lucernas
quot stabant pueri, cum totus decolor esset
Flaccus et haereret nigro fuligo Maroni.
rara tamen merces quae cognitione tribuni
non egeat. sed uos saeuas inponite leges,

ut praeceptori uerborum regula constet,
ut legat historias, auctores nouerit omnes
tamquam ungues digitosque suos, ut forte rogatus,
dum petit aut thermas aut Phoebi balnea, dicat
nutricem Anchisae, nomen patriamque nouercae
Anchemoli, dicat quot Acestes uixerit annis,
quot Siculi Phrygibus uini donauerit urnas.
exigite ut mores teneros ceu pollice ducat,
ut si quis cera uoltum facit; exigite ut sit
et pater ipsius coetus, ne turpia ludant,
ne faciant uicibus. non est leue tot puerorum
obseruare manus oculosque in fine trementis.
‘haec’ inquit ‘cura; sed cum se uerterit annus,
accipe, uictori populus quod postulat, aurum.’

SATVRA VIII

Stemmata quid faciunt? quid prodest, Pontice, longo
sanguine censeri, pictos ostendere uultus
maiorum et stantis in curribus Aemilianos
et Curios iam dimidios umeroque minorem
Coruinum et Galbam auriculis nasoque carentem,
[quis fructus generis tabula iactare capaci
Coruinum, posthac multa contingere uirga
fumosos equitum cum dictatore magistros,]
si coram Lepidis male uiuitur? effigies quo
tot bellatorum, si luditur alea pernox
ante Numantinos, si dormire incipis ortu
luciferi, quo signa duces et castra mouebant?
cur Allobrogicis et magna gaudeat ara
natus in Herculeo Fabius lare, si cupidus, si
uanus et Euganea quantumuis mollior agna,
si tenerum attritus Catinensi pumice lumbum
squalentis traducit auos emptorque ueneni
frangenda miseram funestat imagine gentem?
tota licet ueteres exornent undique cerae
atria, nobilitas sola est atque unica uirtus.
Paulus uel Cossus uel Drusus moribus esto,
hos ante effigies maiorum pone tuorum,
praecedant ipsas illi te consule uirgas.
prima mihi debes animi bona. sanctus haberi
iustitiaeque tenax factis dictisque mereris?
agnosco procerem; salue Gaetulice, seu tu
Silanus: quocumque alto de sanguine rarus
ciuis et egregius patriae contingis ouanti,
exclamare libet populus quod clamat Osiri
inuento. quis enim generosum dixerit hunc qui
indignus genere et praeclaro nomine tantum
insignis? nanum cuiusdam Atlanta uocamus,
Aethiopem Cycnum, prauam extortamque puellam
Europen; canibus pigris scabieque uetusta

leuibus et siccae lambentibus ora lucernae
nomen erit pardus, tigris, leo, si quid adhuc est
quod fremat in terris uiolentius. ergo cauebis
et metues ne tu sic Creticus aut Camerinus.
his ego quem monui? tecum mihi sermo, Rubelli
Blande. tumes alto Drusorum stemmate, tamquam
feceris ipse aliquid propter quod nobilis esses,
ut te conciperet quae sanguine fulget Iuli,
non quae uentoso conducta sub aggere texit.
'uos humiles' inquis 'uolgi pars ultima nostri,
quorum nemo queat patriam monstrare parentis,
ast ego Cecropides.' uiuas et originis huius
gaudia longa feras. tamen ima plebe Quiritem
facundum inuenies, solet hic defendere causas
nobilis indocti; ueniet de plebe togata
qui iuris nodos et legum aenigmata soluat;
hinc petit Euphraten iuuenis domitique Bataui
custodes aquilas armis industrius; at tu
nil nisi Cecropides truncoque simillimus Hermae.
nullo quippe alio uincis discrimine quam quod
illi marmoreum caput est, tua uiuit imago.
dic mihi, Teucrorum proles, animalia muta
quis generosa putet nisi fortia. nempe uolucrem
sic laudamus equum, facili cui plurima palma
feruet et exultat rauco uictoria circo;
nobilis hic, quocumque uenit de gramine, cuius
clara fuga ante alios et primus in aequore puluis.
sed uenale pecus Coryphaei posteritas et
Hirpini, si rara iugo uictoria sedit.
nil ibi maiorum respectus, gratia nulla
umbrarum; dominos pretiis mutare iubentur
exiguis, trito ducunt epiraedia collo
segnipedes dignique molam uersare nepotes.
ergo ut miremur te, non tua, priuum aliquid da
quod possim titulis incidere praeter honores
quos illis damus ac dedimus, quibus omnia debes.
haec satis ad iuuenem quem nobis fama superbum
tradit et inflatum plenumque Nerone propinquo;
rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa

fortuna. sed te censeri laude tuorum,
Pontice, noluerim sic ut nihil ipse futurae
laudis agas. miserum est aliorum incumbere famae,
ne conlapsa ruant subductis tecta columnis.
stratus humi palmes uiduas desiderat ulmos.
esto bonus miles, tutor bonus, arbiter idem
integer; ambiguae si quando citabere testis
incertaeque rei, Phalaris licet imperet ut sis
falsus et admoto dictet periuria tauro,
summum crede nefas animam praeferre pudori
et propter uitam uiuendi perdere causas.
dignus morte perit, cenet licet ostrea centum
Gaurana et Cosmi toto mergatur aeno.
expectata diu tandem prouincia cum te
rectorem accipiet, pone irae frena modumque,
pone et auaritiae, miserere inopum sociorum:
ossa uides rerum uacuis exucta medullis.
respice quid moneant leges, quid curia mandet,
praemia quanta bonos maneant, quam fulmine iusto
et Capito et Tutor ruerint damnante senatu,
piratae Cilicum. sed quid damnatio confert?
praeconem, Chaerippe, tuis circumspice pannis,
cum Pansa eripiat quidquid tibi Natta reliquit,
iamque tace; furor est post omnia perdere naulum.
non idem gemitus olim neque uulnus erat par
damnorum sociis florentibus et modo uictis.
plena domus tunc omnis, et ingens stabat aceruos
nummorum, Spartana chlamys, conchylia Coa,
et cum Parrhasii tabulis signisque Myronis
Phidiacum uiuebat ebur, nec non Polycliti
multus ubique labor, rarae sine Mentore mensae.
inde ~Dolabella atque hinc~ Antonius, inde
sacrilegus Verres referebant nauibus altis
occulta spolia et plures de pace triumphos.
nunc sociis iuga pauca boum, grex paruus equarum,
et pater armenti capto eripietur agello,
ipsi deinde Lares, si quod spectabile signum.
[si quis in aedicula deus unicus; haec etenim sunt
pro summis, nam sunt haec maxima. despicias tu]

forsitan inbellis Rhodios unctamque Corinthon
despicias merito: quid resinata iuuentus
cruraque totius facient tibi leuia gentis?
horrida uitanda est Hispania, Gallicus axis
Illyricumque latus; parce et messoribus illis
qui saturant urbem circo scenaeque uacantem;
quanta autem inde feres tam dirae praemia culpae,
cum tenuis nuper Marius discinxerit Afros?
curandum in primis ne magna iniuria fiat
fortibus et miseris. tollas licet omne quod usquam est
auri atque argenti, scutum gladiumque relinques.
[et iaculum et galeam; spoliatis arma supersunt.]
quod modo proposui, non est sententia, uerum est;
credite me uobis folium recitare Sibyllae.
si tibi sancta cohors comitum, si nemo tribunal
uendit acersecomes, si nullum in coniuge crimen
nec per conuentus et cuncta per oppida curuis
unguibus ire parat nummos raptura Celaeno,
tum licet a Pico numeres genus, altaque si te
nomina delectant omnem Titanida pugnam
inter maiores ipsumque Promethea ponas.
[de quocumque uoles proauom tibi sumito libro.]
quod si praecipitem rapit ambitio atque libido,
si frangis uirgas sociorum in sanguine, si te
delectant hebetes lasso lictore secures,
incipit ipsorum contra te stare parentum
nobilitas claramque facem praeferre pudendis.
omne animi uitium tanto conspectius in se
crimen habet, quanto maior qui peccat habetur.
quo mihi te, solitum falsas signare tabellas,
in templis quae fecit auus statuamque parentis
ante triumphalem? quo, si nocturnus adulter
tempora Santonico uelas adoperta cucullo?
praeter maiorum cineres atque ossa uolucri
carpento rapitur pinguis Lateranus, et ipse,
ipse rotam adstringit sufflamine mulio consul,
nocte quidem, sed Luna uidet, sed sidera testes
intendunt oculos. finitum tempus honoris
cum fuerit, clara Lateranus luce flagellum

sumet et occursum numquam trepidabit amici
iam senis ac uirga prior adnuet atque maniplos
soluet et infundet iumentis hordea lassis.
interea, dum lanatas robumque iuuencum
more Numae caedit, Iouis ante altaria iurat
solam Eponam et facies olida ad praesepia pictas.
sed cum peruigiles placet instaurare popinas,
obuius adsiduo Syrophoenix udus amomo
currit, Idymaeae Syrophoenix incola portae
hospitis adfectu dominum regemque salutat,
et cum uenali Cyane succincta lagona.
defensor culpae dicet mihi ‘fecimus et nos
haec iuuenes.’ esto, desisti nempe nec ultra
fouisti errorem. breue sit quod turpiter audes,
quaedam cum prima resecentur crimina barba.
indulge ueniam pueris: Lateranus ad illos
thermarum calices inscriptaque lintea uadit
maturus bello Armeniae Syriaeque tuendis
amnibus et Rheno atque Histro. praestare Neronem
securum ualet haec aetas. mitte Ostia, Caesar,
mitte, sed in magna legatum quaere popina:
inuenies aliquo cum percussore iacentem,
permixtum nautis et furibus ac fugitiuis,
inter carnifices et fabros sandapilarum
et resupinati cessantia tympana galli.
aequa ibi libertas, communia pocula, lectus
non alius cuiquam, nec mensa remotior ulli.
quid facias talem sortitus, Pontice, seruum?
nempe in Lucanos aut Tusca ergastula mittas.
at uos, Troiugenae, uobis ignoscitis et quae
turpia cerdoni Volesos Brutumque decebunt.
quid si numquam adeo foedis adeoque pudendis
utimur exemplis, ut non peiora supersint?
consumptis opibus uocem, Damasippe, locasti
sipario, clamosum ageres ut Phasma Catulli.
Laureolum uelox etiam bene Lentulus egit,
iudice me dignus uera cruce. nec tamen ipsi
ignoscas populo; populi frons durior huius,
qui sedet et spectat triscurria patriciorum,

planipedes audit Fabios, ridere potest qui
Mamercorum alapas. quanti sua funera uendant
quid refert? uendunt nullo cogente Nerone,
nec dubitant celsi praetoris uendere ludis.
finge tamen gladios inde atque hinc pulpita poni,
quid satius? mortem sic quisquam exhorruit, ut sit
zelotypus Thymeles, stupidi collega Corinthi?
res haut mira tamen citharoedo principe mimus
nobilis. haec ultra quid erit nisi ludus? et illic
dedecus urbis habes, nec murmillonis in armis
nec clipeo Gracchum pugnantem aut falce supina;
damnat enim talis habitus [sed damnat et odit,
nec galea faciem abscondit]: mouet ecce tridentem.
postquam uibrata pendentia retia dextra
nequiquam effudit, nudum ad spectacula uoltum
erigit et tota fugit agnoscendus harena.
credamus tunicae, de faucibus aurea cum se
porrigat et longo iactetur spira galero.
ergo ignominiam grauiorem pertulit omni
uolnere cum Graccho iussus pugnare secutor.

libera si dentur populo suffragia, quis tam
perditus ut dubitet Senecam praeferre Neroni?
cuius supplicio non debuit una parari
simia nec serpens unus nec culleus unus.
par Agamemnonidae crimen, sed causa facit rem
dissimilem. quippe ille deis auctoribus ultor
patris erat caesi media inter pocula, sed nec
Electrae iugulo se polluit aut Spartani
sanguine coniugii, nullis aconita propinquis
miscuit, in scena numquam cantauit Orestes,
Troica non scripsit. quid enim Verginius armis
debuit ulcisci magis aut cum Vindice Galba,
quod Nero tam saeua crudaque tyrannide fecit?
haec opera atque hae sunt generosi principis artes,
gaudentis foedo peregrina ad pulpita cantu
prostitui Graiaeque apium meruisse coronae.
maiorum effigies habeant insignia uocis,
ante pedes Domiti longum tu pone Thyestae
syrma uel Antigones seu personam Melanippes,

et de marmoreo citharam suspende colosso.
quid, Catilina, tuis natalibus atque Cethegi
inueniet quisquam sublimius? arma tamen uos
nocturna et flammas domibus templisque paratis,
ut bracatorum pueri Senonumque minores,
ausi quod liceat tunica punire molesta.
sed uigilat consul uexillaque uestra coercet.
hic nouus Arpinas, ignobilis et modo Romae
municipalis eques, galeatum ponit ubique
praesidium attonitis et in omni monte laborat.
tantum igitur muros intra toga contulit illi
nominis ac tituli, quantum ~in~ Leucade, quantum
Thessaliae campis Octauius abstulit udo
caedibus adsiduis gladio; sed Roma parentem,
Roma patrem patriae Ciceronem libera dixit.
Arpinas alius Volscorum in monte solebat
poscere mercedes alieno lassus aratro;
nodosam post haec frangebat uertice uitem,
si lentus pigra muniret castra dolabra.
hic tamen et Cimbros et summa pericula rerum
excipit et solus trepidantem protegit urbem,
atque ideo, postquam ad Cimbros stragemque uolabant
qui numquam attigerant maiora cadauera corui,
nobilis ornatur lauro collega secunda.
plebeiae Deciorum animae, plebeia fuerunt
nomina; pro totis legionibus hi tamen et pro
omnibus auxiliis atque omni pube Latina
sufficiunt dis infernis Terraeque parenti.
[pluris enim Decii quam quae seruantur ab illis.]
ancilla natus trabeam et diadema Quirini
et fascis meruit, regum ultimus ille bonorum.
prodita laxabant portarum claustra tyrannis
exulibus iuuenes ipsius consulis et quos
magnum aliquid dubia pro libertate deceret,
quod miraretur cum Coclite Mucius et quae
imperii finis Tiberinum uirgo natauit.
occulta ad patres produxit crimina seruus
matronis lugendus; at illos uerbera iustis
adficiunt poenis et legum prima securis.

malo pater tibi sit Thersites, dummodo tu sis
Aeacidae similis Volcaniaque arma capessas,
quam te Thersitae similem producat Achilles.
et tamen, ut longe repetas longeque reuoluas
nomen, ab infami gentem deducis asylo;
maiorum primus, quisquis fuit ille, tuorum
aut pastor fuit aut illud quod dicere nolo.

SATVRA IX

Scire uelim quare totiens mihi, Naeuole, tristis
occurras fronte obducta ceu Marsya uictus.
quid tibi cum uultu, qualem deprensus habebat
Rauola dum Rhodopes uda terit inguina barba?
[nos colaphum incutimus lambenti crustula seruo.]
non erit hac facie miserabilior Crepereius
Pollio, qui triplicem usuram praestare paratus
circumit et fatuos non inuenit. unde repente
tot rugae? certe modico contentus agebas
uernam equitem, conuiua ioco mordente facetus
et salibus uehemens intra pomeria natis.
omnia nunc contra, uultus grauis, horrida siccae
silua comae, nullus tota nitor in cute, qualem
Bruttia praestabat calidi tibi fascia uisci,
sed fruticante pilo neglecta et squalida crura.
quid macies aegri ueteris, quem tempore longo
torret quarta dies olimque domestica febris?
deprendas animi tormenta latentis in aegro
corpore, deprendas et gaudia; sumit utrumque
inde habitum facies. igitur flexisse uideris
propositum et uitae contrarius ire priori.
nuper enim, ut repeto, fanum Isidis et Ganymedem
Pacis et aduectae secreta Palatia matris
et Cererem (nam quo non prostat femina templo?)
notior Aufidio moechus celebrare solebas,
quodque taces, ipsos etiam inclinare maritos.
‘utile et hoc multis uitae genus, at mihi nullum
inde operae pretium. pingues aliquando lacernas,
munimenta togae, duri crassique coloris
et male percussas textoris pectine Galli
accipimus, tenue argentum uenaeque secundae.
fata regunt homines, fatum est et partibus illis
quas sinus abscondit. nam si tibi sidera cessant,
nil faciet longi mensura incognita nerui,

quamuis te nudum spumanti Virro labello
uiderit et blandae adsidue densaeque tabellae
sollicitent, *autos gar ephelketai andra kinaidos.*
quod tamen ulterius monstrum quam mollis auarus?
“haec tribui, deinde illa dedi, mox plura tulisti.”
computat et ceuet. ponatur calculus, adsint
cum tabula pueri; numera sestertia quinque
omnibus in rebus, numerentur deinde labores.
an facile et pronum est agere intra uiscera penem
legitimum atque illic hesternae occurrere cenae?
seruus erit minus ille miser qui foderit agrum
quam dominum. sed tu sane tenerum et puerum te
et pulchrum et dignum cyatho caeloque putabas.
uos humili adseculae, uos indulgebitis umquam
cultori, iam nec morbo donare parati?
en cui tu uiridem umbellam, cui sucina mittas
grandia, natalis quotiens redit aut madidum uer
incipit et strata positus longaque cathedra
munera femineis tractat secreta kalendis.
dic, passer, cui tot montis, tot praedia seruas
Apula, tot miluos intra tua pascua lassas?
te Trifolinus ager fecundis uitibus implet
suspectumque iugum Cumis et Gaurus inanis —
nam quis plura linit uicturo dolia musto? —
quantum erat exhausti lumbos donare clientis
iugeribus paucis! meliusne hic rusticus infans
cum matre et casulis et conlusore catello
cymbala pulsantis legatum fiet amici?
“improbus es cum poscis” ait. sed pensio clamat
“posce,” sed appellat puer unicus ut Polyphemi
lata acies per quam sollers euasit Vlixes.
alter emendus erit, namque hic non sufficit, ambo
pascendi. quid agam bruma spirante? quid, oro,
quid dicam scapulis puerorum aquilone Decembri
et pedibus? “durate atque expectate cicadas”?
uerum, ut dissimules, ut mittas cetera, quanto
metiris pretio quod, ni tibi deditus essem
deuotusque cliens, uxor tua uirgo maneret?
scis certe quibus ista modis, quam saepe rogaris

et quae pollicitus. fugientem saepe puellam
amplexu rapui; tabulas quoque ruperat et iam
signabat; tota uix hoc ego nocte redemi
te plorante foris. testis mihi lectulus et tu,
ad quem peruenit lecti sonus et dominae uox.
instabile ac dirimi coeptum et iam paene solutum
coniugium in multis domibus seruauit adulter.
quo te circumagas? quae prima aut ultima ponas?
nullum ergo meritum est, ingrate ac perfide, nullum
quod tibi filiolus uel filia nascitur ex me?
tollis enim et libris actorum spargere gaudes
argumenta uiri. foribus suspende coronas:
iam pater es, dedimus quod famae opponere possis.
iura parentis habes, propter me scriberis heres,
legatum omne capis nec non et dulce caducum.
commoda praeterea iungentur multa caducis,
si numerum, si tres impleuero.' iusta doloris,
Naeuole, causa tui; contra tamen ille quid adfert?
'neglegit atque alium bipedem sibi quaerit asellum.
haec soli commissa tibi celare memento
et tacitus nostras intra te fige querellas;
nam res mortifera est inimicus pumice leuis.
qui modo secretum commiserat, ardet et odit,
tamquam prodiderim quidquid scio. sumere ferrum,
fuste aperire caput, candelam adponere ualuis
non dubitat. nec contemnas aut despicias quod
his opibus numquam cara est annona ueneni.
ergo occulta teges ut curia Martis Athenis.'
o Corydon, Corydon, secretum diuitis ullum
esse putas? serui ut taceant, iumenta loquentur
et canis et postes et marmora. claude fenestras,
uela tegant rimas, iunge ostia, tollite lumen,
e medio fac eant omnes, prope nemo recumbat;
quod tamen ad cantum galli facit ille secundi
proximus ante diem caupo sciet, audiet et quae
finxerunt pariter libarius, archimagiri,
carptores. quod enim dubitant componere crimen
in dominos, quotiens rumoribus ulciscuntur
baltea? nec derit qui te per compita quaerat

nolentem et miseram uinosus inebriet aurem.
illos ergo roges quidquid paulo ante petebas
a nobis, taceant illi. sed prodere malunt
arcanum quam subrepti potare Falerni
pro populo faciens quantum Saufeia bibebat.
uiuendum recte, cum propter plurima, ~tunc est~
idcirco ut possis linguam contemnere serui.
[praecipue causis, ut linguas mancipiorum
contemnas; nam lingua mali pars pessima serui.
deterior tamen hic qui liber non erit illis
quorum animas et farre suo custodit et aere.]
‘utile consilium modo, sed commune, dedisti.
nunc mihi quid suades post damnum temporis et spes
deceptas? festinat enim decurrere uelox
flosculus angustae miseraeque breuissima uitae
portio; dum bibimus, dum serta, unguenta, puellas
poscimus, obrepit non intellecta senectus.’
ne trepida, numquam pathicus tibi derit amicus
stantibus et saluis his collibus; undique ad illos
conuenient et carpentis et nauibus omnes
qui digito scalpunt uno caput. altera maior
spes superest, tu tantum erucis inprime dentem.
[gratus eris, tu tantum erucis inprime dentem.] 134a
‘haec exempla para felicibus; at mea Clotho
et Lachesis gaudent, si pascitur inguine uenter.
o parui nostrique Lares, quos ture minuto
aut farre et tenui soleo exorare corona,
quando ego figam aliquid quo sit mihi tuta senectus
a tegete et baculo? uiginti milia fenus
pigneribus positis, argenti uascula puri,
sed quae Fabricius censor notet, et duo fortes
de grege Moesorum, qui me ceruice locata
securum iubeant clamoso insistere circo;
sit mihi praeterea curuus caelator, et alter
qui multas facies pingit cito; sufficiunt haec.
quando ego pauper ero? uotum miserabile, nec spes
his saltem; nam cum pro me Fortuna uocatur,
adfixit ceras illa de naue petitas
quae Siculos cantus effugit remige surdo.’

SATVRA X

Omnibus in terris, quae sunt a Gadibus usque
Auroram et Gangen, pauci dinoscere possunt
uera bona atque illis multum diuersa, remota
erroris nebula. quid enim ratione timemus
aut cupimus? quid tam dextro pede concipis ut te
conatus non paeniteat uotique peracti?
euertere domos totas optantibus ipsis
di faciles. nocitura toga, nocitura petuntur
militia; torrens dicendi copia multis
et sua mortifera est facundia; uiribus ille
confisus periit admirandisque lacertis;
sed pluris nimia congesta pecunia cura
strangulat et cuncta exuperans patrimonia census
quanto delphinis ballaena Britannica maior.
temporibus diris igitur iussuque Neronis
Longinum et magnos Senecae praediuitis hortos
clausit et egregias Lateranorum obsidet aedes
tota cohors: rarus uenit in cenacula miles.
pauca licet portes argenti uascula puri
nocte iter ingressus, gladium contumque timebis
et mota ad lunam trepidabis harundinis umbra:
cantabit uacuus coram latrone uiator.
prima fere uota et cunctis notissima templis
diuitiae, crescant ut opes, ut maxima toto
nostra sit arca foro. sed nulla aconita bibuntur
fictilibus; tunc illa time cum pocula sumes
gemmata et lato Setinum ardebit in auro.
iamne igitur laudas quod de sapientibus alter
ridebat, quotiens a limine mouerat unum
protuleratque pedem, flebat contrarius auctor?
sed facilis cuiuis rigidi censura cachinni:
mirandum est unde ille oculis suffecerit umor.
perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat
Democritus, quamquam non essent urbibus illis

praetextae, trabeae, fasces, lectica, tribunal.
quid si uidisset praetorem curribus altis
extantem et medii sublimem puluere circi
in tunica Iouis et pictae Sarrana ferentem
ex umeris aulaea togae magnaeque coronae
tantum orbem, quanto ceruix non sufficit ulla?
quippe tenet sudans hanc publicus et, sibi consul
ne placeat, curru seruus portatur eodem.
da nunc et uolucrem, sceptro quae surgit eburno,
illinc cornicines, hinc praecedentia longi
agminis officia et niueos ad frena Quirites,
defossa in loculos quos sportula fecit amicos.
tum quoque materiam risus inuenit ad omnis
occursus hominum, cuius prudentia monstrat
summos posse uiros et magna exempla daturos
ueruecum in patria crassoque sub aere nasci.
ridebat curas nec non et gaudia uolgi,
interdum et lacrimas, cum Fortunae ipse minaci
mandaret laqueum mediumque ostenderet unguem.
    ergo superuacua aut quae perniciosa petuntur?
propter quae fas est genua incerare deorum?
    quosdam praecipitat subiecta potentia magnae
inuidiae, mergit longa atque insignis honorum
pagina. descendunt statuae restemque secuntur,
ipsas deinde rotas bigarum inpacta securis
caedit et inmeritis franguntur crura caballis.
iam strident ignes, iam follibus atque caminis
ardet adoratum populo caput et crepat ingens
Seianus, deinde ex facie toto orbe secunda
fiunt urceoli, pelues, sartago, matellae.
pone domi laurus, duc in Capitolia magnum
cretatumque bouem: Seianus ducitur unco
spectandus, gaudent omnes. ‘quae labra, quis illi
uultus erat! numquam, si quid mihi credis, amaui
hunc hominem. sed quo cecidit sub crimine? quisnam
delator quibus indicibus, quo teste probauit?’
‘nil horum; uerbosa et grandis epistula uenit
a Capreis.’ ‘bene habet, nil plus interrogo.’ sed quid
turba Remi? sequitur fortunam, ut semper, et odit

damnatos. idem populus, si Nortia Tusco
fauisset, si oppressa foret secura senectus
principis, hac ipsa Seianum diceret hora
Augustum. iam pridem, ex quo suffragia nulli
uendimus, effudit curas; nam qui dabat olim
imperium, fasces, legiones, omnia, nunc se
continet atque duas tantum res anxius optat,
panem et circenses. ‘perituros audio multos.’
‘nil dubium, magna est fornacula.’ ‘pallidulus mi
Bruttidius meus ad Martis fuit obuius aram;
quam timeo, uictus ne poenas exigat Aiax
ut male defensus. curramus praecipites et,
dum iacet in ripa, calcemus Caesaris hostem.
sed uideant serui, ne quis neget et pauidum in ius
ceruice obstricta dominum trahat.’ hi sermones
tunc de Seiano, secreta haec murmura uolgi.
uisne salutari sicut Seianus, habere
tantundem atque illi summas donare curules,
illum exercitibus praeponere, tutor haberi
principis angusta Caprearum in rupe sedentis
cum grege Chaldaeo? uis certe pila, cohortis,
egregios equites et castra domestica; quidni
haec cupias? et qui nolunt occidere quemquam
posse uolunt. sed quae praeclara et prospera tanti,
ut rebus laetis par sit mensura malorum?
huius qui trahitur praetextam sumere mauis
an Fidenarum Gabiorumque esse potestas
et de mensura ius dicere, uasa minora
frangere pannosus uacuis aedilis Vlubris?
ergo quid optandum foret ignorasse fateris
Seianum; nam qui nimios optabat honores
et nimias poscebat opes, numerosa parabat
excelsae turris tabulata, unde altior esset
casus et inpulsae praeceps inmane ruinae.
quid Crassos, quid Pompeios euertit et illum,
ad sua qui domitos deduxit flagra Quirites?
summus nempe locus nulla non arte petitus
magnaque numinibus uota exaudita malignis.
ad generum Cereris sine caede ac uulnere pauci

descendunt reges et sicca morte tyranni.
    eloquium ac famam Demosthenis aut Ciceronis
incipit optare et totis quinquatribus optat
quisquis adhuc uno parcam colit asse Mineruam,
quem sequitur custos angustae uernula capsae.
eloquio sed uterque perit orator, utrumque
largus et exundans leto dedit ingenii fons.
ingenio manus est et ceruix caesa, nec umquam
sanguine causidici maduerunt rostra pusilli.
'o fortunatam natam me consule Romam:'
Antoni gladios potuit contemnere si sic
omnia dixisset. ridenda poemata malo
quam te, conspicuae diuina Philippica famae,
uolueris a prima quae proxima. saeuus et illum
exitus eripuit, quem mirabantur Athenae
torrentem et pleni moderantem frena theatri.
dis ille aduersis genitus fatoque sinistro,
quem pater ardentis massae fuligine lippus
a carbone et forcipibus gladiosque paranti
incude et luteo Volcano ad rhetora misit.
    bellorum exuuiae, truncis adfixa tropaeis
lorica et fracta de casside buccula pendens
et curtum temone iugum uictaeque triremis
aplustre et summo tristis captiuos in arcu
humanis maiora bonis creduntur. ad hoc se
Romanus Graiusque et barbarus induperator
erexit, causas discriminis atque laboris
inde habuit: tanto maior famae sitis est quam
uirtutis. quis enim uirtutem amplectitur ipsam,
praemia si tollas? patriam tamen obruit olim
gloria paucorum et laudis titulique cupido
haesuri saxis cinerum custodibus, ad quae
discutienda ualent sterilis mala robora fici,
quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulcris.
expende Hannibalem: quot libras in duce summo
inuenies? hic est quem non capit Africa Mauro
percussa oceano Niloque admota tepenti
rursus ad Aethiopum populos aliosque elephantos.
additur imperiis Hispania, Pyrenaeum

transilit. opposuit natura Alpemque niuemque:
diducit scopulos et montem rumpit aceto.
iam tenet Italiam, tamen ultra pergere tendit.
'acti' inquit 'nihil est, nisi Poeno milite portas
frangimus et media uexillum pono Subura.'
o qualis facies et quali digna tabella,
cum Gaetula ducem portaret belua luscum!
exitus ergo quis est? o gloria! uincitur idem
nempe et in exilium praeceps fugit atque ibi magnus
mirandusque cliens sedet ad praetoria regis,
donec Bithyno libeat uigilare tyranno.
finem animae, quae res humanas miscuit olim,
non gladii, non saxa dabunt nec tela, sed ille
Cannarum uindex et tanti sanguinis ultor
anulus. i, demens, et saeuas curre per Alpes
ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias.
unus Pellaeo iuueni non sufficit orbis,
aestuat infelix angusto limite mundi
ut Gyarae clausus scopulis paruaque Seripho;
cum tamen a figulis munitam intrauerit urbem,
sarcophago contentus erit. mors sola fatetur
quantula sint hominum corpuscula. creditur olim
uelificatus Athos et quidquid Graecia mendax
audet in historia, constratum classibus isdem
suppositumque rotis solidum mare; credimus altos
defecisse amnes epotaque flumina Medo
prandente et madidis cantat quae Sostratus alis.
ille tamen qualis rediit Salamine relicta,
in Corum atque Eurum solitus saeuire flagellis
barbarus Aeolio numquam hoc in carcere passos,
ipsum conpedibus qui uinxerat Ennosigaeum
(mitius id sane, quod non et stigmate dignum
credidit. huic quisquam uellet seruire deorum?) —
sed qualis rediit? nempe una naue, cruentis
fluctibus ac tarda per densa cadauera prora.
has totiens optata exegit gloria poenas.
'da spatium uitae, multos da, Iuppiter, annos.'
hoc recto uoltu, solum hoc et pallidus optas.
sed quam continuis et quantis longa senectus

plena malis! deformem et taetrum ante omnia uultum
dissimilemque sui, deformem pro cute pellem
pendentisque genas et talis aspice rugas
quales, umbriferos ubi pandit Thabraca saltus,
in uetula scalpit iam mater simia bucca.
plurima sunt iuuenum discrimina, pulchrior ille
hoc atque +ille+ alio, multum hic robustior illo:
una senum facies, cum uoce trementia membra
et iam leue caput madidique infantia nasi;
frangendus misero gingiua panis inermi.
usque adeo grauis uxori natisque sibique,
ut captatori moueat fastidia Cosso.
non eadem uini atque cibi torpente palato
gaudia; nam coitus iam longa obliuio, uel si
coneris, iacet exiguus cum ramice neruus
et, quamuis tota palpetur nocte, iacebit.
anne aliquid sperare potest haec inguinis aegri
canities? quid quod merito suspecta libido est
quae uenerem adfectat sine uiribus? aspice partis
nunc damnum alterius. nam quae cantante uoluptas,
sit licet eximius, citharoedo siue Seleuco
et quibus aurata mos est fulgere lacerna?
quid refert, magni sedeat qua parte theatri
qui uix cornicines exaudiet atque tubarum
concentus? clamore opus est ut sentiat auris
quem dicat uenisse puer, quot nuntiet horas.
praeterea minimus gelido iam in corpore sanguis
febre calet sola, circumsilit agmine facto
morborum omne genus, quorum si nomina quaeras,
promptius expediam quot amauerit Oppia moechos,
quot Themison aegros autumno occiderit uno,
quot Basilus socios, quot circumscripserit Hirrus
pupillos, quot longa uiros exorbeat uno
Maura die, quot discipulos inclinet Hamillus;
percurram citius quot uillas possideat nunc
quo tondente grauis iuueni mihi barba sonabat.
ille umero, hic lumbis, hic coxa debilis; ambos
perdidit ille oculos et luscis inuidet; huius
pallida labra cibum accipiunt digitis alienis,

ipse ad conspectum cenae diducere rictum
suetus hiat tantum ceu pullus hirundinis, ad quem
ore uolat pleno mater ieiuna. sed omni
membrorum damno maior dementia, quae nec
nomina seruorum nec uoltum agnoscit amici
cum quo praeterita cenauit nocte, nec illos
quos genuit, quos eduxit. nam codice saeuo
heredes uetat esse suos, bona tota feruntur
ad Phialen; tantum artificis ualet halitus oris,
quod steterat multis in carcere fornicis annis.
ut uigeant sensus animi, ducenda tamen sunt
funera natorum, rogus aspiciendus amatae
coniugis et fratris plenaeque sororibus urnae.
haec data poena diu uiuentibus, ut renouata
semper clade domus multis in luctibus inque
perpetuo maerore et nigra ueste senescant.
rex Pylius, magno si quicquam credis Homero,
exemplum uitae fuit a cornice secundae.
felix nimirum, qui tot per saecula mortem
distulit atque suos iam dextra conputat annos,
quique nouum totiens mustum bibit. oro parumper
attendas quantum de legibus ipse queratur
fatorum et nimio de stamine, cum uidet acris
Antilochi barbam ardentem, cum quaerit ab omni,
quisquis adest, socio cur haec in tempora duret,
quod facinus dignum tam longo admiserit aeuo.
haec eadem Peleus, raptum cum luget Achillem,
atque alius, cui fas Ithacum lugere natantem.
incolumi Troia Priamus uenisset ad umbras
Assaraci magnis sollemnibus Hectore funus
portante ac reliquis fratrum ceruicibus inter
Iliadum lacrimas, ut primos edere planctus
Cassandra inciperet scissaque Polyxena palla,
si foret extinctus diuerso tempore, quo non
coeperat audaces Paris aedificare carinas.
longa dies igitur quid contulit? omnia uidit
euersa et flammis Asiam ferroque cadentem.
tunc miles tremulus posita tulit arma tiara
et ruit ante aram summi Iouis ut uetulus bos,

qui domini cultris tenue et miserabile collum
praebet ab ingrato iam fastiditus aratro.
exitus ille utcumque hominis, sed torua canino
latrauit rictu quae post hunc uixerat uxor.
festino ad nostros et regem transeo Ponti
et Croesum, quem uox iusti facunda Solonis
respicere ad longae iussit spatia ultima uitae.
exilium et carcer Minturnarumque paludes
et mendicatus uicta Carthagine panis
hinc causas habuere; quid illo ciue tulisset
natura in terris, quid Roma beatius umquam,
si circumducto captiuorum agmine et omni
bellorum pompa animam exhalasset opimam,
cum de Teutonico uellet descendere curru?
prouida Pompeio dederat Campania febres
optandas, sed multae urbes et publica uota
uicerunt; igitur Fortuna ipsius et urbis
seruatum uicto caput abstulit. hoc cruciatu
Lentulus, hac poena caruit ceciditque Cethegus
integer et iacuit Catilina cadauere toto.

formam optat modico pueris, maiore puellis
murmure, cum Veneris fanum uidet, anxia mater
usque ad delicias uotorum. ‘cur tamen’ inquit
‘corripias? pulchra gaudet Latona Diana.’
sed uetat optari faciem Lucretia qualem
ipsa habuit, cuperet Rutilae Verginia gibbum
accipere +atque suum+ Rutilae dare. filius autem
corporis egregii miseros trepidosque parentes
semper habet: rara est adeo concordia formae
atque pudicitiae. sanctos licet horrida mores
tradiderit domus ac ueteres imitata Sabinos,
praeterea castum ingenium uoltumque modesto
sanguine feruentem tribuat natura benigna
larga manu (quid enim puero conferre potest plus
custode et cura natura potentior omni?),
non licet esse uiro; nam prodiga corruptoris
improbitas ipsos audet temptare parentes:
tanta in muneribus fiducia. nullus ephebum
deformem saeua castrauit in arce tyrannus,

nec praetextatum rapuit Nero loripedem nec
strumosum atque utero pariter gibboque tumentem.
i nunc et iuuenis specie laetare tui, quem
maiora expectant discrimina. fiet adulter
publicus et poenas metuet quascumque mariti
+irati+ debet, nec erit felicior astro
Martis, ut in laqueos numquam incidat. exigit autem
interdum ille dolor plus quam lex ulla dolori
concessit: necat hic ferro, secat ille cruentis
uerberibus, quosdam moechos et mugilis intrat.
sed tuus Endymion dilectae fiet adulter
matronae. mox cum dederit Seruilia nummos
fiet et illius quam non amat, exuet omnem
corporis ornatum; quid enim ulla negauerit udis
inguinibus, siue est haec Oppia siue Catulla?
deterior totos habet illic femina mores.
‘sed casto quid forma nocet?’ quid profuit immo
Hippolyto graue propositum, quid Bellerophonti?
erubuit +nempe haec+ ceu fastidita repulso
nec Stheneboea minus quam Cressa excanduit, et se
concussere ambae. mulier saeuissima tunc est
cum stimulos odio pudor admouet. elige quidnam
suadendum esse putes cui nubere Caesaris uxor
destinat. optimus hic et formonsissimus idem
gentis patriciae rapitur miser extinguendus
Messalinae oculis; dudum sedet illa parato
flammeolo Tyriusque palam genialis in hortis
sternitur et ritu decies centena dabuntur
antiquo, ueniet cum signatoribus auspex.
haec tu secreta et paucis commissa putabas?
non nisi legitime uolt nubere. quid placeat dic.
ni parere uelis, pereundum erit ante lucernas;
si scelus admittas, dabitur mora paruula, dum res
nota urbi et populo contingat principis aurem.
dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus. interea tu
obsequere imperio, si tanti uita dierum
paucorum. quidquid leuius meliusque putaris,
praebenda est gladio pulchra haec et candida ceruix.
    nil ergo optabunt homines? si consilium uis,

permittes ipsis expendere numinibus quid
conueniat nobis rebusque sit utile nostris;
nam pro iucundis aptissima quaeque dabunt di.
carior est illis homo quam sibi. nos animorum
inpulsu et caeca magnaque cupidine ducti
coniugium petimus partumque uxoris, at illis
notum qui pueri qualisque futura sit uxor.
ut tamen et poscas aliquid uoueasque sacellis
exta et candiduli diuina tomacula porci,
orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.
fortem posce animum mortis terrore carentem,
qui spatium uitae extremum inter munera ponat
naturae, qui ferre queat quoscumque labores,
nesciat irasci, cupiat nihil et potiores
Herculis aerumnas credat saeuosque labores
et uenere et cenis et pluma Sardanapalli.
monstro quod ipse tibi possis dare; semita certe
tranquillae per uirtutem patet unica uitae.
nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia: nos te,
nos facimus, Fortuna, deam caeloque locamus.

SATVRA XI

Atticus eximie si cenat, lautus habetur,
si Rutilus, demens. quid enim maiore cachinno
excipitur uolgi quam pauper Apicius? omnis
conuictus, thermae, stationes, omne theatrum
de Rutilo. nam dum ualida ac iuuenalia membra
sufficiunt galeae dumque ardent sanguine, fertur
non cogente quidem sed nec prohibente tribuno
scripturus leges et regia uerba lanistae.
multos porro uides, quos saepe elusus ad ipsum
creditor introitum solet expectare macelli,
et quibus in solo uiuendi causa palato est.
egregius cenat meliusque miserrimus horum
et cito casurus iam perlucente ruina.
interea gustus elementa per omnia quaerunt
numquam animo pretiis obstantibus; interius si
attendas, magis illa iuuant quae pluris ementur.
ergo haut difficile est perituram arcessere summam
lancibus oppositis uel matris imagine fracta,
et quadringentis nummis condire gulosum
fictile; sic ueniunt ad miscellanea ludi.
refert ergo quis haec eadem paret; in Rutilo nam
luxuria est, in Ventidio laudabile nomen
sumit et a censu famam trahit. illum ego iure
despiciam, qui scit quanto sublimior Atlas
omnibus in Libya sit montibus, hic tamen idem
ignorat quantum ferrata distet ab arca
sacculus. e caelo descendit gnýyi seautýn
figendum et memori tractandum pectore, siue
coniugium quaeras uel sacri in parte senatus
esse uelis; neque enim loricam poscit Achillis
Thersites, in qua se traducebat Vlixes;
ancipitem seu tu magno discrimine causam
protegere adfectas, te consule, dic tibi qui sis,
orator uehemens an Curtius et Matho buccae.

noscenda est mensura sui spectandaque rebus
in summis minimisque, etiam cum piscis emetur,
ne mullum cupias, cum sit tibi gobio tantum
in loculis. quis enim te deficiente crumina
et crescente gula manet exitus, aere paterno
ac rebus mersis in uentrem fenoris atque
argenti grauis et pecorum agrorumque capacem?
talibus a dominis post cuncta nouissimus exit
anulus, et digito mendicat Pollio nudo.
non praematuri cineres nec funus acerbum
luxuriae sed morte magis metuenda senectus.
hi plerumque gradus: conducta pecunia Romae
et coram dominis consumitur; inde, ubi paulum
nescio quid superest et pallet fenoris auctor,
qui uertere solum, Baias et ad ostrea currunt.
cedere namque foro iam non est deterius quam
Esquilias a feruenti migrare Subura.
ille dolor solus patriam fugientibus, illa
maestitia est, caruisse anno circensibus uno.
sanguinis in facie non haeret gutta, morantur
pauci ridiculum et fugientem ex urbe pudorem.
    experiere hodie numquid pulcherrima dictu,
Persice, non praestem uita et moribus et re,
si laudem siliquas occultus ganeo, pultes
coram aliis dictem puero sed in aure placentas.
nam cum sis conuiua mihi promissus, habebis
Euandrum, uenies Tirynthius aut minor illo
hospes, et ipse tamen contingens sanguine caelum,
alter aquis, alter flammis ad sidera missus.
fercula nunc audi nullis ornata macellis.
de Tiburtino ueniet pinguissimus agro
haedulus et toto grege mollior, inscius herbae
necdum ausus uirgas humilis mordere salicti,
qui plus lactis habet quam sanguinis, et montani
asparagi, posito quos legit uilica fuso.
grandia praeterea tortoque calentia feno
oua adsunt ipsis cum matribus, et seruatae
parte anni quales fuerant in uitibus uuae,
Signinum Syriumque pirum, de corbibus isdem

aemula Picenis et odoris mala recentis
nec metuenda tibi, siccatum frigore postquam
autumnum et crudi posuere pericula suci.
haec olim nostri iam luxuriosa senatus
cena fuit. Curius paruo quae legerat horto
ipse focis breuibus ponebat holuscula, quae nunc
squalidus in magna fastidit conpede fossor,
qui meminit calidae sapiat quid uolua popinae.
sicci terga suis rara pendentia crate
moris erat quondam festis seruare diebus
et natalicium cognatis ponere lardum
accedente noua, si quam dabat hostia, carne.
cognatorum aliquis titulo ter consulis atque
castrorum imperiis et dictatoris honore
functus ad has epulas solito maturius ibat
erectum domito referens a monte ligonem.
cum tremerent autem Fabios durumque Catonem
et Scauros et Fabricium, rigidique seueros
censoris mores etiam collega timeret,
nemo inter curas et seria duxit habendum
qualis in Oceani fluctu testudo nataret,
clarum Troiugenis factura et nobile fulcrum;
sed nudo latere et paruis frons aerea lectis
uile coronati caput ostendebat aselli,
ad quod lasciui ludebant ruris alumni.
[tales ergo cibi qualis domus atque supellex.]
tunc rudis et Graias mirari nescius artes
urbibus euersis praedarum in parte reperta
magnorum artificum frangebat pocula miles,
ut phaleris gauderet ecus caelataque cassis
Romuleae simulacra ferae mansuescere iussae
imperii fato, geminos sub rupe Quirinos
ac nudam effigiem in clipeo uenientis et hasta
pendentisque dei perituro ostenderet hosti.
ponebant igitur Tusco farrata catino:
argenti quod erat solis fulgebat in armis.
omnia tunc quibus inuideas, si liuidulus sis.
templorum quoque maiestas praesentior, et uox
nocte fere media mediamque audita per urbem

litore ab Oceani Gallis uenientibus et dis
officium uatis peragentibus. his monuit nos,
hanc rebus Latiis curam praestare solebat
fictilis et nullo uiolatus Iuppiter auro.
illa domi natas nostraque ex arbore mensas
tempora uiderunt; hos lignum stabat ad usus,
annosam si forte nucem deiecerat eurus.
at nunc diuitibus cenandi nulla uoluptas,
nil rhombus, nil damma sapit, putere uidentur
unguenta atque rosae, latos nisi sustinet orbis
grande ebur et magno sublimis pardus hiatu
dentibus ex illis quos mittit porta Syenes
et Mauri celeres et Mauro obscurior Indus,
et quos deposuit Nabataeo belua saltu
iam nimios capitique graues. hinc surgit orexis,
hinc stomacho uires; nam pes argenteus illis,
anulus in digito quod ferreus. ergo superbum
conuiuam caueo, qui me sibi comparat et res
despicit exiguas. adeo nulla uncia nobis
est eboris, nec tessellae nec calculus ex hac
materia, quin ipsa manubria cultellorum
ossea. non tamen his ulla umquam obsonia fiunt
rancidula aut ideo peior gallina secatur.
sed nec structor erit cui cedere debeat omnis
pergula, discipulus Trypheri doctoris, apud quem
sumine cum magno lepus atque aper et pygargus
et Scythicae uolucres et phoenicopterus ingens
et Gaetulus oryx hebeti lautissima ferro
caeditur et tota sonat ulmea cena Subura.
nec frustum capreae subducere nec latus Afrae
nouit auis noster, tirunculus ac rudis omni
tempore et exiguae furtis inbutus ofellae.
plebeios calices et paucis assibus emptos
porriget incultus puer atque a frigore tutus,
non Phryx aut Lycius [non a mangone petitus
quisquam erit et magno]: cum posces, posce Latine.
idem habitus cunctis, tonsi rectique capilli
atque hodie tantum propter conuiuia pexi.
pastoris duri hic filius, ille bubulci.

suspirat longo non uisam tempore matrem
et casulam et notos tristis desiderat haedos
ingenui uoltus puer ingenuique pudoris,
qualis esse decet quos ardens purpura uestit,
nec pupillares defert in balnea raucus
testiculos, nec uellendas iam praebuit alas,
crassa nec opposito pauidus tegit inguina guto.
hic tibi uina dabit diffusa in montibus illis
a quibus ipse uenit, quorum sub uertice lusit.
[namque una atque eadem est uini patria atque ministri.]
forsitan expectes ut Gaditana canoro
incipiant prurire choro plausuque probatae
ad terram tremulo descendant clune puellae,
[spectant hoc nuptae iuxta recubante marito
quod pudeat narrare aliquem praesentibus ipsis.]
inritamentum ueneris languentis et acres
diuitis urticae [maior tamen ista uoluptas
alterius sexus]; magis ille extenditur, et mox
auribus atque oculis concepta urina mouetur.
non capit has nugas humilis domus. audiat ille
testarum crepitus cum uerbis, nudum olido stans
fornice mancipium quibus abstinet, ille fruatur
uocibus obscenis omnique libidinis arte,
qui Lacedaemonium pytismate lubricat orbem;
namque ibi fortunae ueniam damus. alea turpis,
turpe et adulterium mediocribus: haec eadem illi
omnia cum faciunt, hilares nitidique uocantur.
nostra dabunt alios hodie conuiuia ludos:
conditor Iliados cantabitur atque Maronis
altisoni dubiam facientia carmina palmam.
quid refert, tales uersus qua uoce legantur?
    sed nunc dilatis auerte negotia curis
et gratam requiem dona tibi, quando licebit
per totum cessare diem. non fenoris ulla
mentio nec, prima si luce egressa reuerti
nocte solet, tacito bilem tibi contrahat uxor
umida suspectis referens multicia rugis
uexatasque comas et uoltum auremque calentem.
protinus ante meum quidquid dolet exue limen,

pone domum et seruos et quidquid frangitur illis
aut perit, ingratos ante omnia pone sodalis.
interea Megalesiacae spectacula mappae
Idaeum sollemne colunt, similisque triumpho
praeda caballorum praetor sedet ac, mihi pace
inmensae nimiaeque licet si dicere plebis,
totam hodie Romam circus capit, et fragor aurem
percutit, euentum uiridis quo colligo panni.
nam si deficeret, maestam attonitamque uideres
hanc urbem ueluti Cannarum in puluere uictis
consulibus. spectent iuuenes, quos clamor et audax
sponsio, quos cultae decet adsedisse puellae:
nostra bibat uernum contracta cuticula solem
effugiatque togam. iam nunc in balnea salua
fronte licet uadas, quamquam solida hora supersit
ad sextam. facere hoc non possis quinque diebus
continuis, quia sunt talis quoque taedia uitae
magna: uoluptates commendat rarior usus.

SATVRA XII

Natali, Coruine, die mihi dulcior haec lux,
qua festus promissa deis animalia caespes
expectat. niueam reginae ducimus agnam,
par uellus dabitur pugnanti Gorgone Maura;
sed procul extensum petulans quatit hostia funem
Tarpeio seruata Ioui frontemque coruscat,
quippe ferox uitulus templis maturus et arae
spargendusque mero, quem iam pudet ubera matris
ducere, qui uexat nascenti robora cornu.
si res ampla domi similisque adfectibus esset,
pinguior Hispulla traheretur taurus et ipsa
mole piger, nec finitima nutritus in herba,
laeta sed ostendens Clitumni pascua sanguis
et grandi ceruix iret ferienda ministro
ob reditum trepidantis adhuc horrendaque passi
nuper et incolumem sese mirantis amici.
nam praeter pelagi casus et fulminis ictus
euasit. densae caelum abscondere tenebrae
nube una subitusque antemnas inpulit ignis,
cum se quisque illo percussum crederet et mox
attonitus nullum conferri posse putaret
naufragium uelis ardentibus. omnia fiunt
talia, tam grauiter, si quando poetica surgit
tempestas. genus ecce aliud discriminis audi
et miserere iterum, quamquam sint cetera sortis
eiusdem pars dira quidem sed cognita multis
et quam uotiua testantur fana tabella
plurima: pictores quis nescit ab Iside pasci?
accidit et nostro similis fortuna Catullo.
cum plenus fluctu medius foret alueus et iam
alternum puppis latus euertentibus undis
arboris incertae, nullam prudentia cani
rectoris cum ferret opem, decidere iactu
coepit cum uentis, imitatus castora, qui se

eunuchum ipse facit cupiens euadere damno
testiculi: adeo medicatum intellegit inguen.
‘fundite quae mea sunt’ dicebat ‘cuncta’ Catullus
praecipitare uolens etiam pulcherrima, uestem
purpuream teneris quoque Maecenatibus aptam,
atque alias quarum generosi graminis ipsum
infecit natura pecus, sed et egregius fons
uiribus occultis et Baeticus adiuuat aer.
ille nec argentum dubitabat mittere, lances
Parthenio factas, urnae cratera capacem
et dignum sitiente Pholo uel coniuge Fusci;
adde et bascaudas et mille escaria, multum
caelati, biberat quo callidus emptor Olynthi.
sed quis nunc alius, qua mundi parte quis audet
argento praeferre caput rebusque salutem?
[non propter uitam faciunt patrimonia quidam,
sed uitio caeci propter patrimonia uiuunt.]
iactatur rerum utilium pars maxima, sed nec
damna leuant. tunc aduersis urguentibus illuc
reccidit ut malum ferro summitteret, ac se
explicat angustum: discriminis ultima, quando
praesidia adferimus nauem factura minorem.
i nunc et uentis animam committe dolato
confisus ligno, digitis a morte remotus
quattuor aut septem, si sit latissima, taedae;
mox cum reticulis et pane et uentre lagonae
accipe sumendas in tempestate secures.
sed postquam iacuit planum mare, tempora postquam
prospera uectoris fatumque ualentius euro
et pelago, postquam Parcae meliora benigna
pensa manu ducunt hilares et staminis albi
lanificae, modica nec multum fortior aura
uentus adest, inopi miserabilis arte cucurrit
uestibus extentis et, quod superauerat unum,
uelo prora suo. iam deficientibus austris
spes uitae cum sole redit. tum gratus Iulo
atque nouercali sedes praelata Lauino
conspicitur sublimis apex, cui candida nomen
scrofa dedit, laetis Phrygibus mirabile sumen

et numquam uisis triginta clara mamillis.
tandem intrat positas inclusa per aequora moles
Tyrrhenamque pharon porrectaque bracchia rursum
quae pelago occurrunt medio longeque relincunt
Italiam; non sic igitur mirabere portus
quos natura dedit. sed trunca puppe magister
interiora petit Baianae peruia cumbae
tuti stagna sinus, gaudent ubi uertice raso
garrula securi narrare pericula nautae.
ite igitur, pueri, linguis animisque fauentes
sertaque delubris et farra inponite cultris
ac mollis ornate focos glebamque uirentem.
iam sequar et sacro, quod praestat, rite peracto
inde domum repetam, graciles ubi parua coronas
accipiunt fragili simulacra nitentia cera.
hic nostrum placabo Iouem Laribusque paternis
tura dabo atque omnis uiolae iactabo colores.
cuncta nitent, longos erexit ianua ramos
et matutinis operatur festa lucernis.
neu suspecta tibi sint haec, Coruine, Catullus,
pro cuius reditu tot pono altaria, paruos
tres habet heredes. libet expectare quis aegram
et claudentem oculos gallinam inpendat amico
tam sterili; uerum haec nimia est inpensa, coturnix
nulla umquam pro patre cadet. sentire calorem
si coepit locuples Gallitta et Pacius orbi,
legitime fixis uestitur tota libellis
porticus, existunt qui promittant hecatomben,
quatenus hic non sunt nec uenales elephanti,
nec Latio aut usquam sub nostro sidere talis
belua concipitur, sed furua gente petita
arboribus Rutulis et Turni pascitur agro,
Caesaris armentum nulli seruire paratum
priuato, siquidem Tyrio parere solebant
Hannibali et nostris ducibus regique Molosso
horum maiores ac dorso ferre cohortis,
partem aliquam belli, et euntem in proelia turrem.
nulla igitur mora per Nouium, mora nulla per Histrum
Pacuuium, quin illud ebur ducatur ad aras

et cadat ante Lares Gallittae uictima sola
tantis digna deis et captatoribus horum.
alter enim, si concedas, mactare uouebit
de grege seruorum magna et pulcherrima quaeque
corpora, uel pueris et frontibus ancillarum
inponet uittas et, si qua est nubilis illi
Iphigenia domi, dabit hanc altaribus, etsi
non sperat tragicae furtiua piacula ceruae.
laudo meum ciuem, nec comparo testamento
mille rates; nam si Libitinam euaserit aeger,
delebit tabulas inclusus carcere nassae
post meritum sane mirandum atque omnia soli
forsan Pacuuio breuiter dabit, ille superbus
incedet uictis riualibus. ergo uides quam
grande operae pretium faciat iugulata Mycenis.
uiuat Pacuuius quaeso uel Nestora totum,
possideat quantum rapuit Nero, montibus aurum
exaequet, nec amet quemquam nec ametur ab ullo.

SATVRA XIII

Exemplo quodcumque malo committitur, ipsi
displicet auctori. prima est haec ultio, quod se
iudice nemo nocens absoluitur, improba quamuis
gratia fallaci praetoris uicerit urna.
quid sentire putas homines, Caluine, recenti
de scelere et fidei uiolatae crimine? sed nec
tam tenuis census tibi contigit, ut mediocris
iacturae te mergat onus, nec rara uidemus
quae pateris: casus multis hic cognitus ac iam
tritus et e medio fortunae ductus aceruo.
ponamus nimios gemitus. flagrantior aequo
non debet dolor esse uiri nec uolnere maior.
tu quamuis leuium minimam exiguamque malorum
particulam uix ferre potes spumantibus ardens
uisceribus, sacrum tibi quod non reddat amicus
depositum? stupet haec qui iam post terga reliquit
sexaginta annos Fonteio consule natus?
an nihil in melius tot rerum proficis usu?
magna quidem, sacris quae dat praecepta libellis,
uictrix fortunae sapientia, ducimus autem
hos quoque felices, qui ferre incommoda uitae
nec iactare iugum uita didicere magistra.
quae tam festa dies, ut cesset prodere furem,
perfidiam, fraudes atque omni ex crimine lucrum
quaesitum et partos gladio uel pyxide nummos?
rari quippe boni, numera, uix sunt totidem quot
Thebarum portae uel diuitis ostia Nili.
nona aetas agitur peioraque saecula ferri
temporibus, quorum sceleri non inuenit ipsa
nomen et a nullo posuit natura metallo.
nos hominum diuomque fidem clamore ciemus
quanto Faesidium laudat uocalis agentem
sportula? dic, senior bulla dignissime, nescis
quas habeat ueneres aliena pecunia? nescis

quem tua simplicitas risum uulgo moueat, cum
exigis a quoquam ne peieret et putet ullis
esse aliquod numen templis araeque rubenti?
quondam hoc indigenae uiuebant more, priusquam
sumeret agrestem posito diademate falcem
Saturnus fugiens, tunc cum uirguncula Iuno
et priuatus adhuc Idaeis Iuppiter antris;
nulla super nubes conuiuia caelicolarum
nec puer Iliacus formonsa nec Herculis uxor
ad cyathos et iam siccato nectare tergens
bracchia Volcanus Liparaea nigra taberna;
prandebat sibi quisque deus nec turba deorum
talis ut est hodie, contentaque sidera paucis
numinibus miserum urguebant Atlanta minori
pondere; nondum imi sortitus triste profundi
imperium Sicula toruos cum coniuge Pluton,
nec rota nec Furiae nec saxum aut uolturis atri
poena, sed infernis hilares sine regibus umbrae.
inprobitas illo fuit admirabilis aeuo,
credebant quo grande nefas et morte piandum
si iuuenis uetulo non adsurrexerat et si
barbato cuicumque puer, licet ipse uideret
plura domi fraga et maiores glandis aceruos;
tam uenerabile erat praecedere quattuor annis
primaque par adeo sacrae lanugo senectae.
nunc si depositum non infitietur amicus,
si reddat ueterem cum tota aerugine follem,
prodigiosa fides et Tuscis digna libellis
quaeque coronata lustrari debeat agna.
egregium sanctumque uirum si cerno, bimembri
hoc monstrum puero et miranti sub aratro
piscibus inuentis et fetae comparo mulae,
sollicitus, tamquam lapides effuderit imber
examenque apium longa consederit uua
culmine delubri, tamquam in mare fluxerit amnis
gurgitibus miris et lactis uertice torrens.
intercepta decem quereris sestertia fraude
sacrilega. quid si bis centum perdidit alter
hoc arcana modo, maiorem tertius illa

summam, quam patulae uix ceperat angulus arcae?
tam facile et pronum est superos contemnere testes,
si mortalis idem nemo sciat. aspice quanta
uoce neget, quae sit ficti constantia uoltus.
per Solis radios Tarpeiaque fulmina iurat
et Martis frameam et Cirrhaei spicula uatis,
per calamos uenatricis pharetramque puellae
perque tuum, pater Aegaei Neptune, tridentem,
addit et Herculeos arcus hastamque Mineruae,
quidquid habent telorum armamentaria caeli.
si uero et pater est, ‘comedam’ inquit ‘flebile nati
sinciput elixi Pharioque madentis aceto.’
    sunt in fortunae qui casibus omnia ponant
et nullo credant mundum rectore moueri
natura uoluente uices et lucis et anni,
atque ideo intrepidi quaecumque altaria tangunt.
[est alius metuens ne crimen poena sequatur.]
hic putat esse deos et peierat, atque ita secum:
‘decernat quodcumque uolet de corpore nostro
Isis et irato feriat mea lumina sistro,
dummodo uel caecus teneam quos abnego nummos.
et pthisis et uomicae putres et dimidium crus
sunt tanti. pauper locupletem optare podagram
nec dubitet Ladas, si non eget Anticyra nec
Archigene; quid enim uelocis gloria plantae
praestat et esuriens Pisaeae ramus oliuae?
ut sit magna, tamen certe lenta ira deorum est;
si curant igitur cunctos punire nocentes,
quando ad me uenient? sed et exorabile numen
fortasse experiar; solet his ignoscere. multi
committunt eadem diuerso crimina fato:
ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema.’
sic animum dirae trepidum formidine culpae
confirmat, tunc te sacra ad delubra uocantem
praecedit, trahere immo ultro ac uexare paratus.
nam cum magna malae superest audacia causae,
creditur a multis fiducia. mimum agit ille,
urbani qualem fugitiuus scurra Catulli:
tu miser exclamas, ut Stentora uincere possis,

uel potius quantum Gradiuus Homericus, ‘audis,
Iuppiter, haec nec labra moues, cum mittere uocem
debueris uel marmoreus uel aeneus? aut cur
in carbone tuo charta pia tura soluta
ponimus et sectum uituli iecur albaque porci
omenta? ut uideo, nullum discrimen habendum est
effigies inter uestras statuamque Vagelli.’
accipe quae contra ualeat solacia ferre
et qui nec Cynicos nec Stoica dogmata legit
a Cynicis tunica distantia, non Epicurum
suspicit exigui laetum plantaribus horti.
curentur dubii medicis maioribus aegri:
tu uenam uel discipulo committe Philippi.
si nullum in terris tam detestabile factum
ostendis, taceo, nec pugnis caedere pectus
te ueto nec plana faciem contundere palma,
quandoquidem accepto claudenda est ianua damno,
et maiore domus gemitu, maiore tumultu
planguntur nummi quam funera; nemo dolorem
fingit in hoc casu, uestem diducere summam
contentus, uexare oculos umore coacto:
ploratur lacrimis amissa pecunia ueris.
sed si cuncta uides simili fora plena querella,
si deciens lectis diuersa parte tabellis
uana superuacui dicunt chirographa ligni,
arguit ipsorum quos littera gemmaque princeps
sardonychum, loculis quae custoditur eburnis,
ten, o delicias, extra communia censes
ponendum, quia tu gallinae filius albae,
nos uiles pulli nati infelicibus ouis?
rem pateris modicam et mediocri bile ferendam,
si flectas oculos maiora ad crimina. confer
conductum latronem, incendia sulpure coepta
atque dolo, primos cum ianua colligit ignes;
confer et hos, ueteris qui tollunt grandia templi
pocula adorandae robiginis et populorum
dona uel antiquo positas a rege coronas;
haec ibi si non sunt, minor exstat sacrilegus qui
radat inaurati femur Herculis et faciem ipsam

Neptuni, qui bratteolam de Castore ducat;
[an dubitet solitus totum conflare Tonantem?]
confer et artifices mercatoremque ueneni
et deducendum corio bouis in mare, cum quo
clauditur aduersis innoxia simia fatis.
haec quota pars scelerum, quae custos Gallicus urbis
usque a lucifero donec lux occidat audit?
humani generis mores tibi nosse uolenti
sufficit una domus; paucos consume dies et
dicere te miserum, postquam illinc ueneris, aude.
quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus aut quis
in Meroe crasso maiorem infante mamillam?
caerula quis stupuit Germani lumina, flauam
caesariem et madido torquentem cornua cirro?
[nempe quod haec illis natura est omnibus una.]
ad subitas Thracum uolucres nubemque sonoram
Pygmaeus paruis currit bellator in armis,
mox inpar hosti raptusque per aera curuis
unguibus a saeua fertur grue. si uideas hoc
gentibus in nostris, risu quatiare; sed illic,
quamquam eadem adsidue spectentur proelia, ridet
nemo, ubi tota cohors pede non est altior uno.
‘nullane peiuri capitis fraudisque nefandae
poena erit?’ abreptum crede hunc grauiore catena
protinus et nostro (quid plus uelit ira?) necari
arbitrio: manet illa tamen iactura nec umquam
depositum tibi sospes erit, sed corpore trunco
inuidiosa dabit minimus solacia sanguis.
‘at uindicta bonum uita iucundius ipsa.’
nempe hoc indocti, quorum praecordia nullis
interdum aut leuibus uideas flagrantia causis.
[quantulacumque adeo est occasio sufficit irae.]
Chrysippus non dicet idem nec mite Thaletis
ingenium dulcique senex uicinus Hymetto,
qui partem acceptae saeua inter uincla cicutae
accusatori nollet dare. [plurima felix
paulatim uitia atque errores exuit, omnes
prima docens rectum, sapientia.] quippe minuti
semper et infirmi est animi exiguique uoluptas

ultio. continuo sic collige, quod uindicta
nemo magis gaudet quam femina. cur tamen hos tu
euasisse putes, quos diri conscia facti
mens habet attonitos et surdo uerbere caedit
occultum quatiente animo tortore flagellum?
poena autem uehemens ac multo saeuior illis
quas et Caedicius grauis inuenit et Rhadamanthus,
nocte dieque suum gestare in pectore testem.
Spartano cuidam respondit Pythia uates
haut inpunitum quondam fore quod dubitaret
depositum retinere et fraudem iure tueri
iurando. quaerebat enim quae numinis esset
mens et an hoc illi facinus suaderet Apollo.
reddidit ergo metu, non moribus, et tamen omnem
uocem adyti dignam templo ueramque probauit
extinctus tota pariter cum prole domoque
et quamuis longa deductis gente propinquis.
has patitur poenas peccandi sola uoluntas.
nam scelus intra se tacitum qui cogitat ullum
facti crimen habet. cedo si conata peregit.
perpetua anxietas nec mensae tempore cessat
faucibus ut morbo siccis interque molares
difficili crescente cibo, sed uina misellus
expuit, Albani ueteris pretiosa senectus
displicet; ostendas melius, densissima ruga
cogitur in frontem uelut acri ducta Falerno.
nocte breuem si forte indulsit cura soporem
et toto uersata toro iam membra quiescunt,
continuo templum et uiolati numinis aras
et, quod praecipuis mentem sudoribus urguet,
te uidet in somnis; tua sacra et maior imago
humana turbat pauidum cogitque fateri.
hi sunt qui trepidant et ad omnia fulgura pallent,
cum tonat, exanimes primo quoque murmure caeli,
non quasi fortuitus nec uentorum rabie sed
iratus cadat in terras et iudicet ignis.
illa nihil nocuit, cura grauiore timetur
proxima tempestas uelut hoc dilata sereno.
praeterea lateris uigili cum febre dolorem

si coepere pati, missum ad sua corpora morbum
infesto credunt a numine; saxa deorum
haec et tela putant. pecudem spondere sacello
balantem et Laribus cristam promittere galli
non audent; quid enim sperare nocentibus aegris
concessum? uel quae non dignior hostia uita?
[mobilis et uaria est ferme natura malorum.]
cum scelus admittunt, superest constantia; quod fas
atque nefas tandem incipiunt sentire peractis
criminibus. tamen ad mores natura recurrit
damnatos fixa et mutari nescia. nam quis
peccandi finem posuit sibi? quando recepit
eiectum semel attrita de fronte ruborem?
quisnam hominum est quem tu contentum uideris uno
flagitio? dabit in laqueum uestigia noster
perfidus et nigri patietur carceris uncum
aut maris Aegaei rupem scopulosque frequentes
exulibus magnis. poena gaudebis amara
nominis inuisi tandemque fatebere laetus
nec surdum nec Teresian quemquam esse deorum.

SATVRA XIV

Plurima sunt, Fuscine, et fama digna sinistra
[et quod maiorum uitia sequiturque minores] 1a
et nitidis maculam haesuram figentia rebus,
quae monstrant ipsi pueris traduntque parentes.
si damnosa senem iuuat alea, ludit et heres
bullatus paruoque eadem mouet arma fritillo.
nec melius de se cuiquam sperare propinquo
concedet iuuenis, qui radere tubera terrae,
boletum condire et eodem iure natantis
mergere ficedulas didicit nebulone parente
et cana monstrante gula. cum septimus annus
transierit puerum, nondum omni dente renato,
barbatos licet admoueas mille inde magistros,
hinc totidem, cupiet lauto cenare paratu
semper et a magna non degenerare culina.
mitem animum et mores modicis erroribus aequos
praecipit atque animas seruorum et corpora nostra
materia constare putat paribusque elementis,
an saeuire docet Rutilus, qui gaudet acerbo
plagarum strepitu et nullam Sirena flagellis
conparat, Antiphates trepidi laris ac Polyphemus,
tunc felix, quotiens aliquis tortore uocato
uritur ardenti duo propter lintea ferro?
quid suadet iuueni laetus stridore catenae,
quem mire adficiunt inscripta, ergastula, carcer?
rusticus expectas ut non sit adultera Largae
filia, quae numquam maternos dicere moechos
tam cito nec tanto poterit contexere cursu
ut non ter deciens respiret? conscia matri
uirgo fuit, ceras nunc hac dictante pusillas
implet et ad moechum dat eisdem ferre cinaedis.
sic natura iubet: uelocius et citius nos
corrumpunt uitiorum exempla domestica, magnis
cum subeant animos auctoribus. unus et alter

forsitan haec spernant iuuenes, quibus arte benigna
et meliore luto finxit praecordia Titan,
sed reliquos fugienda patrum uestigia ducunt
et monstrata diu ueteris trahit orbita culpae.
abstineas igitur damnandis. huius enim uel
una potens ratio est, ne crimina nostra sequantur
ex nobis geniti, quoniam dociles imitandis
turpibus ac prauis omnes sumus, et Catilinam
quocumque in populo uideas, quocumque sub axe,
sed nec Brutus erit Bruti nec auunculus usquam.
nil dictu foedum uisuque haec limina tangat
intra quae pater est. procul, a procul inde puellae
lenonum et cantus pernoctantis parasiti.
maxima debetur puero reuerentia, si quid
turpe paras, nec tu pueri contempseris annos,
sed peccaturo obstet tibi filius infans.
nam si quid dignum censoris fecerit ira
quandoque et similem tibi se non corpore tantum
nec uultu dederit, morum quoque filius et qui
omnia deterius tua per uestigia peccet,
corripies nimirum et castigabis acerbo
clamore ac post haec tabulas mutare parabis.
unde tibi frontem libertatemque parentis,
cum facias peiora senex uacuumque cerebro
iam pridem caput hoc uentosa cucurbita quaerat?
    hospite uenturo cessabit nemo tuorum.
‘uerre pauimentum, nitidas ostende columnas,
arida cum tota descendat aranea tela,
hic leue argentum, uasa aspera tergeat alter.’
uox domini furit instantis uirgamque tenentis.
ergo miser trepidas, ne stercore foeda canino
atria displiceant oculis uenientis amici,
ne perfusa luto sit porticus, et tamen uno
semodio scobis haec emendat seruulus unus:
illud non agitas, ut sanctam filius omni
aspiciat sine labe domum uitioque carentem?
gratum est quod patriae ciuem populoque dedisti,
si facis ut patriae sit idoneus, utilis agris,
utilis et bellorum et pacis rebus agendis.

plurimum enim intererit quibus artibus et quibus hunc tu
moribus instituas. serpente ciconia pullos
nutrit et inuenta per deuia rura lacerta:
illi eadem sumptis quaerunt animalia pinnis.
uoltur iumento et canibus crucibusque relictis
ad fetus properat partemque cadaueris adfert:
hic est ergo cibus magni quoque uolturis et se
pascentis, propria cum iam facit arbore nidos.
sed leporem aut capream famulae Iouis et generosae
in saltu uenantur aues, hinc praeda cubili
ponitur: inde autem cum se matura leuauit
progenies stimulante fame festinat ad illam
quam primum praedam rupto gustauerat ouo.
    aedificator erat Caetronius et modo curuo
litore Caietae, summa nunc Tiburis arce,
nunc Praenestinis in montibus alta parabat
culmina uillarum Graecis longeque petitis
marmoribus uincens Fortunae atque Herculis aedem,
ut spado uincebat Capitolia nostra Posides.
dum sic ergo habitat Caetronius, inminuit rem,
fregit opes, nec parua tamen mensura relictae
partis erat. totam hanc turbauit filius amens,
dum meliore nouas attollit marmore uillas.
    quidam sortiti metuentem sabbata patrem
nil praeter nubes et caeli numen adorant,
nec distare putant humana carne suillam,
qua pater abstinuit, mox et praeputia ponunt;
Romanas autem soliti contemnere leges
Iudaicum ediscunt et seruant ac metuunt ius,
tradidit arcano quodcumque uolumine Moyses:
non monstrare uias eadem nisi sacra colenti,
quaesitum ad fontem solos deducere uerpos.
sed pater in causa, cui septima quaeque fuit lux
ignaua et partem uitae non attigit ullam.
    sponte tamen iuuenes imitantur cetera, solam
inuiti quoque auaritiam exercere iubentur.
fallit enim uitium specie uirtutis et umbra,
cum sit triste habitu uultuque et ueste seuerum,
nec dubie tamquam frugi laudetur auarus,

tamquam parcus homo et rerum tutela suarum
certa magis quam si fortunas seruet easdem
Hesperidum serpens aut Ponticus. adde quod hunc de
quo loquor egregium populus putat adquirendi
artificem; quippe his crescunt patrimonia fabris
[sed crescunt quocumque modo maioraque fiunt]
incude adsidua semperque ardente camino.
[et pater ergo animi felices credit auaros]
qui miratur opes, qui nulla exempla beati
pauperis esse putat, iuuenes hortatur ut illa
ire uia pergant et eidem incumbere sectae.
sunt quaedam uitiorum elementa, his protinus illos
inbuit et cogit minimas ediscere sordes;
mox adquirendi docet insatiabile uotum.
seruorum uentres modio castigat iniquo
ipse quoque esuriens, neque enim omnia sustinet umquam
mucida caerulei panis consumere frusta,
hesternum solitus medio seruare minutal
Septembri nec non differre in tempora cenae
alterius conchem aestiuam cum parte lacerti
signatam uel dimidio putrique siluro
filaque sectiui numerata includere porri.
inuitatus ad haec aliquis de ponte negabit.
sed quo diuitias haec per tormenta coactas,
cum furor haut dubius, cum sit manifesta phrenesis,
ut locuples moriaris, egentis uiuere fato?
interea, pleno cum turget sacculus ore,
crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia creuit,
et minus hanc optat qui non habet. ergo paratur
altera uilla tibi, cum rus non sufficit unum
et proferre libet finis maiorque uidetur
et melior uicina seges; mercaris et hanc et
arbusta et densa montem qui canet oliua.
quorum si pretio dominus non uincitur ullo,
nocte boues macri lassoque famelica collo
iumenta ad uiridis huius mittentur aristas
nec prius inde domum quam tota noualia saeuos
in uentres abeant, ut credas falcibus actum.
dicere uix possis quam multi talia plorent

et quot uenales iniuria fecerit agros.
sed qui sermones, quam foede bucina famae!
‘quid nocet haec?’ inquit ‘tunicam mihi malo lupini
quam si me toto laudet uicinia pago
exigui ruris paucissima farra secantem.’
scilicet et morbis et debilitate carebis
et luctum et curam effugies, et tempora uitae
longa tibi posthac fato meliore dabuntur,
si tantum culti solus possederis agri
quantum sub Tatio populus Romanus arabat.
mox etiam fractis aetate ac Punica passis
proelia uel Pyrrhum inmanem gladiosque Molossos
tandem pro multis uix iugera bina dabantur
uulneribus; merces haec sanguinis atque laboris
nulli uisa umquam meritis minor aut ingratae
curta fides patriae. saturabat glebula talis
patrem ipsum turbamque casae, qua feta iacebat
uxor et infantes ludebant quattuor, unus
uernula, tres domini; sed magnis fratribus horum
a scrobe uel sulco redeuntibus altera cena
amplior et grandes fumabant pultibus ollae.
nunc modus hic agri nostro non sufficit horto.
inde fere scelerum causae, nec plura uenena
miscuit aut ferro grassatur saepius ullum
humanae mentis uitium quam saeua cupido
inmodici census. nam diues qui fieri uolt,
et cito uolt fieri; sed quae reuerentia legum,
quis metus aut pudor est umquam properantis auari?
‘uiuite contenti casulis et collibus istis,
o pueri,’ Marsus dicebat et Hernicus olim
Vestinusque senex, ‘panem quaeramus aratro,
qui satis est mensis: laudant hoc numina ruris,
quorum ope et auxilio gratae post munus aristae
contingunt homini ueteris fastidia quercus.
nil uetitum fecisse uolet, quem non pudet alto
per glaciem perone tegi, qui summouet euros
pellibus inuersis: peregrina ignotaque nobis
ad scelus atque nefas, quaecumque est, purpura ducit.’
haec illi ueteres praecepta minoribus; at nunc

post finem autumni media de nocte supinum
clamosus iuuenem pater excitat: ‘accipe ceras,
scribe, puer, uigila, causas age, perlege rubras
maiorum leges; aut uitem posce libello,
sed caput intactum buxo narisque pilosas
adnotet et grandes miretur Laelius alas;
dirue Maurorum attegias, castella Brigantum,
ut locupletem aquilam tibi sexagesimus annus
adferat; aut, longos castrorum ferre labores
si piget et trepidum soluunt tibi cornua uentrem
cum lituis audita, pares quod uendere possis
pluris dimidio, nec te fastidia mercis
ullius subeant ablegandae Tiberim ultra,
neu credas ponendum aliquid discriminis inter
unguenta et corium: lucri bonus est odor ex re
qualibet. illa tuo sententia semper in ore
uersetur dis atque ipso Ioue digna poeta:
“unde habeas quaerit nemo, sed oportet habere.”’
[hoc monstrant uetulae pueris repentibus assae,
hoc discunt omnes ante alpha et beta puellae.]
talibus instantem monitis quemcumque parentem
sic possem adfari: ‘dic, o uanissime, quis te
festinare iubet? meliorem praesto magistro
discipulum. securus abi: uinceris, ut Aiax
praeteriit Telamonem, ut Pelea uicit Achilles.
parcendum est teneris; nondum impleuere medullas
maturae mala nequitiae. cum pectere barbam
coeperit et longae mucronem admittere cultri,
falsus erit testis, uendet periuria summa
exigua et Cereris tangens aramque pedemque.
elatam iam crede nurum, si limina uestra
mortifera cum dote subit. quibus illa premetur
per somnum digitis! nam quae terraque marique
adquirenda putas breuior uia conferet illi;
nullus enim magni sceleris labor. “haec ego numquam
mandaui” dices olim “nec talia suasi.”
mentis causa malae tamen est et origo penes te.
nam quisquis magni census praecepit amorem
et laeuo monitu pueros producit auaros

[et qui per fraudes patrimonia conduplicari]
dat libertatem et totas effundit habenas
curriculo; quem si reuoces, subsistere nescit
et te contempto rapitur metisque relictis.
nemo satis credit tantum delinquere quantum
permittas: adeo indulgent sibi latius ipsi.
cum dicis iuueni stultum qui donet amico,
qui paupertatem leuet attollatque propinqui,
et spoliare doces et circumscribere et omni
crimine diuitias adquirere, quarum amor in te
quantus erat patriae Deciorum in pectore, quantum
dilexit Thebas, si Graecia uera, Menoeceus,
in quorum sulcis legiones dentibus anguis
cum clipeis nascuntur et horrida bella capessunt
continuo, tamquam et tubicen surrexerit una.
ergo ignem, cuius scintillas ipse dedisti,
flagrantem late et rapientem cuncta uidebis.
nec tibi parcetur misero, trepidumque magistrum
in cauea magno fremitu leo tollet alumnus.
nota mathematicis genesis tua, sed graue tardas
expectare colus: morieris stamine nondum
abrupto. iam nunc obstas et uota moraris,
iam torquet iuuenem longa et ceruina senectus.
ocius Archigenen quaere atque eme quod Mithridates
composuit: si uis aliam decerpere ficum
atque alias tractare rosas, medicamen habendum est,
sorbere ante cibum quod debeat et pater et rex.’
monstro uoluptatem egregiam, cui nulla theatra,
nulla aequare queas praetoris pulpita lauti,
si spectes quanto capitis discrimine constent
incrementa domus, aerata multus in arca
fiscus et ad uigilem ponendi Castora nummi,
ex quo Mars Vltor galeam quoque perdidit et res
non potuit seruare suas. ergo omnia Florae
et Cereris licet et Cybeles aulaea relinquas:
tanto maiores humana negotia ludi.
an magis oblectant animum iactata petauro
corpora quique solet rectum descendere funem
quam tu, Corycia semper qui puppe moraris

atque habitas, coro semper tollendus et austro,
perditus ~ac uilis~ sacci mercator olentis,
qui gaudes pingue antiquae de litore Cretae
passum et municipes Iouis aduexisse lagonas?
hic tamen ancipiti figens uestigia planta
uictum illa mercede parat, brumamque famemque
illa reste cauet: tu propter mille talenta
et centum uillas temerarius. aspice portus
et plenum magnis trabibus mare: plus hominum est iam
in pelago. ueniet classis quocumque uocarit
spes lucri, nec Carpathium Gaetulaque tantum
aequora transiliet, sed longe Calpe relicta
audiet Herculeo stridentem gurgite solem.
grande operae pretium est, ut tenso folle reuerti
inde domum possis tumidaque superbus aluta,
Oceani monstra et iuuenes uidisse marinos.
non unus mentes agitat furor. ille sororis
in manibus uoltu Eumenidum terretur et igni,
hic boue percusso mugire Agamemnona credit
aut Ithacum. parcat tunicis licet atque lacernis,
curatoris eget qui nauem mercibus implet
ad summum latus et tabula distinguitur unda,
cum sit causa mali tanti et discriminis huius
concisum argentum in titulos faciesque minutas.
occurrunt nubes et fulgura: ‘soluite funem’
frumenti dominus clamat piperisue coempti,
‘nil color hic caeli, nil fascia nigra minatur;
aestiuom tonat.’ infelix hac forsitan ipsa
nocte cadet fractis trabibus fluctuque premetur
obrutus et zonam laeua morsuque tenebit.
sed cuius uotis modo non suffecerat aurum
quod Tagus et rutila uoluit Pactolus harena,
frigida sufficient uelantes inguina panni
exiguusque cibus, mersa rate naufragus assem
dum rogat et picta se tempestate tuetur.
    tantis parta malis cura maiore metuque
seruantur: misera est magni custodia census.
dispositis praediues amis uigilare cohortem
seruorum noctu Licinus iubet, attonitus pro

electro signisque suis Phrygiaque columna
atque ebore et lata testudine. dolia nudi
non ardent Cynici; si fregeris, altera fiet
cras domus atque eadem plumbo commissa manebit.
sensit Alexander, testa cum uidit in illa
magnum habitatorem, quanto felicior hic qui
nil cuperet quam qui totum sibi posceret orbem
passurus gestis aequanda pericula rebus.
nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia: nos te,
nos facimus, Fortuna, deam. mensura tamen quae
sufficiat census, si quis me consulat, edam:
in quantum sitis atque fames et frigora poscunt,
quantum, Epicure, tibi paruis suffecit in hortis,
quantum Socratici ceperunt ante penates;
numquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dicit.
acribus exemplis uideor te cludere? misce
ergo aliquid nostris de moribus, effice summam
bis septem ordinibus quam lex dignatur Othonis.
haec quoque si rugam trahit extenditque labellum,
sume duos equites, fac tertia quadringenta.
si nondum impleui gremium, si panditur ultra,
nec Croesi fortuna umquam nec Persica regna
sufficient animo nec diuitiae Narcissi,
indulsit Caesar cui Claudius omnia, cuius
paruit imperiis uxorem occidere iussus.

SATVRA XV

Quis nescit, Volusi Bithynice, qualia demens
Aegyptos portenta colat? crocodilon adorat
pars haec, illa pauet saturam serpentibus ibin.
effigies sacri nitet aurea cercopitheci,
dimidio magicae resonant ubi Memnone chordae
atque uetus Thebe centum iacet obruta portis.
illic aeluros, hic piscem fluminis, illic
oppida tota canem uenerantur, nemo Dianam.
porrum et caepe nefas uiolare et frangere morsu
(o sanctas gentes, quibus haec nascuntur in hortis
numina!), lanatis animalibus abstinet omnis
mensa, nefas illic fetum iugulare capellae:
carnibus humanis uesci licet. attonito cum
tale super cenam facinus narraret Vlixes
Alcinoo, bilem aut risum fortasse quibusdam
mouerat ut mendax aretalogus. ‘in mare nemo
hunc abicit saeua dignum ueraque Charybdi,
fingentem inmanis Laestrygonas et Cyclopas?
nam citius Scyllam uel concurrentia saxa
Cyaneis plenos et tempestatibus utres
crediderim aut tenui percussum uerbere Circes
et cum remigibus grunnisse Elpenora porcis.
tam uacui capitis populum Phaeaca putauit?’
sic aliquis merito nondum ebrius et minimum qui
de Corcyraea temetum duxerat urna;
solus enim haec Ithacus nullo sub teste canebat.
nos miranda quidem sed nuper consule Iunco
gesta super calidae referemus moenia Copti,
nos uolgi scelus et cunctis grauiora coturnis;
nam scelus, a Pyrrha quamquam omnia syrmata uoluas,
nullus apud tragicos populus facit. accipe nostro
dira quod exemplum feritas produxerit aeuo.
    inter finitimos uetus atque antiqua simultas,
inmortale odium et numquam sanabile uulnus,

ardet adhuc Ombos et Tentura. summus utrimque
inde furor uolgo, quod numina uicinorum
odit uterque locus, cum solos credat habendos
esse deos quos ipse colit. sed tempore festo
alterius populi rapienda occasio cunctis
uisa inimicorum primoribus ac ducibus, ne
laetum hilaremque diem, ne magnae gaudia cenae
sentirent positis ad templa et compita mensis
peruigilique toro, quem nocte ac luce iacentem
septimus interdum sol inuenit. horrida sane
Aegyptos, sed luxuria, quantum ipse notaui,
barbara famoso non cedit turba Canopo.
adde quod et facilis uictoria de madidis et
blaesis atque mero titubantibus. inde uirorum
saltatus nigro tibicine, qualiacumque
unguenta et flores multaeque in fronte coronae:
hinc ieiunum odium. sed iurgia prima sonare
incipiunt; animis ardentibus haec tuba rixae.
dein clamore pari concurritur, et uice teli
saeuit nuda manus. paucae sine uolnere malae,
uix cuiquam aut nulli toto certamine nasus
integer. aspiceres iam cuncta per agmina uoltus
dimidios, alias facies et hiantia ruptis
ossa genis, plenos oculorum sanguine pugnos.
ludere se credunt ipsi tamen et puerilis
exercere acies quod nulla cadauera calcent.
et sane quo tot rixantis milia turbae,
si uiuunt omnes? ergo acrior impetus et iam
saxa inclinatis per humum quaesita lacertis
incipiunt torquere, domestica seditioni
tela, nec hunc lapidem, qualis et Turnus et Aiax,
uel quo Tydides percussit pondere coxam
Aeneae, sed quem ualeant emittere dextrae
illis dissimiles et nostro tempore natae.
nam genus hoc uiuo iam decrescebat Homero,
terra malos homines nunc educat atque pusillos;
ergo deus, quicumque aspexit, ridet et odit.
a deuerticulo repetatur fabula. postquam
subsidiis aucti, pars altera promere ferrum

audet et infestis pugnam instaurare sagittis.
terga fugae celeri praestant instantibus Ombis
qui uicina colunt umbrosae Tentura palmae.
labitur hic quidam nimia formidine cursum
praecipitans capiturque. ast illum in plurima sectum
frusta et particulas, ut multis mortuus unus
sufficeret, totum corrosis ossibus edit
uictrix turba, nec ardenti decoxit aeno
aut ueribus, longum usque adeo tardumque putauit
expectare focos, contenta cadauere crudo.
hic gaudere libet quod non uiolauerit ignem,
quem summa caeli raptum de parte Prometheus
donauit terris; elemento gratulor, et te
exultare reor. sed qui mordere cadauer
sustinuit nil umquam hac carne libentius edit;
nam scelere in tanto ne quaeras et dubites an
prima uoluptatem gula senserit, ultimus ante
qui stetit, absumpto iam toto corpore ductis
per terram digitis aliquid de sanguine gustat.
Vascones, ut fama est, alimentis talibus usi
produxere animas, sed res diuersa, sed illic
fortunae inuidia est bellorumque ultima, casus
extremi, longae dira obsidionis egestas.
[huius enim, quod nunc agitur, miserabile debet
exemplum esse tibi, sicut modo dicta mihi gens.]
post omnis herbas, post cuncta animalia, quidquid
cogebat uacui uentris furor, hostibus ipsis
pallorem ac maciem et tenuis miserantibus artus,
membra aliena fame lacerabant, esse parati
et sua. quisnam hominum ueniam dare quisue deorum
uentribus abnueret dira atque inmania passis
et quibus illorum poterant ignoscere manes
quorum corporibus uescebantur? melius nos
Zenonis praecepta monent, [nec enim omnia quidam
pro uita facienda putant] sed Cantaber unde
Stoicus, antiqui praesertim aetate Metelli?
nunc totus Graias nostrasque habet orbis Athenas,
Gallia causidicos docuit facunda Britannos,
de conducendo loquitur iam rhetore Thyle.

nobilis ille tamen populus, quem diximus, et par
uirtute atque fide sed maior clade Zacynthos
tale quid excusat: Maeotide saeuior ara
Aegyptos. quippe illa nefandi Taurica sacri
inuentrix homines, ut iam quae carmina tradunt
digna fide credas, tantum immolat; ulterius nil
aut grauius cultro timet hostia. quis modo casus
inpulit hos? quae tanta fames infestaque uallo
arma coegerunt tam detestabile monstrum
audere? anne aliam terra Memphitide sicca
inuidiam facerent nolenti surgere Nilo?
qua nec terribiles Cimbri nec Brittones umquam
Sauromataeque truces aut inmanes Agathyrsi,
hac saeuit rabie inbelle et inutile uolgus
paruula fictilibus solitum dare uela phaselis
et breuibus pictae remis incumbere testae.
nec poenam sceleri inuenies nec digna parabis
supplicia his populis, in quorum mente pares sunt
et similes ira atque fames. mollissima corda
humano generi dare se natura fatetur,
quae lacrimas dedit. haec nostri pars optima sensus.
plorare ergo iubet causam dicentis amici
squaloremque rei, pupillum ad iura uocantem
circumscriptorem, cuius manantia fletu
ora puellares faciunt incerta capilli.
naturae imperio gemimus, cum funus adultae
uirginis occurrit uel terra clauditur infans
et minor igne rogi. quis enim bonus et face dignus
arcana, qualem Cereris uolt esse sacerdos,
ulla aliena sibi credit mala? separat hoc nos
a grege mutorum, atque ideo uenerabile soli
sortiti ingenium diuinorumque capaces
atque exercendis pariendisque artibus apti
sensum a caelesti demissum traximus arce,
cuius egent prona et terram spectantia. mundi
principio indulsit communis conditor illis
tantum animas, nobis animum quoque, mutuus ut nos
adfectus petere auxilium et praestare iuberet,
dispersos trahere in populum, migrare uetusto

de nemore et proauis habitatas linquere siluas,
aedificare domos, laribus coniungere nostris
tectum aliud, tutos uicino limine somnos
ut conlata daret fiducia, protegere armis
lapsum aut ingenti nutantem uolnere ciuem,
communi dare signa tuba, defendier isdem
turribus atque una portarum claue teneri.
sed iam serpentum maior concordia. parcit
cognatis maculis similis fera. quando leoni
fortior eripuit uitam leo? quo nemore umquam
expirauit aper maioris dentibus apri?
Indica tigris agit rabida cum tigride pacem
perpetuam, saeuis inter se conuenit ursis.
ast homini ferrum letale incude nefanda
produxisse parum est, cum rastra et sarcula tantum
adsueti coquere et marris ac uomere lassi
nescierint primi gladios extendere fabri.
aspicimus populos quorum non sufficit irae
occidisse aliquem, sed pectora, bracchia, uoltum
crediderint genus esse cibi. quid diceret ergo
uel quo non fugeret, si nunc haec monstra uideret
Pythagoras, cunctis animalibus abstinuit qui
tamquam homine et uentri indulsit non omne legumen?

SATVRA XVI

Quis numerare queat felicis praemia, Galli,
militiae? nam si subeuntur prospera castra
* * * 2a
me pauidum excipiat tironem porta secundo
sidere. plus etenim fati ualet hora benigni
quam si nos Veneris commendet epistula Marti
et Samia genetrix quae delectatur harena.
commoda tractemus primum communia, quorum
haut minimum illud erit, ne te pulsare togatus
audeat, immo, etsi pulsetur, dissimulet nec
audeat excussos praetori ostendere dentes
et nigram in facie tumidis liuoribus offam
atque oculum medico nil promittente relictum.
Bardaicus iudex datur haec punire uolenti
calceus et grandes magna ad subsellia surae
legibus antiquis castrorum et more Camilli
seruato, miles ne uallum litiget extra
et procul a signis. ‘iustissima centurionum
cognitio est +igitur+ de milite, nec mihi derit
ultio, si iustae defertur causa querellae.’
tota cohors tamen est inimica, omnesque manipli
consensu magno efficiunt curabilis ut sit
uindicta et grauior quam iniuria. dignum erit ergo
declamatoris mulino corde Vagelli,
cum duo crura habeas, offendere tot caligas, tot
milia clauorum. quis tam procul adsit ab urbe
praeterea, quis tam Pylades, molem aggeris ultra
ut ueniat? lacrimae siccentur protinus, et se
excusaturos non sollicitemus amicos.
‘da testem’ iudex cum dixerit, audeat ille
nescio quis, pugnos qui uidit, dicere ‘uidi,’
et credam dignum barba dignumque capillis
maiorum. citius falsum producere testem
contra paganum possis quam uera loquentem

contra fortunam armati contraque pudorem.
praemia nunc alia atque alia emolumenta notemus
sacramentorum. conuallem ruris auiti
improbus aut campum mihi si uicinus ademit
et sacrum effodit medio de limite saxum,
quod mea cum patulo coluit puls annua libo,
debitor aut sumptos pergit non reddere nummos
uana superuacui dicens chirographa ligni,
expectandus erit qui lites incohet annus
totius populi. sed tum quoque mille ferenda
taedia, mille morae; totiens subsellia tantum
sternuntur, iam facundo ponente lacernas
Caedicio et Fusco iam micturiente parati
digredimur, lentaque fori pugnamus harena.
ast illis quos arma tegunt et balteus ambit
quod placitum est ipsis praestatur tempus agendi,
nec res atteritur longo sufflamine litis.
solis praeterea testandi militibus ius
uiuo patre datur. nam quae sunt parta labore
militiae placuit non esse in corpore census,
omne tenet cuius regimen pater. ergo Coranum
signorum comitem castrorumque aera merentem
quamuis iam tremulus captat pater; hunc fauor aequus
prouehit et pulchro reddit sua dona labori.
ipsius certe ducis hoc referre uidetur
ut, qui fortis erit, sit felicissimus idem,
ut laeti phaleris omnes et torquibus, omnes

The Dual Text



The site of the Flavian Palace, the vast residential complex of the Roman Emperors on the Palatine Hill in Rome — the Emperor Domitian was assassinated here on 18 September 96 AD; this was one of the few concrete historical events mentioned by Juvenal in his 'Satires'.

DUAL LATIN AND ENGLISH TEXT



Translated by G. G. Ramsay

In this section, readers can view a section by section text of Juvenal's *Satires*, alternating between the original Latin and Ramsay's English translation.

CONTENTS

Satire 1. Difficile est Saturam non Scribere
Satire 2. Moralists without Morals
Satire 3. Quid Romae Faciam?
Satire 4. A tale of a turbot.
Satire 5. How Clients are Entertained
Satire 6. The Ways of Women
Satire 7. Learning and Letters Unprofitable
Satire 8. Stemmata quid Faciunt?
Satire 9. The Sorrows of a Reprobate
Satire 10. The Vanity of Human Wishes
Satire 11. Extravagance and Simplicity of Living
Satire 12. How Catullus escaped Shipwreck
Satire 13. The Terrors of a Guilty Conscience
Satire 14. No Teaching like that of Example
Satire 15. An Egyptian Atrocity
Satire 16. The Immunities of the Military

Satire 1. Difficile est Saturam non Scribere

Semper ego auditor tantum? numquamne reponam
uexatus totiens rauci Theseide Cordi?
inpune ergo mihi recitauerit ille togatas,
hic elegos? inpune diem consumpserit ingens
Telephus aut summi plena iam margine libri
scriptus et in tergo necdum finitus Orestes?
nota magis nulli domus est sua quam mihi lucus
Martis et Aeoliis uicinum rupibus antrum
Vulcani; quid agant uenti, quas torqueat umbras
Aeacus, unde alius furtiuae deuehat aurum
pelliculae, quantas iaculetur Monychus ornos,
Frontonis platani conuolsaque marmora clamant
semper et adsiduo ruptae lectore columnae.
expectes eadem a summo minimoque poeta.
et nos ergo manum ferulae subduximus, et nos
consilium dedimus Sullae, priuatus ut altum
dormiret. stulta est clementia, cum tot ubique
uatibus occurras, periturae parcere chartae.
cur tamen hoc potius libeat decurrere campo,
per quem magnus equos Auruncae flexit alumnus,
si uacat ac placidi rationem admittitis, edam.

[1] What? Am I to be a listener only all my days? Am I never to get my word in — I that have been so often bored by the Theseid of the ranting Cordus? Shall this one have spouted to me his comedies, and that one his love ditties, and I be unavenged? Shall I have no revenge on one who has taken up the whole day with an interminable Telephus, or with an Orestes, which, after filling the margin at the top of the roll and the back as well, hasn't even yet come to an end? No one knows his own house so well as I know the groves of Mars, and the cave of Vulcan near the cliffs of Aeolus. What the winds are brewing; whose souls Aeacus has on the rack; from what country another worthy is carrying off that stolen golden fleece; how big are the ash trees which Monychus tosses about: these are the themes with which Fronto's plane trees and marble halls are for ever

ringing until the pillars quiver and quake under the continual recitations; such is the kind of stuff you may look for from every poet, greatest or least. Well, I too have slipped my hand from under the cane; I too have counselled Sulla to retire from public life and sleep his fill; it is a foolish clemency when you jostle against poets at every corner, to spare paper that will be wasted anyhow. But if you can give me time, and will listen quietly to reason, I will tell you why I prefer to run in the same course over which the great nursling of Aurunca drove his steeds.

cum tener uxorem ducat spado, Meuia Tuscum
figat aprum et nuda teneat uenabula mamma,
patricios omnis opibus cum prouocet unus
quo tondente grauis iuueni mihi barba sonabat,
cum pars Niliacae plebis, cum uerna Canopi
Crispinus Tyrias umero reuocante lacernas
uentilet aestiuum digitis sudantibus aurum
nec sufferre queat maioris pondera gemmae,
difficile est saturam non scribere. nam quis iniquae
tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se,
causidici noua cum ueniat lectica Mathonis
plena ipso, post hunc magni delator amici
et cito rapturus de nobilitate comesa
quod superest, quem Massa timet, quem munere
palpat Carus et a trepido Thymele summissa Latino;
cum te summoueant qui testamenta merentur
noctibus, in caelum quos euehit optima summi
nunc uia processus, uetulae uesica beatae?
unciolam Proculeius habet, sed Gillo deuncem,
partes quisque suas ad mensuram inguinis heres.
accipiat sane mercedem sanguinis et sic
palleat ut nudis pressit qui calcibus anguem
aut Lugudunensem rhetor dicturus ad aram.

[22] When a soft eunuch takes to matrimony, and Maevia, with spear in hand and breasts exposed, to pig-sticking; when a fellow under whose razor my stiff youthful beard used to grate challenges, with his single wealth, the whole nobility; when a guttersnipe of the Nile like Crispinus — a slave-born denizen of Canopus — hitches a Tyrian cloak on to his shoulder, whilst on his sweating finger he airs a summer ring of gold, unable to endure the weight of a heavier

gem — it is hard *not* to write satire. For who can be so tolerant of this monstrous city, who so iron of soul, as to contain himself when the brand-new litter of lawyer Matho comes along, filled with his huge self; after him one who has informed against his noble patron and will soon despoil our pillaged nobility of what remains to them — one whom Massa dreads, whom Carus propitiates by a bribe, and to whom Thymele was made over by the terrified Latinus; when you are thrust on one side by men who earn legacies by nightly performances, and are raised to heaven by that now royal road to high preferment — the favours of an aged and wealthy woman? Each of the lovers will have his share; Proculeius a twelfth part, Gillo eleven parts, each in proportion to the magnitude of his services. Let each take the price of his own blood, and turn as pale as a man who has trodden upon a snake bare-footed, or of one who awaits his turn to orate before the altar at Lugdunum.

quid referam quanta siccum iecur ardeat ira,
cum populum gregibus comitum premit hic spoliator
pupilli prostantis et hic damnatus inani
iudicio? quid enim saluis infamia nummis?
exul ab octaua Marius bibit et fruitur dis
iratis, at tu uictrix, prouincia, ploras.

[45] Why tell how my heart burns hot with rage when I see the people hustled by a mob of retainers attending on one who has defrauded and debauched his ward, or on another who has been condemned by a futile verdict — for what matters infamy if the cash be kept? The exiled Marius carouses from the eighth hour of the day and revels in the wrath of Heaven, while you, poor Province, win your cause and weep!

haec ego non credam Venusina digna lucerna?
haec ego non agitem? sed quid magis? Heracleas
aut Diomedeas aut mugitum labyrinthi
et mare percussum puero fabrumque uolantem,
cum leno accipiat moechi bona, si capiendi
ius nullum uxori, doctus spectare lacunar,
doctus et ad calicem uigilanti stertere naso;
cum fas esse putet curam sperare cohortis
qui bona donauit praesepibus et caret omni
maiorum censu, dum peruolat axe citato

Flaminiam puer Automedon? nam lora tenebat
ipse, lacernatae cum se iactaret amicae.

[51] Must I not deem these things worthy of the Venusian's lamp? Must I not have my fling at them? Should I do better to tell tales about Hercules, or Diomede, or the bellowing in the Labyrinth, or about the flying carpenter and the lad who splashed into the sea; and that in an age when the compliant husband, if his wife may not lawfully inherit, takes money from her paramour, being well trained to keep his eyes upon the ceiling, or to snore with wakeful nose over his cups; an age when one who has squandered his family fortunes upon horse flesh thinks it right and proper to look for the command of a cohort? See him dashing at break-neck speed, like a very Automedon, along the Flaminian way, holding the reins himself, while he shows himself off to his great-coated mistress!

nonne libet medio ceras inplere capaces
quadriuio, cum iam sexta ceruice feratur
hinc atque inde patens ac nuda paene cathedra
et multum referens de Maecenate supino
signator falsi, qui se lautum atque beatum
exiguis tabulis et gemma fecerit uda?

[63] Would you not like to fill up a whole note-book at the street crossings when you see a forger borne along upon the necks of six porters, and exposed to view on this side and on that in his almost naked litter, and reminding you of the lounging Maecenas: one who by help of a scrap of paper and a moistened seal has converted himself into a fine and wealthy gentleman?

occurrit matrona potens, quae molle Calenum
porrectura uiro miscet sitiente rubetam
instituitque rudes melior Lucusta propinquas
per famam et populum nigros efferre maritos.
aude aliquid breuibus Gyaris et carcere dignum,
si uis esse aliquid. probitas laudatur et alget;
criminibus debent hortos, praetoria, mensas,
argentum uetus et stantem extrapocula caprum.
quem patitur dormire nurus corruptor auarae,
quem sponsae turpes et praetextatus adulter?

si natura negat, facit indignatio uersum
qualemcumque potest, quales ego uel Cluuienus.

[69] Then up comes a lordly dame who, when her husband wants a drink, mixes toad's blood with his old Calenian, and improving upon Lucusta herself, teaches her artless neighbours to brave the talk of the town and carry forth to burial the blackened corpses of their husbands. If you want to *be* anybody nowadays, you must dare some crime that merits narrow Gyara or a gaol; honesty is praised and starves. It is to their crimes that men owe their pleasure-grounds and high commands, their fine tables and old silver goblets with goats standing out in relief. Who can get, sleep for thinking of a money-loving daughter-in-law seduced, of brides that have lost their virtue, or of adulterers not out of their teens? Though nature say me nay, indignation will prompt my verse, of whatever kind it be — such verse as I can write, or Cluvienus!

ex quo Deucalion nimbis tollentibus aequor
nauigio montem ascendit sortesque poposcit
paulatimque anima caluerunt mollia saxa
et maribus nudas ostendit Pyrrha puellas,
quidquid agunt homines, uotum, timor, ira, uoluptas,
gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago libelli est.
et quando uberior uitiorum copia? quando
maior auaritiae patuit sinus? alea quando
hos animos? neque enim loculis comitantibus itur
ad casum tabulae, posita sed luditur arca.
proelia quanta illic dispensatore uidebis
armigero! simplexne furor sestertia centum
perdere et horrenti tunicam non reddere seruo?
quis totidem erexit uillas, quis fercula septem
secreto cenauit auus? nunc sportula primo
limine parua sedet turbae rapienda togatae.
ille tamen faciem prius inspicit et trepidat ne
suppositus uenias ac falso nomine poscas:
agnitus accipies. iubet a praecone uocari
ipsos Troiugenas, nam uexant limen et ipsi
nobiscum. 'da praetori, da deinde tribuno.'
sed libertinus prior est. 'prior' inquit 'ego adsum.
cur timeam dubitemur locum defendere, quamuis

natus ad Euphraten, molles quod in aure fenestrae
arguerint, licet ipse negem? sed quinque tabernae
quadringenta parant. quid confert purpura maior
optandum, si Laurenti custodit in agro
conductas Coruinus ouis, ego possideo plus
Pallante et Licinis?' expectent ergo tribuni,
uincant diuitiae, sacro ne cedat honori
nuper in hanc urbem pedibus qui uenerat albis,
quandoquidem inter nos sanctissima diuitiarum
maiestas, etsi funesta Pecunia templo
nondum habitat, nullas nummorum ereximus aras,
ut colitur Pax atque Fides, Victoria, Virtus
quaeque salutato crepitat Concordia nido.

[81] From the day when the rain-clouds lifted up the waters, and Deucalion climbed that mountain in his ship to seek an oracle — that day when stones grew soft and warm with life, and Pyrrha showed maidens in nature's garb to men — all the doings of mankind, their vows, their fears, their angers and their pleasures, their joys and goings to and fro, shall form the motley subject of my page. For when was Vice more rampant? When did the maw of Avarice gape wider? When was gambling so reckless? Men come not now with purses to the hazard of the gaming table, but with a treasure-chest beside them. What battles will you there see waged with a steward for armour-bearer! Is it a simple form of madness to lose a hundred thousand sesterces, and not have a shirt to give to a shivering slave? Which of our grandfathers built such numbers of villas, or dined by himself off seven courses? Look now at the meagre dole set down upon the threshold for a toga-clad mob to scramble for! The patron first peers into your face, fearing that you may be claiming under someone else's name: once recognised, you will get your share. He then bids the crier call up the Trojan-blooded nobles — for they too besiege the door as well as we: "The Praetor first," says he, "and after him the Tribune." "But I was here first," says a freedman who stops the way; "why should I be afraid, or hesitate to keep my place? Though born on the Euphrates — a fact which the little windows in my ears would testify though I myself denied it — yet I am the owner of five shops which bring me in four hundred thousand sesterces. What better thing does the Broad Purple bestow if a Corvinus herds sheep for daily wage in the Laurentian country, while I possess more property than either a Pallas or a Licinus?" So let the Tribunes await their turn; let money carry the day; let the sacred office give way to one who came but yesterday with whitened feet

into our city. For no deity is held in such reverence amongst us as Wealth; though as yet, O baneful money, thou hast no temple of thine own; not yet have we reared altars to Money in like manner as we worship Peace and Honour, Victory and Virtue, or that Concord that twitters when we salute her nest.

sed cum summus honor finito conputet anno,
sportula quid referat, quantum rationibus addat,
quid facient comites quibus hinc toga, calceus hinc est
et panis fumusque domi? densissima centum
quadrantes lectica petit, sequiturque maritum
languida uel praegnas et circumducitur uxor.
hic petit absenti nota iam callidus arte
ostendens uacuam et clausam pro coniuge sellam.
'Galla mea est' inquit, 'citius dimitte. moraris?
profer, Galla, caput. noli uexare, quiescet.'

[117] If then the great officers of state reckon up at the end of the year how much the dole brings in, how much it adds to their income, what shall we dependants do who, out of the self-same dole, have to find ourselves in coats and shoes, in the bread and fire of our homes? A mob of litters comes in quest of the hundred farthings; here is a husband going the round, followed by a sickly or pregnant wife; another, by a clever and well-known trick, claims for a wife that is not there, pointing, in her stead, to a closed and empty chair: "My Galla's in there," says he; "let us off quick, will you not?" "Galla, put out your head!" "Don't disturb her, she's asleep!"

ipse dies pulchro distinguitur ordine rerum:
sportula, deinde forum iurisque peritus Apollo
atque triumphales, inter quas ausus habere
nescio quis titulos Aegyptius atque Arabarches,
cuius ad effigiem non tantum meiiere fas est.
uestibulis abeunt ueteres lassique clientes
uotaque deponunt, quamquam longissima cenae
spes homini; caulis miseris atque ignis emendus.
optima siluarum interea pelagique uorabit
rex horum uacuisque toris tantum ipse iacebit.
nam de tot pulchris et latis orbibus et tam
antiquis una comedunt patrimonia mensa.

nullus iam parasitus erit. sed quis ferat istas
luxuriae sordes? quanta est gula quae sibi totos
ponit apros, animal propter conuiuia natum!
poena tamen praesens, cum tu deponis amictus
turgidus et crudum pauonem in balnea portas.
hinc subitae mortes atque intestata senectus.
it noua nec tristis per cunctas fabula cenas;
ducitur iratis plaudendum funus amicis.

[127] The day itself is marked out by a fine round of business. First comes the dole; then the courts, and Apollo learned in the law, and those triumphal statues among which some Egyptian Arabarch or other has dared to set up his titles; against whose statue more than one kind of nuisance may be committed! Wearied and hopeless, the old clients leave the door, though the last hope that a man relinquishes is that of a dinner; the poor wretches must buy their cabbage and their fuel. Meanwhile their lordly patron will be devouring the choicest products of wood and sea, lying alone upon an empty couch; for off those huge and splendid antique dinner-tables he will consume a whole patrimony at a single meal. Ere long no parasites will be left! Who can bear to see luxury so mean? What a huge gullet to have a whole boar — an animal created for conviviality — served up to it! But you will soon pay for it, my friend, when you take off your clothes, and with distended stomach carry your peacock into the bath undigested! Hence a sudden death, and an intestate old age; the new and merry tale runs the round of every dinner-table, and the corpse is carried forth to burial amid the cheers of enraged friends!

nil erit ulterius quod nostris moribus addat
posteritas, eadem facient cupientque minores,
omne in praecipiti uitium stetit. utere uelis,
totos pande sinus. dices hic forsitan ‘unde
ingenium par materiae? unde illa priorum
scribendi quodcumque animo flagrante liberet
simplicitas? “cuius non audeo dicere nomen?
quid refert dictis ignoscat Mucius an non?”
pone Tigillinum, taeda lucebis in illa
qua stantes ardent qui fixo gutture fumant,
et latum media sulcum deducit harena.’

[147] To these ways of ours Posterity will have nothing to add; our grandchildren will do the same things, and desire the same things, that we do. All vice is at its acme; up with your sails and shake out every stitch of canvas! Here perhaps you will say, "Where find the talent to match the theme? Where find that freedom of our forefathers to write whatever the burning soul desired? 'What man is there that I dare not name? What matters it whether Mucius forgives my words or no?'" But just describe Tigellinus and you will blaze amid those faggots in which men, with their throats tightly gripped, stand and burn and smoke, and you trace a broad furrow through the middle of the arena.

qui dedit ergo tribus patruis aconita, uehatur
pensilibus plumis atque illinc despiciat nos?
'cum ueniet contra, digito compesce labellum:
accusator erit qui uerbum dixerit "hic est."
securus licet Aenean Rutulumque ferocem
committas, nulli grauis est percussus Achilles
aut multum quaesitus Hylas urnamque secutus:
ense uelut stricto quotiens Lucilius ardens
infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens est
criminibus, tacita sudant praecordia culpa.
inde ira et lacrimae. tecum prius ergo uoluta
haec animo ante tubas: galeatum sero duelli
paenitet.' experiar quid concedatur in illos
quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis atque Latina.

[158] What? Is a man who has administered aconite to half a dozen uncles to ride by and look down upon me from his swaying cushions? "Yes; and when he comes near you, put your finger to your lip: he who but says the word, 'That's the man!' will be counted an informer. You may set Aeneas and the brave Rutulian a-fighting with an easy mind; it will hurt no one's feelings to hear how Achilles was slain, or how Hylas was searched for when he tumbled after his pitcher. But when Lucilius roars and rages as if with sword in hand, the hearer, whose soul was cold with crime, grows red; he sweats with the secret consciousness of sin. Hence wrath and tears. So turn these things over in your mind before the trumpet sounds; the helmet once donned, it is too late to repent you of the battle." Then I will try what I may say of those worthies whose ashes lie under the Flaminian and Latin roads.

Satire 2. Moralists without Morals

Vltra Sauromatas fugere hinc libet et glacialem
Oceanum, quotiens aliquid de moribus audent
qui Curios simulant et Bacchanalia uiuunt.
indocti primum, quamquam plena omnia gypso
Chrysippi inuenias; nam perfectissimus horum,
si quis Aristotelen similem uel Pittacon emit
et iubet archet pluteum seruare Cleanthas.
frontis nulla fides; quis enim non uicus abundat
tristibus obscenis? castigas turpia, cum sis
inter Socraticos notissima fossa cinaedos?
hispida membra quidem et durae per bracchia saetae
promittunt atrocem animum, sed podice leui
caeduntur tumidae medico ridente mariscae.
rarus sermo illis et magna libido tacendi
atque supercilio breuior coma. uerius ergo
et magis ingenue Peribomius; hunc ego fatis
inputo, qui uultu morbum incessuque fatetur.
horum simplicitas miserabilis, his furor ipse
dat ueniam; sed peiiores, qui talia uerbis
Herculis inuadunt et de uirtute locuti
clunem agitant. ‘ego te ceuentem, Sexte, uerebor?’
infamis Varillus ait, ‘quo deterior te?’
loripedem rectus derideat, Aethiopem albus.
quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?
quis caelum terris non misceat et mare caelo
si fur displiceat Verri, homicida Miloni,
Clodius accuset moechos, Catilina Cethegum,
in tabulam Sullae si dicant discipuli tres?
qualis erat nuper tragico pollutus adulter
concubitu, qui tunc leges reuocabat amaras
omnibus atque ipsis Veneri Martique timendas,
cum tot abortiuis fecundam Iulia uuluam
solueret et patruo similes effunderet offas.

nonne igitur iure ac merito uitia ultima fictos
contemnunt Scauros et castigata remordent?

[1] I would fain flee to Sarmatia and the frozen Sea when people who ape the Curii and live like Bacchanals dare talk about morals. In the first place, they are unlearned persons, though you may find their houses crammed with plaster casts of Chrysippus; for their greatest hero is the man who has bought a likeness of Aristotle or Pittacus, or bids his shelves preserve an original portrait of Cleanthes. Men's faces are not to be trusted; does not every street abound in gloomy-visaged debauchees? And do you rebuke foul practices, when you are yourself the most notorious of the Socratic reprobates? A hairy body, and arms stiff with bristles, give promise of a manly soul: but the doctor grins when he cuts into the growths on your shaved buttocks. Men of your kidney talk little; they glory in taciturnity, and cut their hair shorter than their eyebrows. Peribomius himself is more open and more honest; his face, his walk, betray his distemper, and I charge Destiny with his failings. Such men excite your pity by their frankness; the very fury of their passions wins them pardon. Far worse are those who denounce evil ways in the language of a Hercules; and after discoursing upon virtue, prepare to practise vice. "Am I to respect you, Sextus," quoth the ill-famed Varillus, "when you do as I do? How am I worse than yourself? " Let the straight-legged man laugh at the club-footed, the white man at the blackamoor: but who could endure the Gracchi railing at sedition? Who will not confound heaven with earth, and sea with sky, if Verves denounce thieves, or Milo cut-throats? If Clodius condemn adulterers, or Catiline upbraid Cethegus; or if Sulla's three disciples inveigh against proscriptions? Such a man was that adulterer who, after lately defiling himself by a union of the tragic style, revived the stern laws that were to be a terror to all men — ay, even to Mars and Venus — at the moment when Julia was relieving her fertile womb and giving birth to abortions that displayed the similitude of her uncle. Is it not then right and proper that the very worst of sinners should despise your pretended Scauri, and bite back when bitten?

non tulit ex illis toruum Laronia quendam
clamantem totiens 'ubi nunc, lex Iulia, dormis?'
atque ita subridens: 'felicia tempora, quae te
moribus opponunt. habeat iam Roma pudorem:
tertius e caelo cecidit Cato. sed tamen unde
haec emis, hirsuto spirant opobalsama collo
quae tibi? ne pudeat dominum monstrare tabernae.

quod si uexantur leges ac iura, citari
ante omnis debet Scantinia. respice primum
et scrutare uiros, faciunt nam plura; sed illos
defendit numerus iunctaeque umbone phalanges.
magna inter molles concordia. non erit ullum
exemplum in nostro tam detestabile sexu.
Tedia non lambit Cluuiam nec Flora Catullam:
Hispo subit iuuenes et morbo pallet utroque.

[36] Laronia could not contain herself when one of these sour-faced worthies cried out, “What of your Julian Law? Has it gone to sleep?” To which she answered smilingly,” O happy times to have you for a censor of our morals! Once more may Rome regain her modesty; a third Cato has come down to us from the skies! But tell me, where did you buy that balsam juice that exhales from your hairy neck? Don’t be ashamed to point out to me the shopman! If laws and statutes are to be raked up, you should cite first of all the Scantinian : inquire first into the things that are done by men; men do more wicked things than we do, but they are protected by their numbers, and the tight-locked shields of their phalanx. Male effeminates agree wondrously well among themselves; never in our sex will you find such loathsome examples of evil.

numquid nos agimus causas, ciuilia iura
nouimus aut ullo strepitu fora uestra mouemus?
luctantur paucae, comedunt coloephia paucae.
uos lanam trahitis calathisque peracta refertis
uellera, uos tenui praegnantem stamine fusum
Penelope melius, leuius torquetis Arachne,
horrida quale facit residens in codice paelex.
notum est cur solo tabulas inpleuerit Hister
liberto, dederit uiuus cur multa puellae.
diues erit magno quae dormit tertia lecto.
tu nube atque tace: donant arcana cylindros.
de nobis post haec tristis sententia fertur?
dat ueniam coruis, uexat censura columbas.’

[51] “Do we women ever plead in the courts? Are we learned in the Law? Do your court-houses ever ring with our bawling? Some few of us are wrestlers; some of us eat meat-rations: you men spin wool and bring back your tale of work in

baskets when it is done; you twirl round the spindle big with fine thread more deftly than Penelope, more delicately than Arachne, doing work such as an unkempt drab squatting on a log would do. Everybody knows why Hister left all his property to his freedman, why in his life-time he gave so many presents to his young wife; the woman who sleeps third in a big bed will want for nothing. So when you take a husband, keep your mouth shut; precious stones will be the reward of a well-kept secret. After this, what condemnation can be pronounced on women? Our censor absolves the crow and passes judgment on the pigeon!"

fugerunt trepidi uera ac manifesta canentem
Stoicidae; quid enim falsi Laronia? sed quid
non facient alii, cum tu multicia sumas,
Cretice, et hanc uestem populo mirante perores
in Proculas et Pollittas? est moecha Fabulla;
damnetur, si uis, etiam Carfinia: talem
non sumet damnata togam. 'sed Iulius ardet,
aestuo.' nudus agas: minus est insania turpis.
en habitum quo te leges ac iura ferentem
uulneribus crudis populus modo uictor et illud
montanum positis audiret uulgus aratris.
quid non proclames, in corpore iudicis ista
si uideas? quaero an deceant multicia testem.
acer et indomitus libertatisque magister,
Cretice, perluces. dedit hanc contagio labem
et dabit in plures, sicut grex totus in agris
unius scabie cadit et porrigine porci
uuaque conspecta liuorem ducit ab uua.

[64] While Laronia was uttering these plain truths, the would-be Stoics made off in confusion: for what word of untruth had she spoken? Yet what will not other men do when you, Creticus, dress yourself in garments of gauze, and while everyone is marvelling at your attire, launch out against the Proculae and the Pollittae? Fabulla is an adulteress; condemn Carfinia of the same crime if you please; but however guilty, they would never wear such a gown as yours. "O but," you say, "these July days are so sweltering!" Then why not plead without clothes? Such madness would be less disgraceful. A pretty garb yours in which to propose or expound laws to our countrymen flushed with victory, and with their wounds yet unhealed; and to those mountain rustics who had laid down their ploughs to listen

to you? What would you not exclaim if you saw a judge dressed like that? Would a robe of gauze sit becomingly on a witness? You, Creticus, you, the keen, unbending champion of human liberty, to be clothed in a transparency! This plague has come upon us by infection, and it will spread still further, just as in the fields the scab of one sheep, or the mange of one pig, destroys an entire herd; just as one bunch of grapes takes on its sickly colour from the aspect of its neighbour.

foedius hoc aliquid quandoque audebis amictu;
nemo repente fuit turpissimus. accipient te
paulatim qui longa domi redimicula sumunt
frontibus et toto posuere monilia collo
atque bonam tenerae placant abdomine porcae
et magno cratere deam. sed more sinistro
exagitata procul non intrat femina limen:
solis ara deae maribus patet. ‘ite, profanae,’
clamatur, ‘nullo gemit hic tibicina cornu.’
talia secreta coluerunt orgia taeda
Cecropiam soliti Baptae lassare Cotyton.
ille supercilium madida fuligine tinctum
obliqua producit acu pingitque trementis
attollens oculos; uitreo bibit ille priapo
reticulumque comis auratum ingentibus implet
caerulea indutus scutulata aut galbina rasa
et per Iunonem domini iurante ministro;
ille tenet speculum, pathici gestamen Othonis,
Actoris Aurunci spolium, quo se ille uidebat
armatum, cum iam tolli uexilla iuberet.
res memoranda nouis annalibus atque recenti
historia, speculum ciuilis sarcina belli.
nimirum summi ducis est occidere Galbam
et curare cutem, summi constantia ciuis
Bebriaci campis solium adfectare Palati
et pressum in faciem digitis extendere panem,
quod nec in Assyrio pharetrata Sameramis orbe
maesta nec Actiaca fecit Cleopatra carina.
hic nullus uerbis pudor aut reuerentia mensae,
hic turpis Cybeles et fracta uoce loquendi
libertas et crine senex fanaticus albo

sacrorum antistes, rarum ac memorabile magni
gutturis exemplum conducendusque magister.
quid tamen expectant, Phrygio quos tempus erat
iam more superuacuam cultris abrumpere carnem?

[82] Some day you will venture on something more shameful than this dress; no one reaches the depths of turpitude all at once. In due time you will be welcomed by those who in their homes put fillets round their brows, swathe themselves with necklaces, and propitiate the Bona Dea with the stomach of a porker and a huge bowl of wine, though by an evil usage the Goddess warns off all women from the door; none but males may approach her altar. "Away with you! profane women" is the cry; "no booming horn, no she-minstrels here!" Such were the secret torchlight orgies with which the Baptae wearied the Cecropian Cotytto. One prolongs his eyebrows with some damp soot on the edge of a needle, and lifts up his blinking eyes to be painted; another drinks out of an obscenely-shaped glass, and ties up his long locks in a gilded net; he is clothed in blue checks, or smooth-faced green; the attendant swears by Juno like his master. Another holds in his hand a mirror like that carried by the effeminate Otho: a trophy of the Auruncan Actor, in which he gazed at his own image in full armour when he was just ready to give the order to advance — a thing notable and novel in the annals of our time, a mirror among the kit of Civil War! It needed, in truth, a mighty general to slay Galba, and keep his own skin shaved; it needed a citizen of highest courage to ape the splendours of the Palace on the field of Bebriacum, and plaster his face with dough! Never did the quiver-bearing Samiramis the like in her Assyrian realm, nor the despairing Cleopatra on board her ship at Actium. No decency of language is there here: no regard for the manners of the table. You will hear all the foul talk and squeaking tones of Cybele; a grey-haired frenzied old man presides over the rites; he is a rare and notable master of the art of gluttony, and should be hired to teach it. But why wait any longer when it were time in Phrygian fashion to lop off the superfluous flesh?

quadringenta dedit Gracchus sestertia dotem
cornicini, siue hic recto cantauerat aere;
signatae tabulae, dictum 'feliciter,' ingens
cena sedet, gremio iacuit noua nupta mariti.
o proceres, censore opus est an haruspice nobis?
scilicet horreres maioraque monstra putares,
si mulier uitulum uel si bos ederet agnum?

segmenta et longos habitus et flammea sumit
arcano qui sacra ferens nutantia loro

[117] Gracchus has presented to a cornet player — or perhaps it was a player on the straight horn — a dowry of four hundred thousand sesterces. The contract has been signed; the benedictions have been pronounced; the banqueters are seated, the new made bride is reclining on the bosom of her husband. O ye nobles of Rome! is it a soothsayer that we need, or a Censor? Would you be more aghast, would you deem it a greater portent, if a woman gave birth to a calf, or an ox to a lamb? The man who is now arraying himself in the flounces and train and veil of a bride once carried the quivering shields of Mars by the sacred thongs and sweated under the sacred burden!

sudauit clipeis ancilibus. o pater urbis,
unde nefas tantum Latiis pastoribus? unde
haec tetigit, Gradiue, tuos urtica nepotes?
traditur ecce uiro clarus genere atque opibus uir,
nec galeam quassas nec terram cuspide pulsas
nec quereris patri. uade ergo et cede seueri

[126] O Father of our city, whence came such wickedness among thy Latin shepherds? How did such a lust possess thy grandchildren, O Gradivus? Behold! Here you have a man of high birth and wealth being handed over in marriage to a man, and yet neither shakest thy helmet, nor smitest the earth with thy spear, nor yet protestest to thy Father? Away with thee then; begone from that broad Martial Plain which thou hast forgotten!

iugeribus campi, quem neglegis. ‘officium cras
primo sole mihi peragendum in ualle Quirini.’
quae causa officii? ‘quid quaeris? nubit amicus
nec multos adhibet.’ liceat modo uiuere, fient,
fient ista palam, cupient et in acta referri.
interea tormentum ingens nubentibus haeret
quod nequeant parere et partu retinere maritos.
sed melius, quod nil animis in corpora iuris
natura indulget: steriles moriuntur, et illis

turgida non prodest condita pyxide Lyde,
nec prodest agili palmas praebere luperco.

[132] "I have a ceremony to attend," quoth one, "at dawn to-morrow, in the Quirinal valley." "What is the occasion?" "No need to ask: a friend is taking to himself a husband; quite a small affair." Yes, and if we only live long enough, we shall see these things done openly: people will wish to see them reported among the news of the day. Meanwhile these would-be brides have one great trouble: they can bear no children wherewith to keep the affection of their husbands; well has nature done in granting to their desires no power over their bodies. They die infertile; naught avails them the medicine-chest of the bloated Lyde, or to hold out their hands to the blows of the swift-footed Luperci!

uicit et hoc monstrum tunicati fuscina Gracchi,
lustrauitque fuga mediam gladiator harenam
et Capitolinis generosior et Marcellis
et Catuli Paulique minoribus et Fabiis et
omnibus ad podium spectantibus, his licet ipsum
admoueas cuius tunc munere retia misit.

[143] Greater still the portent when Gracchus, clad in a tunic, played the gladiator, and fled, trident in hand, across the arena — Gracchus, a man of nobler birth than the Capitolini, or the Marcelli, or the descendents of Catulus or Paulus, or the Fabii: nobler than all the spectators in the podium; not excepting him who gave the show at which that net was flung.

esse aliquos manes et subterranea regna,
Cocytum et Stygio ranas in gurgite nigras,
atque una transire uadum tot milia cumba
nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum aere lauantur.
sed tu uera puta: Curius quid sentit et ambo
Scipiadae, quid Fabricius manesque Camilli,
quid Cremerae legio et Cannis consumpta iuuentus,
tot bellorum animae, quotiens hinc talis ad illos
umbra uenit? cuperent lustrari, si qua darentur
sulpura cum taedis et si foret umida laurus.
illic heu miseri traducimur. arma quidem ultra

litora Iuuernae promouimus et modo captas
Orcadas ac minima contentos nocte Britannos,
sed quae nunc populi fiunt uictoris in urbe
non faciunt illi quos uicimus. et tamen unus
Armenius Zalaces cunctis narratur ephebis
mollior ardenti sese indulsisse tribuno.
aspice quid faciant commercia: uenerat obses,
hic fiunt homines. nam si mora longior urbem
indulsit pueris, non umquam derit amator.
mittentur bracae, cultelli, frena, flagellum:
sic praetextatos referunt Artaxata mores.

[149] That there are such things as Manes, and kingdoms below ground, and punt-poles, and Stygian pools black with frogs, and all those thousands crossing over in a single bark — these things not even boys believe, except such as have not yet had their penny bath. But just imagine them to be true — what would Curius and the two Scipios think? or Fabricius and the spirit of Camillus? What would the legion that fought at the Cremera think, or the young manhood that fell at Cannae; what would all those gallant hearts feel when a shade of this sort came down to them from here? They would wish to be purified; if only sulphur and torches and damp laurel-branches were to be had. Such is the degradation to which we have come! Our arms indeed we have pushed beyond Juverna's shores, to the new-conquered Orcades and the short-nighted Britons; but the things which we do in our victorious city will never be done by the men whom we have conquered. And yet they say that one Zalaces, an Armenian more effeminate than any of our youth, has yielded to the ardour of a Tribune! Just see what evil communications do! He came as a hostage: but here boys are turned into men. Give them a long sojourn in our city, and lovers will never fail them. They will throw away their trousers and their knives, their bridles and their whips, and carry back to Artaxata the manners of our Roman youth.

Satire 3. Quid Romae Faciam?

Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici
laudo tamen, vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis
destinet atque unum civem donare Sibyllae.
ianua Baiarum est et gratum litus amoeni
secessus. ego vel Prochytam praepono Suburae;
nam quid tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut non
deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus
tectorum adsiduos ac mille pericula saevae
urbis et Augusto recitantes mense poetas?

[1] Though put out by the departure of my old friend, I commend his purpose to fix his home at Cumae, and to present one citizen to the Sibyl. That is the gate of Baiae, a sweet retreat upon a pleasant shore; I myself would prefer even Prochyta to the Saburra! For where has one ever seen a place so dismal and so lonely that one would not deem it worse to live in perpetual dread of fires and falling houses, and the thousand perils of this terrible city, and poets spouting in the month of August!

Sed dum tota domus raeda componitur una,
substitit ad veteres arcus madidamque Capenam.
hic, ubi nocturnae Numa constituebat amicae
(nunc sacri fontis nemus et delubra locantur
Iudaeis, quorum cophinus fenumque supellex;
omnis enim populo mercedem pendere iussa est
arbor et eiectis mendicat silva Camenis),
in vallem Egeriae descendimus et speluncas
dissimiles veris. quanto praesentius esset
numen aquis, viridi si margine cluderet undas
herba nec ingenuum violarent marmora tofum.

[10] But while all his goods and chattels were being packed upon a single wagon, my friend halted at the dripping archway of the old Porta Capena. Here Numa held his nightly assignations with his mistress; but now the holy fount and grove

and shrine are let out to Jews, who possess a basket and a truss of hay for all their furnishings. For as every tree nowadays has to pay toll to the people, the Muses have been ejected, and the wood has to go a-begging. We go down to the Valley of Egeria, and into the caves so unlike to nature: how much more near to us would be the spirit of the fountain if its waters were fringed by a green border of grass, and there were no marble to outrage the native tufa!

Hic tunc Umbricius ‘quando artibus’ inquit ‘honestis
nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
res hodie minor est here quam fuit atque eadem cras
deteret exiguis aliquid, proponimus illuc
ire, fatigatas ubi Daedalus exuit alas,
dum nova canities, dum prima et recta senectus,
dum superest Lachesi quod torqueat et pedibus me
porto meis nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.
cedamus patria. vivant Artorius istic
et Catulus, maneant qui nigrum in candida vertunt,
quis facile est aedem conducere, flumina, portus,
siccandam eluviem, portandum ad busta cadaver,
et praebere caput domina venale sub hasta.
quondam hi cornicines et municipalis harenae
perpetui comites notaeque per oppida buccae
munera nunc edunt et, verso pollice vulgus
cum iubet, occidunt populariter; inde reversi
conducunt foricas, et cur non omnia? cum sint
quales ex humili magna ad fastigia rerum
extollit quotiens voluit Fortuna iocari.

[21] Here spoke Umbritius:—” Since there is no room,” quoth he, “for honest callings in this city, no reward for labour; since my means are less to-day than they were yesterday, and to-morrow will rub off something from the little that is left, I purpose to go to the place where Daedalus put off his weary wings while my white hairs are recent, while my old age is erect and fresh, while Lachesis has something left to spin, and I can support myself on my own feet without slipping a staff beneath my hand. Farewell my country! Let Artorius live there, and Catulus; let those remain who turn black into white, to whom it comes easy to take contracts for temples, rivers or harbours, for cleansing drains, or carrying corpses to the pyre, or to put up slaves for sale under the authority of the spear.

These men once were horn-blowers, who went the round of every provincial show, and whose puffed-out cheeks were known in every village; to-day they hold shows of their own, and win applause by slaying with a turn of the thumb whomsoever the mob bids them slay; from that they go back to contract for cesspools, and why not for any kind of thing, seeing that they are of the kind that Fortune raises from the gutter to the mighty places of earth whenever she wishes to enjoy a laugh?

Quid Romae faciam? mentiri nescio; librum,
si malus est, nequeo laudare et poscere; motus
astrorum ignoro; funus promittere patris
nec volo nec possum; ranarum viscera numquam
inspexi; ferre ad nuptam quae mittit adulter,
quae mandat, norunt alii; me nemo ministro
fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo tamquam
mancus et extinctae corpus non utile dextrae.
quis nunc diligitur nisi conscius et cui fervens
aestuat occultis animus semperque tacendis?
nil tibi se debere putat, nil conferet umquam,
participem qui te secreti fecit honesti.
carus erit Verri qui Verrem tempore quo vult
accusare potest. tanti tibi non sit opaci
omnis harena Tagi quodque in mare volvitur aurum,
ut somno careas ponendaque praemia sumas
tristis et a magno semper timearis amico.

[41] What can I do at Rome? I cannot lie; if a book is bad, I cannot praise it, and beg for a copy; I am ignorant of the movements of the stars; I cannot, and will not, promise to a man his father's death; I have never examined the entrails of a frog; I must leave it to others to carry to a bride the presents and messages of a paramour. No man will get my help in robbery, and therefore no governor will take me on his staff: I am treated as a maimed and useless trunk that has lost the power of its hands. What man wins favour nowadays unless he be an accomplice — one whose soul seethes and burns with secrets that must never be disclosed? No one who has imparted to you an innocent secret thinks he owes you anything, or will ever bestow on you a favour; the man whom Verres loves is the man who can impeach Verres at any moment that he chooses. Ah! Let not all the sands of the shaded Tagus, and the gold which it rolls into the sea, be so precious in your

eyes that you should lose your sleep, and accept gifts, to your sorrow, which you must one day lay down, and be for ever a terror to your mighty friend!

Quae nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris
et quos praecipue fugiam, properabo fateri,
nec pudor obstabit. non possum ferre, Quirites,
Graecam urbem. quamvis quota portio faecis Achaei?
iam pridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes
et linguam et mores et cum tibicine chordas
obliquas nec non gentilia tympana secum
vexit et ad circum iussas prostare puellas.
ite, quibus grata est picta lupa barbara mitra.
rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirine,
et ceromatico fert niceteria collo.
hic alta Sicyone, ast hic Amydone relicta,
hic Andro, ille Samo, hic Trallibus aut Alabandis,
Esquilias dictumque petunt a vimine collem,
viscera magnarum domuum dominique futuri.
ingenium velox, audacia perdita, sermo
promptus et Isaeo torrentior: ede quid illum
esse putes. quemvis hominem secum attulit ad nos:
grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,
augur, schoenobates, medicus, magus, omnia novit
Graeculus esuriens: in caelum iusseris ibit.
in summa non Maurus erat neque Sarmata nec Thrax
qui sumpsit pinnas, mediis sed natus Athenis.

[58] "And now let me speak at once of the race which is most dear to our rich men, and which I avoid above all others; no shyness shall stand in my way. I cannot abide, Quirites, a Rome of Greeks; and yet what fraction of our dregs comes from Greece? The Syrian Orontes has long since poured into the Tiber, bringing with it its lingo and its manners, its flutes and its slanting harp-strings: bringing too the timbrels of the breed, and the trulls who are bidden ply their trade at the Circus. Out upon you, all ye that delight in foreign strumpets with painted headdresses! Your country clown, Quirinus, now trips to dinner in Greek-fangled slippers, and wears *niceterian* ornaments upon a *ceromatic* neck! One comes from lofty Sicyon, another from Amydon or Andros, others from Samos, Tralles or Alabanda; all making for the Esquiline, or for the hill that takes its name from

osier-beds; all ready to worm their way into the houses of the great and become their masters. Quick of wit and of unbounded impudence, they are as ready of speech as Isaeus, and more torrential. Say, what do you think that fellow there to be? He has brought with him any character you please; grammarian, orator, geometrician; painter, trainer, or rope-dancer; augur, doctor or astrologer: —
'All sciences a fasting monsieur knows,
And bid him go to Hell, to Hell he goes!'
In fine, the man who took to himself wings was not a Moor, nor a Sarmatian, nor a Thracian, but one born in the very heart of Athens!

horum ego non fugiam conchylia? me prior ille
signabit fultusque toro meliore recumbet,
advectus Romam quo pruna et cottana vento?
usque adeo nihil est quod nostra infantia caelum
hausit Aventini baca nutrita Sabina?

[81] "Must I not make my escape from purple-clad gentry like these? Is a man to sign his name before me, and recline upon a couch above mine, who has been wafted to Rome by the wind which brings us our damsons and our figs? Is it to go so utterly for nothing that as a babe I drank in the air of the Aventine, and was nurtured on the Sabine berry?

Quid quod adulandi gens prudentissima laudat
sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici,
et longum invalidi collum cervicibus aequat
Herculis Antaeum procul a tellure tenentis,
miratur vocem angustam, qua deterius nec
ille sonat quo mordetur gallina marito?
haec eadem licet et nobis laudare, sed illis
creditur. an melior cum Thaida sustinet aut cum
uxorem comoedus agit vel Dorida nullo
cultam palliolo? mulier nempe ipsa videtur,
non persona, loqui: vacua et plana omnia dicas
infra ventriculum et tenui distantia rima.
nec tamen Antiochus nec erit mirabilis illic
aut Stratocles aut cum molli Demetrius Haemo:
natio comoeda est. rides, maiore cachinno
concutitur; flet, si lacrimas conspexit amici,

nec dolet; igniculum brumae si tempore poscas,
accipit endromidem; si dixeris “aestuo,” sudat.
non sumus ergo pares: melior, qui semper et omni
nocte dieque potest aliena sumere vultum
a facie, iactare manus laudare paratus,
si bene ructavit, si rectum minxit amicus,
si trulla inverso crepitum dedit aurea fundo.

[86] “What of this again, that these people are experts in flattery, and will commend the talk of an illiterate, or the beauty of a deformed, friend, and compare the scraggy neck of some weakling to the brawny throat of Hercules when holding up Antaeus from the earth; or go into ecstasies over a squeaky voice not more melodious than that of a cock when he pecks his spouse the hen? We, no doubt, can praise the same things that they do; but what they say is believed. Could any actor do better when he plays the part of Thais, or of a matron, or of the nude Doris? You would never think that it was an actor that was speaking, but a very woman, complete in all her parts. Yet, in their own country, neither Antiochus nor Stratocles, neither Demetrius nor the delicate Haemus, will be applauded: they are a nation of play-actors. If you smile, your Greek will split his sides with laughter; if he sees his friend drop a tear, he weeps, though without grieving; if you call for a bit of fire in winter-time, he puts on his cloak; if you say ‘I am hot,’ he breaks into a sweat. Thus we are not upon a level, he and I; he has always the best of it, being ready at any moment, by night or by day, to take his expression from another man’s face, to throw up his hands and applaud if his friend spit or hiccup nicely, or if his golden basin make a gurgle when turned upside down.

Praeterea sanctum nihil +aut+ ab inguine tutum,
non matrona laris, non filia virgo, nec ipse
sponsus levis adhuc, non filius ante pudicus.
horum si nihil est, aviam resupinat amici.
[scire volunt secreta domus atque inde timeri.]
et quoniam coepit Graecorum mentio, transi
gymnasia atque audi facinus maioris abollae.
Stoicus occidit Baream delator amicum
discipulumque senex ripa nutritus in illa
ad quam Gorgonei delapsa est pinna caballi.
non est Romano cuiquam locus hic, ubi regnat
Protogenes aliquis vel Diphilus aut Hermarchus,

qui gentis vitio numquam partitur amicum,
solus habet. nam cum facilem stillavit in aurem
exiguum de naturae patriaeque veneno,
limine summoveor, perierunt tempora longi
servitii; nusquam minor est iactura clientis.

[109] "Besides all this, there is nothing sacred to his lusts: not the matron of the family, nor the maiden daughter, not the as yet unbearded son-in-law to be, not even the as yet unpolluted son; if none of these be there, he will debauch the grandmother. These men want to discover the secrets of the family, and so make themselves feared. And now that I am speaking of the Greeks, pass on to the schools, and hear of a graver crime; the Stoic who informed against and slew his own young friend and disciple was born on that river bank where the Gorgon's winged steed fell to earth. No: there is no room for any Roman here, where some Protogenes, or Diphilus, or Hermarchus rules the roast — one who by a defect of his race never shares a friend, but keeps him all to himself. For when once he has dropped into a facile ear one particle of his own and his country's poison, I am thrust from the door, and all my long years of servitude go for nothing. Nowhere is it so easy as at Rome to throw an old client overboard.

Quod porro officium, ne nobis blandiar, aut quod
pauperis hic meritum, si curet nocte togatus
currere, cum praetor lictorem inpellat et ire
praecipitem iubeat dudum vigilantibus orbis,
ne prior Albinam et Modiam collega salutet?
divitis hic servo cludit latus ingenuorum
filius; alter enim quantum in legione tribuni
accipiunt donat Calvinae vel Catienae,
ut semel aut iterum super illam palpitet; at tu,
cum tibi vestiti facies scorti placet, haeres
et dubitas alta Chionen deducere sella.
da testem Romae tam sanctum quam fuit hospes
numinis Idaei, procedat vel Numa vel qui
servavit trepidam flagranti ex aede Minervam:
protinus ad censum, de moribus ultima fiet
quaestio. "quot pascit servos? quot possidet agri
iugera? quam multa magnaque paropside cenat?"
quantum quisque sua nummorum servat in arca,

tantum habet et fidei. iures licet et Samothracum
et nostrorum aras, contemnere fulmina pauper
creditur atque deos dis ignoscentibus ipsis.

[126] "And besides, not to flatter ourselves, what value is there in a poor man's serving here in Rome, even if he be at pains to hurry along in his toga before daylight, seeing that the praetor is bidding the lictor to go full speed lest his colleague should be the first to salute the childless ladies Albina and Modia, who have long ago been awake. Here in Rome the son of free-born parents has to give the wall to some rich man's slave; for that other will give as much as the whole pay of a legionary tribune to enjoy the chance favours of a Calvinal or a Catiena, while you, when the face of some gay-decked harlot takes your fancy, scarce venture to hand her down from her lofty chair. At Rome you may produce a witness as unimpeachable as the host of the Idaean Goddess — Numa himself might present himself, or he who rescued the trembling Minerva from the blazing shrine — the first question asked will be as to his wealth, the last about his character: 'how many slaves does he keep?' 'how many acres does he own?' 'how big and how many are his dinner dishes?' A man's word is believed in exact proportion to the amount of cash which he keeps in his strong box. Though he swear by all the altars of Samothrace or of Rome, the poor man is believed to care naught for Gods and thunderbolts, the Gods themselves forgiving him.

Quid quod materiam praebet causasque iocorum
omnibus hic idem, si foeda et scissa lacerna,
si toga sordidula est et rupta calceus alter
pelle patet, vel si consuto volnere crassum
atque recens linum ostendit non una cicatrix?
nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se
quam quod ridiculos homines facit. "exeat" inquit,
"si pudor est, et de pulvino surgat equestri,
cuius res legi non sufficit, et sedeant hic
lenonum pueri quocumque ex fornice nati,
hic plaudat nitidus praeconis filius inter
pinnirapi cultos iuvenes iuvenesque lanistae."
sic libitum vano, qui nos distinxit, Othoni.
quis gener hic placuit censu minor atque puellae
sarcinulis inpar? quis pauper scribitur heres?

quando in consilio est aedilibus? agmine facto
debuerant olim tenues migrasse Quirites.

[147] "And what of this, that the poor man gives food and occasion for jest if his cloak be torn and dirty; if his toga be a little soiled; if one of his shoes gapes where the leather is split, or if some fresh stitches of coarse thread reveal where not one, but many a rent has been patched? Of all the woes of luckless poverty none is harder to endure than this, that it exposes men to ridicule. 'Out you go! for very shame,' says the marshal; 'out of the Knights' stalls, all of you whose means do not satisfy the law.' Here let the sons of panders, born in any brothel, take their seats; here let the spruce son of an auctioneer clap his hands, with the smart sons of a gladiator on one side of him and the young gentlemen of a trainer on the other: such was the will of the numskull Otho who assigned to each of us his place. Who ever was approved as a son-in-law if he was short of cash, and no match for the money-bags of the young lady? What poor man ever gets a legacy, or is appointed assessor to an aedile? Romans without money should have marched out in a body long ago!

Haut facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat
res angusta domi, sed Romae durior illis
conatus: magno hospitium miserabile, magno
servorum ventres, et frugi cenula magno.
fictilibus cenare pudet, quod turpe negabis
translatus subito ad Marsos mensamque Sabellam
contentusque illic Veneto duroque cucullo.

[164] "It is no easy matter, anywhere, for a man to rise when poverty stands in the way of his merits: but nowhere is the effort harder than in Rome, where you must pay a big rent for a wretched lodging, a big sum to fill the bellies of your slaves, and buy a frugal dinner for yourself. You are ashamed to dine off delf; but you would see no shame in it if transported suddenly to a Marsian or Sabine table, where you would be pleased enough to wear a cape of coarse Venetian blue.

Pars magna Italiae est, si verum admittimus, in qua
nemo togam sumit nisi mortuus. ipsa dierum
festorum herboso colitur si quando theatro
maiestas tandemque redit ad pulpita notum

exodium, cum personae pallentis hiatum
in gremio matris formidat rusticus infans,
aequales habitus illic similesque videbis
orchestram et populum; clari velamen honoris
sufficiunt tunicae summis aedilibus albae.
hic ultra vires habitus nitor, hic aliquid plus
quam satis est interdum aliena sumitur arca.
commune id vitium est: hic vivimus ambitiosa
paupertate omnes. quid te moror? omnia Romae
cum pretio. quid das, ut Cossum aliquando salutes,
ut te respiciat clauso Veiento labello?
ille metit barbam, crinem hic deponit amati;
plena domus libis venalibus: accipe et istud
fermentum tibi habe. praestare tributa clientes
cogimur et cultis augere peculia servis.

[171] "There are many parts of Italy, to tell the truth, in which no man puts on a toga until he is dead. Even on days of festival, when a brave show is made in a theatre of turf, and when the well-known farce steps once more upon the boards; when the rustic babe on its mother's breast shrinks back affrighted at the gaping of the pallid masks, you will see stalls and populace all dressed alike, and the worshipful aediles content with white tunics as vesture for their high office. In Rome, everyone dresses above his means, and sometimes something more than what is enough is taken out of another man's pocket. This failing is universal here: we all live in a state of pretentious poverty. To put it shortly, nothing can be had in Rome for nothing. How much does it cost you to be able now and then to make your bow to Cossus? Or to be vouchsafed one glance, with lip firmly closed, from Veiento? One of these great men is cutting off his beard; another is dedicating the locks of a favourite; the house is full of cakes — which you will have to pay for. Take your cake, and let this thought rankle in your heart: we clients are compelled to pay tribute and add to a shaved menial's perquisites.

Quis timet aut timuit gelida Praeneste ruinam
aut positis nemorosa inter iuga Volsiniis aut
simplicibus Gabiis aut proni Tiburis arce?
nos urbem colimus tenui tibicine fultam
magna parte sui; nam sic labentibus obstat
vilicus et, veteris rimae cum texit hiatum,

securos pendente iubet dormire ruina.
vivendum est illic, ubi nulla incendia, nulli
nocte metus. iam poscit aquam, iam frivola transfert
Ucalegon, tabulata tibi iam tertia fumant:
tu nescis; nam si gradibus trepidatur ab imis,
ultimus ardebit quem tegula sola tuetur
a pluvia, molles ubi reddunt ova columbae.
lectus erat Cordo Procula minor, urceoli sex
ornamentum abaci, nec non et parvulus infra
cantharus et recubans sub eodem marmore Chiron,
iamque vetus Graecos servabat cista libellos
et divina opici rodebant carmina mures.
nil habuit Cordus, quis enim negat? et tamen illud
perdidit infelix totum nihil. ultimus autem
aerumnae cumulus, quod nudum et frusta rogantem
nemo cibo, nemo hospitio tectoque iuvabit.

[190] "Who at cool Praeneste, or at Volsinii amid its leafy hills, was ever afraid of his house tumbling down? Who in modest Gabii, or on the sloping heights of Tivoli? But here we inhabit a city propped up for the most part by slender flute-players: for that is how the bailiff patches up the cracks in the old wall, bidding the inmates sleep at ease under a roof ready to tumble about their ears. No, no, I must live where there are no fires, no nightly alarms. Ucalegon below is already shouting for water and shifting his chattels; smoke is pouring out of your third-floor attic above, but you know nothing of it; for if the alarm begins in the ground-floor, the last man to burn will be he who has nothing to shelter him from the rain but the tiles, where the gentle doves lay their eggs. Codrus possessed a bed too small for the dwarf Procula, a marble slab adorned by six pipkins, with a small drinking cup, and a recumbent Chiron below, and an old chest containing Greek books whose divine lays were being gnawed by unlettered mice. Poor Codrus had nothing, it is true: but he lost that nothing, which was his all; and the last straw in his heap of misery is this, that though he is destitute and begging for a bite, no one will help him with a meal, no one offer him board or shelter.

Si magna Asturici cecidit domus, horrida mater,
pullati proceres, differt vadimonia praetor.
tum gemimus casus urbis, tunc odimus ignem.
ardet adhuc, et iam accurrit qui marmora donet,

conferat inpensas; hic nuda et candida signa,
hic aliquid praeclarum Euphranoris et Polycliti,
haec Asianorum vetera ornamenta deorum,
hic libros dabit et forulos mediamque Minervam,
hic modium argenti. meliora ac plura reponit
Persicus orborum lautissimus et merito iam
suspectus tamquam ipse suas incenderit aedes.

[212] "But if the grand house of Asturicus be destroyed, the matrons go dishevelled, your great men put on mourning, the praetor adjourns his court: then indeed do we deplore the calamities of the city, and bewail its fires! Before the house has ceased to burn, up comes one with a gift of marble or of building materials, another offers nude and glistening statues, a third some notable work of Euphranor or Polyclitus, or bronzes that had been the glory of old Asian shrines. Others will offer books and bookcases, or a bust of Minerva, or a hundredweight of silver-plate. Thus does Persicus, that most sumptuous of childless men, replace what he has lost with more and better things, and with good reason incurs the suspicion of having set his own house on fire.

Si potes avelli circensibus, optima Sorae
aut Fabrateriae domus aut Frusinone paratur
quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.
hortulus hic puteusque brevis nec reste movendus
in tenuis plantas facili diffunditur haustu.
vive bidentis amans et culti vilicus horti
unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagoreis.
est aliquid, quocumque loco, quocumque recessu,
unius sese dominum fecisse lacertae.

[223] "If you can tear yourself away from the games of the Circus, you can buy an excellent house at Sora, at Fabrateria or Frusino, for what you now pay in Rome to rent a dark garret for one year. And you will there have a little garden, with a shallow well from which you can easily draw water, without need of a rope, to bedew your weakly plants. There make your abode, mattock in hand, tending a trim garden fit to feast a hundred Pythagoreans. It is something, in whatever spot, however remote, to have become the possessor of a single lizard!

Plurimus hic aeger moritur vigilando (sed ipsum
languorem peperit cibus inperfectus et haerens
ardenti stomacho); nam quae meritoria somnum
admittunt? magnis opibus dormitur in urbe.
inde caput morbi. raedarum transitus arto
vicorum in flexu et stantis convicia mandrae
eripient somnum Druso vitulisque marinis.
si vocat officium, turba cedente vehetur
dives et ingenti curret super ora Liburna
atque obiter leget aut scribet vel dormiet intus;
namque facit somnum clausa lectica fenestra.
ante tamen veniet: nobis properantibus obstat
unda prior, magno populus premit agmine lumbos
qui sequitur; ferit hic cubito, ferit assere duro
alter, at hic tignum capiti incutit, ille metretam.
pinguia crura luto, planta mox undique magna
calcor, et in digito clavus mihi militis haeret.

[232] "Most sick people here in Rome perish for want of sleep, the illness itself having been produced by food lying undigested on a fevered stomach. For what sleep is possible in a lodging? Who but the wealthy get sleep in Rome? There lies the root of the disorder. The crossing of wagons in the narrow winding streets, the slanging of drovers when brought to a stand, would make sleep impossible for a Drusus — or a sea-calf. When the rich man has a call of social duty, the mob makes way for him as he is borne swiftly over their heads in a huge Liburnian car. He writes or reads or sleeps as he goes along, for the closed window of the litter induces slumber. Yet he will arrive before us; hurry as we may, we are blocked by a surging crowd in front, and by a dense mass of people pressing in on us from behind: one man digs an elbow into me, another a sedan-pole; one bangs a beam, another a wine-cask, against my head. My legs are be-plastered with mud; huge feet trample on me from every side, and a soldier plants his hobnails firmly on my toe.

Nonne vides quanto celebretur sportula fumo?
centum convivae, sequitur sua quemque culina.
Corbulo vix ferret tot vasa ingentia, tot res
inpositas capiti, quas recto vertice portat
servulus infelix et cursu ventilat ignem.

scinduntur tunicae sartae modo, longa coruscat
serraco veniente abies, atque altera pinum
plaustra vehunt; nutant alte populoque minantur.
nam si procubuit qui saxa Ligustica portat
axis et eversum fudit super agmina montem,
quid superest de corporibus? quis membra, quis ossa
invenit? obtritum volgi perit omne cadaver
more animae. domus interea secura patellas
iam lavat et bucca foculum excitat et sonat unctis
striglibus et pleno componit lintea guto.
haec inter pueros varie properantur, at ille
iam sedet in ripa taetrumque novicius horret
porthmea nec sperat caenosi gurgitis alnum
infelix nec habet quem porrigat ore trientem.

[249] "See now the smoke rising from that crowd which hurries for the daily dole: there are a hundred guests, each followed by a kitchener of his own. Corbulo himself could scarce bear the weight of all the big vessels and other gear which that poor little slave is carrying with head erect, fanning the flame as he runs along. Newly-patched tunics are torn in two; up comes a huge log swaying on a wagon, and then a second dray carrying a whole pine-tree, towering aloft and threatening the people. For if that axle with its load of Ligurian marble breaks down, and pours its spilt contents on to the crowd, what is left of their bodies? Who can identify the limbs, who the bones? The poor man's crushed corpse disappears, just like his soul. At home meanwhile the folk, unwitting, are washing the dishes, blowing up the fire with distended cheek, clattering over the greasy flesh-scrapers, filling the oil-flasks and laying out the towels. And while each of them is thus busy over his own task, their master is already sitting, a new arrival, upon the bank, and shuddering at the grim ferryman: he has no copper in his mouth to tender for his fare, and no hope of a passage over the murky flood.

Respice nunc alia ac diversa pericula noctis:
quod spatium tectis sublimibus unde cerebrum
testa ferit, quotiens rimosa et curta fenestris
vasa cadant, quanto percussum pondere signent
et laedant silicem. possis ignavus haberi
et subiti casus inprovidus, ad cenam si
intestatus eas: adeo tot fata, quot illa

nocte patent vigiles te praetereunte fenestrae.
ergo optes votumque feras miserabile tecum,
ut sint contentae patulas defundere pelves.

[268] "And now regard the different and diverse perils of the night. See what a height it is to that towering roof from which a potsherd comes crack upon my head every time that some broken or leaky vessel is pitched out of the window! See with what a smash it strikes and dints the pavement! There's death in every open window as you pass along at night; you may well be deemed a fool, improvident of sudden accident, if you go out to dinner without having made your will. You can but hope, and put up a piteous prayer in your heart, that they may be content to pour down on you the contents of their slop-pails!

Ebrius ac petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,
dat poenas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum
Pelidae, cubat in faciem, mox deinde supinus:
[ergo non aliter poterit dormire; quibusdam]
somnum rixa facit. sed quamvis inprobus annis
atque mero fervens cavet hunc quem coccina laena
vitari iubet et comitum longissimus ordo,
multum praeterea flammarum et aenea lampas.
me, quem luna solet deducere vel breve lumen
candelae, cuius dispenso et tempero filum,
contemnit. miserae cognosce prohoemia rixae,
si rixa est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum.
stat contra starique iubet. parere necesse est;
nam quid agas, cum te furiosus cogat et idem
fortior? "unde venis" exclamat, "cuius aceto,
cuius conche tumes? quis tecum sectile porrum
sutor et elixi verecis labra comedit?
nil mihi respondes? aut dic aut accipe calcem.
ede ubi consistas: in qua te quaero proseucha?"
dicere si temptes aliquid tacitusve recedas,
tantumdem est: feriunt pariter, vadimonia deinde
irati faciunt. libertas pauperis haec est:
pulsatus rogat et pugnis concisus adorat
ut liceat paucis cum dentibus inde reverti.

[278] “Your drunken bully who has by chance not slain his man passes a night of torture like that of Achilles when he bemoaned his friend, lying now upon his face, and now upon his back; he will get no rest in any other way, since some men can only sleep after a brawl. Yet however reckless the fellow may be, however hot with wine and young blood, he gives a wide berth to one whose scarlet cloak and long-retinue of attendants, with torches and brass lamps in their hands, bid him keep his distance. But to me, who am wont to be escorted home by the moon, or by the scant light of a candle whose wick I husband with due care, he pays no respect. Hear how the wretched fray begins — if fray it can be called when you do all the thrashing and I get all the blows! The fellow stands up against me, and bids me halt; obey I must. What else can you do when attacked by a madman stronger than yourself? ‘Where are you from?’ shouts he; ‘whose swipes, whose beans have blown you out? With what cobbler have you been munching cut leeks and boiled sheep’s head? — What, sirrah, no answer? Speak out, or take that upon your shins! Where is your stand? In what prayer-shop shall I find you?’ Whether you venture to say anything, or make off silently, it’s all one: he will thrash you just the same, and then, in a rage, take bail from you. Such is the liberty of the poor man: having been pounded and cuffed into a jelly, he begs and. prays to be allowed to return home with a few teeth in his head!

Nec tamen haec tantum metuas; nam qui spoliet te
non derit clausis domibus postquam omnis ubique
fixa catenatae siluit compago tabernae.
interdum et ferro subitus grassator agit rem:
armato quotiens tutae custode tenentur
et Pomptina palus et Gallinaria pinus,
sic inde huc omnes tamquam ad vivaria currunt.
qua fornace graves, qua non incude catenae?
maximus in vinclis ferri modus, ut timeas ne
vomer deficiat, ne marra et sarcula desint.
felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas
saecula quae quondam sub regibus atque tribunis
viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.

[302] “Nor are these your only terrors. When your house is shut, when bar and chain have made fast your shop, and all is silent, you will be robbed by a burglar; or perhaps a cut-throat will do for you quickly with cold steel. For whenever the Pontine marshes and the Gallinarian forest are secured by an armed guard, all that

tribe flocks into Rome as into a fish-preserve. What furnaces, what anvils, are not groaning with the forging of chains? That is how our iron is mostly used; and you may well fear that ere long none will be left for plough-shares, none for hoes and mattocks. Happy were the forbears of our great-grandfathers, happy the days of old which under Kings and Tribunes beheld Rome satisfied with a single gaol!

His alias poteram et pluris subnectere causas,
sed iumenta vocant et sol inclinat. eundum est;
nam mihi commota iamdudum mulio virga
adnuit. ergo vale nostri memor, et quotiens te
Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,
me quoque ad Helvinam Cererem vestramque Dianam
converte a Cumis. saturarum ego, ni pudet illas,
auditor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros.'

[315] "To these I might add more and different reasons; but my cattle call, the sun is sloping and I must away: my muleteer has long been signalling to me with his whip. And so farewell; forget me not. And if ever you run over from Rome to your own Aquinum to recruit, summon me too from Cumae to your Helvine Ceres and Diana; I will come over to your cold country in my thick boots to hear your Satires, if they think me worthy of that honour."

Satire 4. A tale of a turbot.

Ecce iterum Crispinus, et est mihi saepe uocandus
ad partes, monstrum nulla uirtute redemptum
a uitiis, aegrae solaque libidine fortes
deliciae, uiduas tantum aspernatus adulter.
quid refert igitur, quantis iumenta fatiget
porticibus, quanta nemorum uectetur in umbra,
iugera quot uicina foro, quas emerit aedes
[nemo malus felix, minime corruptor et idem]
incestus, cum quo nuper uittata iacebat
sanguine adhuc uiuo terram subitura sacerdos?

[1] Crispinus once again! a man whom I shall often have to call on to the scene, a prodigy of wickedness without one redeeming virtue; a sickly libertine, strong only in his lusts, which scorn none save the unwedded. What matters it then how spacious are the colonnades which tire out his horses, how large the shady groves in which he drives, how many acres near the Forum, how many palaces, he has bought? No bad man can be happy: least of all the incestuous seducer with whom lately lay a filleted priestess, doomed to pass beneath the earth with the blood still warm within her veins.

sed nunc de factis leuioribus. et tamen alter
si fecisset idem caderet sub iudice morum;
nam, quod turpe bonis Titio Seiioque, decebat
Crispinum. quid agas, cum dira et foedior omni
crimine persona est? mullum sex milibus emit,
aequantem sane paribus sestertia libris,
ut perhibent qui de magnis maiora locuntur.
consilium laudo artificis, si munere tanto
praecipuam in tabulis ceram senis abstulit orbi;
est ratio ulterior, magnae si misit amicae,
quae uehitur cluso latis specularibus antro.
nil tale expectes: emit sibi. multa uidemus
quae miser et frugi non fecit Apicius. hoc tu

succinctus patria quondam, Crispine, papyro?
hoc pretio squamae? potuit fortasse minoris
piscator quam piscis emi; prouincia tanti
uendit agros, sed maiores Apulia uendit.
qualis tunc epulas ipsum gluttisse putamus
induperatorem, cum tot sestertia, partem
exiguam et modicae sumptam de margine cenae,
purpureus magni ructarit scurra Palati,
iam princeps equitum, magna qui uoce solebat
uendere municipes fracta de merce siluros?
incipe, Calliope. licet et considere: non est
cantandum, res uera agitur. narrate, puellae
Pierides, prosit mihi uos dixisse puellas.

[11] To-day I shall tell of a less heinous deed, though had any other man done the like, he would fall under the censor's lash: for what would be shameful in good men like Seius or Teius sat gracefully on Crispinus. What can you do when the man himself is more foul and monstrous than any charge you can bring against him? Crispinus bought a mullet for six thousand sesterces — one thousand sesterces for every pound of fish, as those would say who make big things bigger in the telling of them. I could commend the man's cunning if by such a lordly gift he secured the first place in the will of some childless old mail, or, better still, sent it to some great lady who rides in a close, broad-windowed litter. But nothing of the sort; he bought it for himself: we see many a thing done nowadays which poor niggardly Apicius never did. What? Did you, Crispinus — you who once wore a strip of your native papyrus round your loins — give that price for a fish? A price bigger than you need have paid for the fisherman himself, a price for which you might buy a whole estate in some province, or a still larger one in Apulia. What kind of feasts are we to suppose were guzzled by our Emperor himself when all those thousands of sesterces — forming a small fraction, a mere side-dish of a modest entertainment — were belched up by a purple-clad parasite of the august Palace — one who is now Chief of the Knights, and who once used to hawk, at the top of his voice, a broken lot of his fellow-countrymen the sprats? Begin, Calliope! let us take our seats. This is no mere fable, but a true tale that is being told; tell it forth, ye maidens of Pieria, and let it profit me that I have called you maids!

cum iam semianimum laceraret Flauius orbem
ultimus et caluo seruiret Roma Neroni,
incidit Hadriaci spatium admirabile rhombi
ante domum Veneris, quam Dorica sustinet Ancon,
impleuitque sinus; neque enim minor haeserat illis
quos operit glacies Maeotica ruptaque tandem
solibus effundit torrentis ad ostia Ponti
desidia tardos et longo frigore pingues.
destinat hoc monstrum cumbae linique magister
pontifici summo. quis enim proponere talem
aut emere auderet, cum plena et litora multo
delatore forent? dispersi protinus algae
inquisitores agerent cum remige nudo,
non dubitaturi fugitiuum dicere piscem
depastumque diu uiuaria Caesaris, inde
elapsum ueterem ad dominum debere reuerti.
si quid Palfurio, si credimus Armillato,
quidquid conspicuum pulchrumque est aequore toto
res fisci est, ubicumque natat. donabitur ergo,
ne pereat.

[37] What time the last of the Flavii was flaying the half-dying world, and Rome was enslaved to a bald-headed Nero, there fell into a net in the sea of Hadria, in front of the shrine of Venus that stands in Dorian Ancona, a turbot of wondrous size, filling up all its meshes, — a fish no less huge than those which the lake Maeotis conceals beneath the ice till it is broken up by the sun, and then sends forth, torpid through sloth and fattened by long cold, to the mouths of the Pontic sea. This monster the master of the boat and line designs for the High Pontiff; for who would dare to put up for sale or to buy so big a fish in days when even the sea shores were crowded with informers? The inspectors of sea-weed would straightway have taken the law of the poor fisherman, ready to affirm that the fish was a run-away that had long feasted in Caesar's fishponds; escaped from thence, he must needs be restored to his former master. For if Palfurius is to be believed, or Armillatus, every rare and beautiful thing in the wide ocean, in whatever sea it swims, belongs to the Imperial Treasury. The fish therefore, that it be not wasted, shall be given as a gift.

iam letifero cedente pruinis
autumno, iam quartanam sperantibus aegris,
stridebat deformis hiems praedamque recentem
seruabat; tamen hic properat, uelut urgueat auster.
utque lacus suberant, ubi quamquam diruta seruat
ignem Troianum et Vestam colit Alba minorem,
obstitit intranti miratrix turba parumper.
ut cessit, facili patuerunt cardine ualuae;
exclusi spectant admissa obsonia patres.
itur ad Atriden. tum Picens ‘accipe’ dixit
‘priuatis maiora focis. genialis agatur
iste dies. propera stomachum laxare sagina
et tua seruatum consume in saecula rhombum.
ipse capi uoluit.’ quid apertius? et tamen illi
surgebant cristae. nihil est quod credere de se
non possit cum laudatur dis aequa potestas.
sed derat pisci patinae mensura. uocantur
ergo in consilium proceres, quos oderat ille,
in quorum facie miserae magnaeque sedebat
pallor amicitiae. primus clamante Liburno
‘currite, iam sedit’ rapta properabat abolla
Pegasus, attonitae positus modo uilicus urbi.
anne aliud tum praefecti? quorum optimus atque
interpres legum sanctissimus omnia, quamquam
temporibus diris, tractanda putabat inermi
iustitia. uenit et Crispi iucunda senectus,
cuius erant mores qualis facundia, mite
ingenium. maria ac terras populosque regenti
quis comes utilior, si clade et peste sub illa
saeuitiam damnare et honestum adferre liceret
consilium? sed quid uiolentius aure tyranni,
cum quo de pluuiis aut aestibus aut nimboso
uere locuturi fatum pendebat amici?
ille igitur numquam derexit bracchia contra
torrentem, nec ciuis erat qui libera posset
uerba animi proferre et uitam inpendere uero.
sic multas hiemes atque octogensima uidit
solstitia, his armis illa quoque tutus in aula.

[56] And now death-bearing Autumn was giving way before the frosts, fevered patients were hoping for a quartan, and bleak winter's blasts were keeping the booty fresh; yet on sped the fisherman as though the South wind were at his heels. And when beneath him lay the lake where Alba, though in ruins, still holds the Trojan fire and worships the lesser Vesta, a wondering crowd barred his way for a while; as it gave way, the gates swung open on easy hinge, and the excluded Fathers gazed on the dish that had gained an entrance. Admitted to the Presence, "Receive," quoth he of Picenum, "a fish too big for a private kitchen. Be this kept as a festive day; hasten to fill out thy belly with good things, and devour a turbot that has been preserved to grace thy reign. The fish himself wanted to be caught." Could flattery be more gross? Yet the Monarch's comb began to rise: there is nothing that divine Majesty will not believe concerning itself when lauded to the skies! But no platter could be found big enough for the fish; so a council of magnates is summoned: men hated by the Emperor, and on whose faces sat the pallor of that great and perilous friendship. First to answer the Ligurian's call "Haste, haste! he is seated!" was Pegasus, hastily catching up his cloak — he that had newly been appointed as bailiff over the astonished city. For what else but bailiffs were the Prefects of those days? Of whom Pegasus was the best, and the most righteous expounder of the law, though he thought that even in those dread days there should be no sword in the hand of Justice. Next to come in was the aged, genial Crispus, whose gentle soul well matched his style of eloquence. No better adviser than he for the ruler of lands and seas and nations had he been free, under that scourge and plague, to denounce cruelties and proffer honest counsels. But what can be more dangerous than the ear of a tyrant on whose caprice hangs the life of a friend who has come to talk of the rain or the heat or the showery spring weather? So Crispus never struck out against the torrent, nor was he one to speak freely the thoughts of his heart, and stake his life upon the truth. Thus was it that he lived through many winters and saw his eightieth solstice, protected, even in that Court, by weapons such as these.

proximus eiusdem properabat Acilius aeui
cum iuuene indigno quem mors tam saeua maneret
et domini gladiis tam festinata; sed olim
prodigio par est in nobilitate senectus,
unde fit ut malim fraterculus esse gigantis.
profuit ergo nihil misero quod comminus ursos
figebat Numidas Albana nudus harena
uenator. quis enim iam non intellegat artes

patricias? quis priscum illud miratur acumen,
Brute, tuum? facile est barbato inponere regi.

[94] Next to him hurried Acilius, of like age as himself, and with him the youth who little merited the cruel death that was so soon hurried on by his master's sword. But to be both young and noble has long since become a prodigy; hence I would rather be a giant's little brother. Therefore it availed the poor youth nothing that he speared Numidian bears, stripped as a huntsman upon the Alban arena. For who nowadays would not see through patrician tricks? Who would now marvel, Brutus, at that old-world cleverness of yours? 'Tis an easy matter to befool a king that wears a beard.

nec melior uultu quamuis ignobilis ibat
Rubrius, offensae ueteris reus atque tacendae,
et tamen inprobior saturam scribente cinaedo.
Montani quoque uenter adest abdomine tardus,
et matutino sudans Crispinus amomo
quantum uix redolent duo funera, saeuior illo
Pompeius tenui iugulos aperire susurro,
et qui uulturibus seruabat uiscera Dacis
Fuscus marmorea meditatus proelia uilla,
et cum mortifero prudens Veiiento Catullo,
qui numquam uisae flagrabat amore puellae,
grande et conspicuum nostro quoque tempore monstrum,
caecus adulator dirusque ~a ponte~ satelles,
dignus Aricinos qui mendicaret ad axes
blandaque deuexae iactaret basia raedae.
nemo magis rhombum stupuit; nam plurima dixit
in laeuum conuersus, at illi dextra iacebat
belua. sic pugnas Cilicis laudabat et ictus
et pegma et pueros inde ad uelaria raptos.

[104] No more cheerful in face, though of ignoble blood, came Rubrius, condemned long since of a crime that may not be named, and yet more shameless than a reprobate who should write satire. There too was present the unwieldy frame of Montanus; and Crispinus, reeking at early dawn with odours enough to out-scent two funerals; more ruthless than he Pompeius, whose gentle whisper would cut men's throats; and Fuscus, who planned battles in his marble halls, keeping his

flesh for the Dacian vultures. Then along with the sage Veiento came the death-dealing Catullus, who burnt with love for a maiden whom he had never seen — a mighty and notable marvel even in these days of ours: a blind flatterer, a dire courtier from a beggar's stand, well fitted to beg at the wheels of chariots and blow soft kisses to them as they rolled down the Arician hill. None marvelled more at the fish than he, turning to the left as he spoke; only the creature happened to be on his right. In like fashion would he commend the thrusts of a Cilician gladiator, or the machine which whisks up the boys into the awning.

non cedit Veiiento, sed ut fanaticus oestro
percussus, Bellona, tuo diuinat et 'ingens
omen habes' inquit 'magni clarique triumphi.
regem aliquem capies, aut de temone Britanno
excidet Aruiragus. peregrina est belua: cernis
erectas in terga sudes?' hoc defuit unum
Fabricio, patriam ut rhombi memoraret et annos.

[123] But Veiento was not to be outdone; and like a seer inspired, O Bellona, by thine own gadfly, he bursts into prophecy: "A mighty presage hast thou, O Emperor! of a great and glorious victory. Some King will be thy captive; or Arviragus will be hurled from his British chariot. The brute is foreign-born: dost thou not see the prickles bristling upon his back?" Nothing remained for Fabricius but to tell the turbot's age and birthplace.

'quidnam igitur censes? conciditur?' 'absit ab illo
dedecus hoc' Montanus ait, 'testa alta paretur
quae tenui muro spatiosum colligat orbem.
debetur magnus patinae subitusque Prometheus.
argillam atque rotam citius properate, sed ex hoc
tempore iam, Caesar, figuli tua castra sequantur.'
uicit digna uiro sententia. nouerat ille
luxuriam inperii ueterem noctesque Neronis
iam medias aliamque famem, cum pulmo Falerno
arderet. nulli maior fuit usus edendi
tempestate mea: Circeis nata forent an
Lucrinum ad saxum Rutupinoue edita fundo
ostrea callebat primo deprendere morsu,
et semel aspecti litus dicebat echini.

[130] “What then do you advise?” quoth the Emperor. “Shall we cut it up?” “Nay, nay,” rejoins Montanus; “let that indignity be spared him. Let a deep vessel be provided to gather his huge dimensions within its slender walls; some great and unforeseen Prometheus is destined for the dish! Haste, haste, with clay and wheel! but from this day forth, O Caesar, let potters always attend upon thy camp!” This proposal, so worthy of the man, gained the day. Well known to him were the old debauches of the Imperial Court, which Nero carried on to midnight till a second hunger came and veins were heated with hot Falernian. No one in my time had more skill in the eating art than he. He could tell at the first bite whether an oyster had been bred at Circeii, or on the Lucrine rocks, or on the beds of Rutupiae; one glance would tell him the native shore of a sea-urchin.

surgitur et misso proceres exire iubentur
consilio, quos Albanam dux magnus in arcem
traxerat attonitos et festinare coactos,
tamquam de Chattis aliquid toruisque Sygambris
dicturus, tamquam ex diuersis partibus orbis
anxia praecipiti uenisset epistula pinna.

[144] The Council rises, and the councillors are dismissed: men whom the mighty Emperor had dragged in terror and hot haste to his Alban castle, as though to give them news of the Chatti, or the savage Sycambri, or as though an alarming despatch had arrived on wings of speed from some remote quarter of the earth.

atque utinam his potius nugis tota illa dedisset
tempora saeuitiae, claras quibus abstulit urbi
inlustresque animas inpune et uindice nullo.
sed periit postquam cerdonibus esse timendus
coeperat: hoc nocuit Lamiarum caede madenti.

[150] And yet would that he had rather given to follies such as these all those days of cruelty when he robbed the city of its noblest and choicest souls, with none to punish or avenge! He could steep himself in the blood of the Lamiae; but when once he became a terror to the common herd he met his doom.

Satire 5. How Clients are Entertained

Si te propositi nondum pudet atque eadem est mens,
ut bona summa putes aliena uiuere quadra,
si potes illa pati quae nec Sarmentus iniquas
Caesaris ad mensas nec uilis Gabba tulisset,
quamuis iurato metuam tibi credere testi.
uentre nihil noui frugalius; hoc tamen ipsum
defecisse puta, quod inani sufficit aluo:
nulla crepido uacat? nusquam pons et tegetis pars
dimidia breuior? tantine iniuria cenae,
tam ieiuna fames, cum possit honestius illic
et tremere et sordes farris mordere canini?

[1] If you are still unashamed of your plan of life, and still deem it to be the highest bliss to live at another man's board — if you can brook indignities which neither Sarmentus nor the despicable Gabba would have endured at Caesar's ill-assorted table — I should refuse to believe your testimony, even upon oath. I know of nothing so easily satisfied as the belly; but even granted that you have nothing wherewith to fill its emptiness, is there no quay vacant, no bridge? Can you find no fraction of a beggar's mat to stand upon? Is a dinner worth all the insults with which you have to pay for it? Is your hunger so importunate, when it might, with greater dignity, be shivering where you are, and munching dirty scraps of dog's bread?

primo fige loco, quod tu discumbere iussus
mercedem solidam ueterum capis officiorum.
fructus amicitiae magnae cibus: inputat hunc rex,
et quamuis rarum tamen inputat. ergo duos post
si libuit menses neglectum adhibere clientem,
tertia ne uacuo cessaret culcita lecto,
'una simus' ait. uotorum summa. quid ultra
quaeris? habet Trebius propter quod rumpere somnum
debeat et ligulas dimittere, sollicitus ne
tota salutatrix iam turba peregerit orbem,

sideribus dubiis aut illo tempore quo se
frigida circumagunt pigri serraca Bootae.

[12] First of all be sure of this — that when bidden to dinner, you receive payment in full for all your past services. A meal is the return which your grand friendship yields you; the great man scores it against you, and though it come but seldom, he scores it against you all the same. So if after a couple of months it is his pleasure to invite his forgotten client, lest the third place on the lowest couch should be unoccupied, and he says to you, "Come and dine with me," you are in the seventh Heaven! what more can you desire? Now at last has Trebius got the reward for which he must needs cut short his sleep, and hurry with shoe-strings untied, fearing that the whole crowd of callers may already have gone their rounds, at an hour when the stars are fading or when the chilly wain of Bootes is wheeling slowly round.

qualis cena tamen! uinum quod sucida nolit
lana pati: de conuiua Corybanta uidebis.
iurgia proludunt, sed mox et pocula torques
saucius et rubra deterges uulnera mappa,
inter uos quotiens libertorumque cohortem
pugna Saguntina feruet commissa lagona.
ipse capillato diffusum consule potat
calcatamque tenet bellis socialibus uuam.
cardiaco numquam cyathum missurus amico
cras bibet Albanis aliquid de montibus aut de
Setinis, cuius patriam titulumque senectus
deleuit multa ueteris fuligine testae,
quale coronati Thrasea Heluidiusque bibebant
Brutorum et Cassi natalibus.

[24] And what a dinner after all! You are given wine that fresh-clipped wool would refuse to suck up, and which soon converts your revellers into Corybants. Foul words are the prelude to the fray; but before long tankards will be flying about; a battle royal with Saguntine crockery will soon be raging between you and the company of freedmen, and you will be staunching your wounds with a blood-stained napkin. The great man himself drinks wine bottled in the days when Consuls wore long hair; the juice which he holds in his hand was squeezed during the Social Wars, but never a glass of it will he send to a friend suffering from

dyspepsia! To-morrow he will drink a vintage from the hills of Alba or Setia whose date and name have been effaced by the soot which time has gathered upon the aged jar — such wine as Thrasea and Helvidius used to drink with chaplets on their heads upon the birthdays of Cassius and the Bruti.

ipse capaces
Heliadum crustas et inaequales berullo
Virro tenet phialas: tibi non committitur aurum,
uel, si quando datur, custos adfixus ibidem,
qui numeret gemmas, ungues obseruet acutos.
da ueniam: praeclara illi laudatur iaspis.
nam Virro, ut multi, gemmas ad pocula transfert
a digitis, quas in uaginae fronte solebat
ponere zelotypo iuuenis praelatus Iarbae.
tu Beneuentani sutoris nomen habentem
siccabis calicem nasorum quattuor ac iam
quassatum et rupto poscentem sulpura uitro.

[37] The cup in Virro's hands is richly crusted with amber and rough with beryl: to you no gold is entrusted; or if it is, a watcher is posted over it to count the gems and keep an eye on your sharp finger-nails. Pardon his anxiety; that fine jasper of his is much admired! For Virro, like so many others, transfers from his fingers to his cups the jewels with which the youth preferred to the jealous Iarbas used to adorn his scabbard. To you will be given a cracked cup with four nozzles that takes its name from a Beneventine cobbler, and calls for sulphur wherewith to repair its broken glass.

si stomachus domini feruet uinoque ciboque,
frigidior Geticis petitur decocta pruinis.
non eadem uobis poni modo uina querebar?
uos aliam potatis aquam. tibi pocula cursor
Gaetulus dabit aut nigri manus ossea Mauri
et cui per mediam nolis occurrere noctem,
cliuosae ueheris dum per monumenta Latinae.
flos Asiae ante ipsum, pretio maiore paratus
quam fuit et Tulli census pugnacis et Anci
et, ne te teneam, Romanorum omnia regum
friuola. quod cum ita sit, tu Gaetulum Ganymedem

respice, cum sities. nescit tot milibus emptus
pauperibus miscere puer, sed forma, sed aetas
digna supercilio. quando ad te peruenit ille?
quando rogatus adest calidae gelidaeque minister?
quippe indignatur ueteri parere clienti
quodque aliquid poscas et quod se stante recumbas.
[maxima quaeque domus seruis est plena superbis.]
ecce alius quanto porrexit murmure panem
uix fractum, solidae iam mucida frusta farinae,
quae genuinum agitent, non admittentia morsum.
sed tener et niueus mollique siligine fictus
seruatur domino. dextram cohibere memento;
salua sit artoptae reuerentia. finge tamen te
inprobulum, superest illic qui ponere cogat:
'uis tu consuetis, audax conuiua, canistris
impleri panisque tui nouisse colorem?'
'scilicet hoc fuerat, propter quod saepe relicta
coniuge per montem aduersum gelidasque cucurri
Esquilias, fremeret saeua cum grandine uernus
Iuppiter et multo stillaret paenula nimbo.'

[49] If my lord's stomach is fevered with food and wine, a decoction colder than Thracian hoar-frosts will be brought to him. Did I complain just now that you were given a different wine? Why, the water which you clients drink is not the same. It will be handed to you by a Gaetulian groom, or by the bony hand of a blackamoor whom you would rather not meet at midnight when driving past the monuments on the hilly Latin Way. Before mine host stands the very pink of Asia, a youth bought for a sum bigger than the entire fortune of the warlike Tullus or Ancus, more valuable, in short, than all the chattels of all the kings of Rome. That being so, when you are thirsty look to your swarthy Ganymede. The page who has cost so many thousands cannot mix a drink for a poor man: but then his beauty, his youth, justify his disdain! When will he get as far as you? When does he listen to your request for water, hot or cold? It is beneath him to attend to an old dependent; he is indignant that you should ask for anything, and that you should be seated while he stands. All your great houses are full of saucy slaves. See with what a grumble another of them has handed you a bit of hard bread that you can scarce break in two, or lumps of dough that have turned mouldy — stuff that will exercise your grinders and into which no tooth can gain admittance. For

Virro himself a delicate loaf is reserved, white as snow, and kneaded of the finest flour. Be sure to keep your hands off it: take no liberties with the bread-basket! If you are presumptuous enough to take a piece, there will be someone to bid you put it down: “What, Sir Impudence? Will you please fill yourself from your proper tray, and learn the colour of your own bread?” “What?” you ask, “was it for this that I would so often leave my wife’s side on a spring morning and hurry up the chilly Esquiline when the spring skies were rattling down the pitiless hail, and the rain was pouring in streams off my cloak?”

aspice quam longo distinguat pectore lancem
quae fertur domino squilla, et quibus undique saepta
asparagis qua despiciat conuiuia cauda,
dum uenit excelsi manibus sublata ministri.
sed tibi dimidio constrictus cammarus ouo
ponitur exigua feralis cena patella.
ipse Venafrano piscem perfundit, at hic qui
pallidus adfertur misero tibi caulis olebit
lanternam; illud enim uestris datur alueolis quod
canna Micipsarum prora subuexit acuta,
propter quod Romae cum Boccare nemo lauatur,
quod tutos etiam facit a serpentibus atris.

[80] See now that huge lobster being served to my lord, all garnished with asparagus; see how his lordly breast distinguishes the dish; with what a tail he looks down upon the company, borne aloft in the hands of that tall attendant! Before you is placed on a tiny plate a crab hemmed in by half an egg — a fit banquet for the dead. The host souses his fish in Venafran oil; the sickly greens offered to you, poor devil, will smell of the lamp; for the stuff contained in your cruets was brought up the Tiber in a sharp-prowed Numidian canoe — stuff which prevents anyone at Rome sharing a bath with Bocchar, and which will even protect you from a black serpent’s bite.

mullus erit domini, quem misit Corsica uel quem
Tauromenitanae rupes, quando omne peractum est
et iam defecit nostrum mare, dum gula saeuit,
retibus adsiduis penitus scrutante macello
proxima, nec patimur Tyrrhenum crescere piscem.

instruit ergo focum prouincia, sumitur illinc
quod captator emat Laenas, Aurelia uendat.

[92] My lord will have a mullet dispatched from Corsica or the Rocks of Tauromenium: for in the rage for gluttony our own seas have given out; the nets of the fish-market are for ever raking our home waters, and prevent Tyrrhenian fish from attaining their full size. And so the Provinces supply our kitchens; from the Provinces come the fish for the legacy-hunter Laenas to buy, and for Aurelia to send to market.

Virroni muraena datur, quae maxima uenit
gurgite de Siculo; nam dum se continet Auster,
dum sedet et siccat madidas in carcere pinnas,
contemnunt mediam temeraria lina Charybdim:
uos anguilla manet longae cognata colubrae
aut ~glacie aspersus~ maculis Tiberinus et ipse
uernula riparum, pinguis torrente cloaca
et solitus mediae cryptam penetrare Suburae.

[99] Virro is served with a lamprey, the finest that the Straits of Sicily can purvey; for so long as the South wind stays at home, and sits in his prison-house drying his dank wings, Charybdis has no terrors for the daring fisherman. For you is reserved an eel, first cousin to a water-snake, or perchance a pike mottled with ice-spots; he too was bred on Tiber's banks and was wont to find his way into the inmost recesses of the Subura, battening himself amid its flowing sewers.

ipsi pauca uelim, facilem si praebeat aurem.
nemo petit, modicis quae mittebantur amicis
a Seneca, quae Piso bonus, quae Cotta solebat
largiri; namque et titulis et fascibus olim
maior habebatur donandi gloria. solum
poscimus ut cenes ciuiliter. hoc face et esto,
esto, ut nunc multi, diues tibi, pauper amicis.

[107] And now one word with the great man himself, if he will lend his ear. "No one asks of you such lordly gifts as Seneca, or the good Piso or Cotta, used to send to their humble friends: for in the days of old, the glory of giving was deemed

grander than titles or fasces. All we ask of you is that you should dine with us as a fellow-citizen : do this and remain, like so many others nowadays, rich for yourself and poor to your friends."

anseris ante ipsum magni iecur, anseribus par
altilis, et flaui dignus ferro Meleagri
spumat aper. post hunc tradentur tubera, si uer
tunc erit et facient optata tonitrua cenas
maiores. 'tibi habe frumentum' Alledius inquit,
'o Libye, disiunge boues, dum tubera mittas.'

[114] Before Virro is put a huge goose's liver; a capon as big as a goose, and a boar, piping hot, worthy of yellow-haired Meleager's steel. Then will come truffles, if it be spring-time and the longed-for thunder have enlarged our dinners. "Keep your corn to yourself, O Libya!" says Alledius; "unyoke your oxen, if only you send us truffles!"

structorem interea, ne qua indignatio desit,
saltantem spectes et chironomunta uolanti
cultello, donec peragat dictata magistri
omnia; nec minimo sane discrimine refert
quo gestu lepores et quo gallina secetur.
duceris planta uelut ictus ab Hercule Cacus
et ponere foris, si quid temptaueris umquam
hiscere tamquam habeas tria nomina. quando propinat
Virro tibi sumitue tuis contacta labellis
pocula? quis uestrum temerarius usque adeo, quis
perditus, ut dicat regi 'bibe'? plurima sunt quae
non audent homines pertusa dicere laena.
quadringenta tibi si quis deus aut similis dis
et melior fatis donaret homuncio, quantus
ex nihilo, quantus fieres Virronis amicus!
'da Trebio, pone ad Trebium. uis, frater, ab ipsis
ilibus?' o nummi, uobis hunc praestat honorem,
uos estis frater. dominus tamen et domini rex
si uis tunc fieri, nullus tibi paruulus aula
luserit Aeneas nec filia dulcior illo.
[iucundum et carum sterilis facit uxor amicum.]

sed tua nunc Mycale pariat licet et pueros tres
in gremium patris fundat semel, ipse loquaci
gaudebit nido, uiridem thoraca iubebit
adferri minimasque nuces assemque rogatum,
ad mensam quotiens parasitus uenerit infans.

[120] During all this time, lest any occasion for disgust should be wanting, you may behold the carver capering and gesticulating with knife in air, and carrying out all the instructions of his preceptor: for it makes a mighty difference with what gestures a hare or a hen be carved! If you ever dare to utter one word as though you were possessed of three names, you will be dragged by the heels and thrust out of doors as Cacus was, after the drubbing he got from Hercules. When will Virro offer to drink wine with you? or take a cup that has been polluted by your lips? Which one of you would be so foolhardy, so lost to shame, as to say to your patron "A glass with you, Sir"? No, no: there's many a thing which a man whose coat has holes in it cannot say! But if some God, or god-like manikin more kindly than the fates, should present you with four hundred thousand sesterces, O how great a personage would you become, from being a nobody; how dear a friend to Virro! "Pray help Trebius to this!" "Let Trebius have some of that!" "Would you like a cut just from the loin, good brother?" O money, money! It is to you that he pays this honour, it is you that are his brother! Nevertheless, if you wish to be yourself a great man, and a great man's lord, let there be no little Aeneas playing about your halls, nor yet a little daughter, more sweet than he; nothing will so endear you to your friend as a barren wife. But as things now are, though your Mycale pour into your paternal bosom three boys at a birth, Virro will be charmed with the chattering brood, and will order cuirasses of green rushes to be given them, and little nuts, and pennies too if they be asked for, when the little parasites present themselves at his table.

uilibus ancipites fungi ponentur amicis,
boletus domino, sed quales Claudius edit
ante illum uxoris, post quem nihil amplius edit.
Virro sibi et reliquis Virronibus illa iubebit
poma dari, quorum solo pascaris odore,
qualia perpetuus Phaeacum autumnus habebat,
credere quae possis subrepta sororibus Afris:
tu scabie frueris mali, quod in aggere rodit

qui tegitur parma et galea metuensque flagelli
discit ab hirsuta iaculum torquere capella.

[146] Before the guests will be placed toadstools of doubtful quality, before my lord a noble mushroom, such a one as Claudius ate before that mushroom of his wife's — after which he ate nothing more. To himself and the rest of the Virros he will order apples to be served whose scent alone would be a feast — apples such as grew in the never-failing Autumn of the Phaeacians, and which you might believe to have been filched from the African sisters; you are treated to a rotten apple like those munched on the ramparts by a monkey equipped with spear and shield who learns, in terror of the whip, to hurl a javelin from the back of a shaggy goat.

forsitan inpensae Virronem parcere credas.
hoc agit, ut doleas; nam quae comoedia, mimus
quis melior plorante gula? ergo omnia fiunt,
si nescis, ut per lacrimas effundere bilem
cogaris pressoque diu stridere molari.
tu tibi liber homo et regis conuiua uideris:
captum te nidore suae putat ille culinae,
nec male coniectat; quis enim tam nudus, ut illum
bis ferat, Etruscum puero si contigit aurum
uel nodus tantum et signum de paupere loro?
spes bene cenandi uos decipit. 'ecce dabit iam
semesum leporem atque aliquid de clunibus apri,
ad nos iam ueniet minor altilis.' inde parato
intactoque omnes et stricto pane tacetis.
ille sapit, qui te sic utitur. omnia ferre
si potes, et debes. pulsandum uertice raso
praebebis quandoque caput nec dura timebis
flagra pati, his epulis et tali dignus amico.

[156] You may perhaps suppose that Virro grudges the expense; not a bit of it! His object is to give you pain. For what comedy, what mime, is so amusing as a disappointed belly? His one object, let me tell you, is to compel you to pour out your wrath in tears, and to keep gnashing your molars against each other. You think yourself a free man, and guest of a grandee; he thinks — and he is not far wrong — that you have been captured by the savoury odours of his kitchen. For who that had ever worn the Etruscan bulla in his boyhood, — or even the poor

man’s leather badge — could tolerate such a patron for a second time, however destitute he might be? It is the hope of a good dinner that beguiles you: “Surely he will give us,” you say, “what is left of a hare, or some scraps of a boar’s haunch; the remains of a capon will come our way by and by.” And so you all sit in dumb silence, your bread clutched, untasted, and ready for action. In treating you thus, the great man shows his wisdom. If you can endure such things, you deserve them; some day you will be offering your head to be shaved and slapped: nor will you flinch from a stroke of the whip, well worthy of such a feast and such a friend.

Satire 6. The Ways of Women

Credo Pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam
in terris uisamque diu, cum frigida paruas
praeberet spelunca domos ignemque laremque
et pecus et dominos communi clauderet umbra,
siluestrem montana torum cum sterneret uxor
frondibus et culmo uicinarumque ferarum
pellibus, haut similis tibi, Cynthia, nec tibi, cuius
turbauit nitidos extinctus passer ocellos,
sed potanda ferens infantibus ubera magnis
et saepe horridior glandem ructante marito.
quippe aliter tunc orbe nouo caeloque recenti
uiuebant homines, qui rupto robore nati
compositiue luto nullos habuere parentes.
multa Pudicitiae ueteris uestigia forsan
aut aliqua exstiterint et sub Ioue, sed Ioue nondum
barbato, nondum Graecis iurare paratis
per caput alterius, cum furem nemo timeret
caulibus ac pomis et aperto uiueret horto.
paulatim deinde ad superos Astraea recessit
hac comite, atque duae pariter fugere sorores.

[1] In the days of Saturn, I believe, Chastity still lingered on the earth, and was to be seen for a time — days when men were poorly housed in chilly caves, when one common shelter enclosed hearth and household gods, herds and their owners; when the hill-bred wife spread her silvan bed with leaves and straw and the skins of her neighbours the wild beasts — a wife not like to thee, O Cynthia, nor to thee, Lesbia, whose bright eyes were clouded by a sparrow's death, but one whose breasts gave suck to lusty babes, often more unkempt herself than her acorn-belching spouse. For in those days, when the world was young, and the skies were new, men born of the riven oak, or formed of dust, lived differently from now, and had no parents of their own. Under Jove, perchance, some few traces of ancient modesty may have survived; but that was before he had grown his beard, before the Greeks had learned to swear by someone else's head, when men feared not

thieves for their cabbages or apples, and lived with unwalled gardens. After that Astraea withdrew by degrees to heaven, with Chastity as her comrade, the two sisters taking flight together.

anticum et uetus est alienum, Postume, lectum
concutere atque sacri genium contemnere fulcri.
omne aliud crimen mox ferrea protulit aetas:
uiderunt primos argentea saecula moechos.
conuentum tamen et pactum et sponsalia nostra
tempestate paras iamque a tonsore magistro
pecteris et digito pignus fortasse dedisti?
certe sanus eras. uxorem, Postume, ducis?
dic qua Tisiphone, quibus exagitere colubris.
ferre potes dominam saluis tot restibus ullam,
cum pateant altae caligantesque fenestrae,
cum tibi uicinum se praebeat Aemilius pons?
aut si de multis nullus placet exitus, illud
nonne putas melius, quod tecum pusio dormit?
pusio, qui noctu non litigat, exigit a te
nulla iacens illic munuscula, nec queritur quod
et lateri parcas nec quantum iussit anheles.

[21] To set your neighbour's bed a-shaking, Postumus, and to flout the Genius of the sacred couch, is now an ancient and long-established practice. All other sins came later, the products of the age of Iron; but it was the silver age that saw the first adulterers. Nevertheless, in these days of ours, you are preparing for a covenant, a marriage-contract and a betrothal; you are by now getting your hair cut by a master barber; you have also perhaps given a pledge to her finger. What! Postumus, are you, you who once had your wits, taking to yourself a wife? Tell me what Tisiphone, what snakes are driving you mad? Can you submit to a she-tyrant when there is so much rope to be had, so many dizzy heights of windows standing open, and when the Aemilian bridge offers itself to hand? Or if none of all these modes of exit hit your fancy, how much better to take some boy-bedfellow, who would never wrangle with you o' nights, never ask presents of you when in bed, and never complain that you took your ease and were indifferent to his solicitations!

sed placet Vrsidio lex Iulia: tollere dulcem
cogitat heredem, cariturus turture magno
mullorumque iubis et captatore macello.
quid fieri non posse putes, si iungitur ulla
Vrsidio? si moechorum notissimus olim
stulta maritali iam porrigit ora capistro,
quem totiens texit perituri cista Latini?
quid quod et antiquis uxor de moribus illi
quaeritur? o medici, nimiam pertundite uenam.
delicias hominis! Tarpeium limen adora
pronus et auratam Iunoni caede iuuencam,
si tibi contigerit capitis matrona pudici.
paucae adeo Cereris uittas contingere dignae,
quarum non timeat pater oscula. necte coronam
postibus et densos per limina tende corymbos.
unus Hiberinae uir sufficit? ocius illud
extorquebis, ut haec oculo contenta sit uno.
magna tamen fama est cuiusdam rure paterno
uiuentis. uiuat Gabiis ut uixit in agro,
uiuat Fidenis, et agello cedo paterno.
quis tamen adfirmat nil actum in montibus aut in
speluncis? adeo senuerunt Iuppiter et Mars?

[38] But Ursidius approves of the Julian Law. He purposes to bring up a dear little heir, though he will thereby have to do without the fine turtles, the bearded mullets, and all the legacy-hunting delicacies of the meat-market. What can you think impossible if Ursidius takes to himself a wife? if he, who has long been the most notorious of gallants, who has so often found safety in the corn-bin of the luckless Latinus, puts his head into the connubial noose? And what think you of his searching for a wife of the good old virtuous sort? O doctors, lance his over-blooded veins. A pretty fellow you! Why, if you have the good luck to find a modest spouse, you should prostrate yourself before the Tarpeian threshold, and sacrifice a heifer with gilded horns to Juno; so few are the wives worthy to handle the fillets of Ceres, or from whose kisses their own father would not shrink! Weave a garland for thy doorposts, and set up wreaths of ivy over thy lintel! But will Hiberina be satisfied with one man? Sooner compel her to be satisfied with one eye! You tell me of the high repute of some maiden, who lives on her paternal farm: well, let her live at Gabii, at Fidenae, as she lived in her own country, and I

will believe in your paternal farm. But will anyone tell me that nothing ever took place on a mountain side or in a cave? Have Jupiter and Mars become so senile?

porticibusne tibi monstratur femina uoto
digna tuo? cuneis an habent spectacula totis
quod securus ames quodque inde excerpere possis?
chironomon Ledam molli saltante Bathyllo
Tuccia uesicae non imperat, Apula gannit,
[sicut in amplexu, subito et miserabile longum.]
attendit Thymele: Thymele tunc rustica discit.

[60] Can our arcades show you one woman worthy of your vows? Do all the tiers in all our theatres hold one whom you may love without misgiving, and pick out thence? When the soft Bathyllus dances the part of the gesticulating Leda, Tuccia cannot contain herself; your Apulian maiden heaves a sudden and longing cry of ecstasy, as though she were in a man's arms; the rustic Thymele is all attention, it is then that she learns her lesson.

ast aliae, quotiens aulaea recondita cessant,
et uacuo clusoque sonant fora sola theatro,
atque a plebeis longe Megalesia, tristes
personam thyrsumque tenent et subligar Acci.
Vrbicus exodio risum mouet Atellanae
gestibus Autonoes, hunc diligit Aelia pauper.
soluitur his magno comoedi fibula, sunt quae
Chrysogonum cantare uetent, Hispulla tragoedo
gaudet: an expectas ut Quintilianus ametur?
accipis uxorem de qua citharoedus Echion
aut Glaphyrus fiat pater Ambrosiusque choraules.
longa per angustos figamus pulpita uicos,
ornentur postes et grandi ianua lauro,
ut testudineo tibi, Lentule, conopeo
nobilis Euryalum murmillonem exprimat infans.

[67] Others again, when all the stage draperies have been put away; when the theatres are closed, and all is silent save in the courts, and the Megalesian games are far off from the Plebeian, ease their dullness by taking to the mask, the thyrsus

and the tights of Accius. Urbicus, in an Atellane interlude, raises a laugh by the gestures of Autonoe; the penniless Aelia is in love with him. Other women pay great prices for the favours of a comedian; some will not allow Chrysogonus to sing. Hispulla has a fancy for tragedians; but do you suppose that any one will be found to love Quintilian? If you marry a wife, it will be that the lyrist Echion or Glaphyrus, or the flute player Ambrosius, may become a father. Then up with a long dais in the narrow street! Adorn your doors and doorposts with wreaths of laurel, that your highborn son, O Lentulus, may exhibit, in his tortoiseshell cradle, the lineaments of Euryalus or of a murmillo!

nupta senatori comitata est Eppia ludum
ad Pharon et Nilum famosaque moenia Lagi
prodigia et mores urbis damnante Canopo.
inmemor illa domus et coniugis atque sororis
nil patriae indulsit, plorantisque improba natos
utque magis stupeas ludos Paridemque reliquit.
sed quamquam in magnis opibus plumaque paterna
et segmentatis dormisset paruula cunis,
contempsit pelagus; famam contempserat olim,
cuius apud molles minima est iactura cathedras.
Tyrrhenos igitur fluctus lateque sonantem
pertulit Ionium constanti pectore, quamuis
mutandum totiens esset mare. iusta pericli
si ratio est et honesta, timent pauidoque gelantur
pectore nec tremulis possunt insistere plantis:
fortem animum praestant rebus quas turpiter audent.
si iubeat coniunx, durum est conscendere nauem,
tunc sentina grauis, tunc summus uertitur aer:
quae moechum sequitur, stomacho ualet. illa maritum
conuomit, haec inter nautas et prandet et errat
per puppem et duros gaudet tractare rudentis.

[82] When Eppia, the senator's wife, ran off with a gladiator to Pharos and the Nile and the ill-famed city of Lagos, Canopus itself cried shame upon the monstrous morals of our town. Forgetful of home, of husband and of sister, without thought of her country, she shamelessly abandoned her weeping children; and — more marvellous still — deserted Paris and the games. Though born in wealth, though as a babe she had slept in a bedizened cradle on the paternal down, she made light

of the sea, just as she had long made light of her good name — a loss but little accounted of among our soft litter-riding dames. And so with stout heart she endured the tossing and the roaring of the Tyrrhenian and Ionian Seas, and all the many seas she had to cross. For when danger comes in a right and honourable way, a woman's heart grows chill with fear; she cannot stand upon her trembling feet: but if she be doing a bold, bad thing, her courage fails not. For a husband to order his wife on board ship is cruelty: the bilge-water then sickens her, the heavens go round and round. But if she is running away with a lover, she feels no qualms: then she vomits over her husband; now she messes with the sailors, she roams about the deck, and delights in hauling at the hard ropes.

qua tamen exarsit forma, qua capta iuuenta
Eppia? quid uidit propter quod ludia dici
sustinuit? nam Sergiolus iam radere guttur
coeperat et secto requiem sperare lacerto;
praeterea multa in facie deformia, sicut
attritus galea mediisque in naribus ingens
gibbus et acre malum semper stillantis ocelli.
sed gladiator erat. facit hoc illos Hyacinthos;
hoc pueris patriaeque, hoc praetulit illa sorori
atque uiro. ferrum est quod amant. hic Sergius idem
accepta rude coepisset Veiiento uideri.

[103] And what were the youthful charms which captivated Eppia? What did she see in him to allow herself to be called "a she-Gladiator"? Her dear Sergius had already begun to shave; a wounded arm gave promise of a discharge, and there were sundry deformities in his face: a scar caused by the helmet, a huge wen upon his nose, a nasty humour always trickling from his eye. But then he was a gladiator! It is this that transforms these fellows into Hyacinths! it was this that she preferred to children and to country, to sister and to husband. What these women love is the sword: had this same Sergius received his discharge, he would have been no better than a Veiento.

quid priuata domus, quid fecerit Eppia, curas?
respice riuales diuorum, Claudius audi
quae tulerit. dormire uirum cum senserat uxor,
sumere nocturnos meretrix Augusta cucullos
ausa Palatino et tegetem praeferre cubili

linquebat comite ancilla non amplius una.
sed nigrum flauo crinem abscondente galero
intrauit calidum ueteri centone lupanar
et cellam uacuam atque suam; tunc nuda papillis
prostitit auratis titulum mentita Lyciscae
ostenditque tuum, generose Britannice, uentrem.
excepit blanda intrantis atque aera poposcit.
[continueque iacens cunctorum absorbuit ictus.]
mox lenone suas iam dimittente puellas
tristis abit, et quod potuit tamen ultima cellam
clausit, adhuc ardens rigidae tentigine uoluae,
et lassata uiris necdum satiata recessit,
obscurisque genis turpis fumoque lucernae
foeda lupanaris tulit ad puluinar odorem.

[114] Do the concerns of a private household and the doings of Eppia affect you? Then look at those who rival the Gods, and hear what Claudius endured. As soon as his wife perceived that her husband was asleep, this august harlot was shameless enough to prefer a common mat to the imperial couch. Assuming a night-cowl, and attended by a single maid, she issued forth; then, having concealed her raven locks under a light-coloured peruque, she took her place in a brothel reeking with long-used coverlets. Entering an empty cell reserved for herself, she there took her stand, under the feigned name of Lycisca, her nipples bare and gilded, and exposed to view the womb that bore thee, O nobly-born Britannicus! Here she graciously received all comers, asking from each his fee; and when at length the keeper dismissed the rest, she remained to the very last before closing her cell, and with passion still raging hot within her went sorrowfully away. Then exhausted but unsatisfied, with soiled cheeks, and begrimed with the smoke of lamps, she took back to the imperial pillow all the odours of the stews.

hippomanes carmenque loquar coctumque uenenum
priuignoque datum? faciunt grauiora coactae
imperio sexus minimumque libidine peccant.

[133] Why tell of love potions and incantations, of poisons brewed and administered to stepsons, or of the grosser crimes to which women are driven by the imperious power of sex? Their sins of lust are the least of all their sins.

‘optima sed quare Caesennia teste marito?’
bis quingena dedit. tanti uocat ille pudicam,
nec pharetris Veneris macer est aut lampade feruet:
inde faces ardent, ueniunt a dote sagittae.
libertas emitur. coram licet innuat atque
rescribat: uidua est, locuples quae nupsit auaro.

[136] But tell me why is Censennia, on her husband’s testimony, the best of wives? “She brought him a million sesterces; that is the price at which he calls her chaste. He has not pined under the darts of Venus; he was never burnt by her torch. It was the dowry that lighted his fires, the dowry that shot those arrows! That dowry bought liberty for her: she may make what signals, and write what love letters she pleases, before her husband’s face; the rich woman who marries a money-loving husband is as good as unmarried.

‘cur desiderio Bibulae Sertorius ardet?’
si uerum excutias, facies non uxor amatur.
tres rugae subeant et se cutis arida laxet,
fiant obscuri dentes oculique minores,
‘collige sarcinulas’ dicet libertus ‘et exi.
iam grauis es nobis et saepe emungeris. exi
ocius et propera. sicco uenit altera naso.’
interea calet et regnat poscitque maritum
pastores et ouem Canusinam ulmosque Falernas —
quantulum in hoc! — pueros omnes, ergastula tota,
quodque domi non est, sed habet uicinus, ematur.
mense quidem brumae, cum iam mercator Iason
clausus et armatis obstat casa candida nautis,
grandia tolluntur crystallina, maxima rursus
murrina, deinde adamas notissimus et Beronices
in digito factus pretiosior. hunc dedit olim
barbarus incestae, dedit hunc Agrippa sorori,
obseruant ubi festa mero pede sabbata reges
et uetus indulget senibus clementia porcis.

[142] “Why does Sartorius burn with love for Bibula?” If you shake out the truth, it is the face that he loves, not the woman. Let three wrinkles make their appearance; let her skin become dry and flabby; let her teeth turn black, and her eyes lose their lustre: then will his freedman give her the order, “Pack up your traps and be off! you’ve become a nuisance; you are for ever blowing your nose; be off, and quick about it! There’s another wife coming who will not sniffle.” But till that day comes, the lady rules the roast, asking her husband for shepherds and Canusian sheep, and elms for her Falernian vines. But that’s a mere nothing: she asks for all his slave-boys, in town and country; everything that her neighbour possesses, and that she does not possess, must be bought. Then in the winter time, when the merchant Jason is shut out from view, and his armed sailors are blocked out by the white booths, she will carry off huge crystal vases, vases bigger still of agate, and finally a diamond of great renown, made precious by the finger of Berenice. It was given as a present long ago by the barbarian Agrippa to his incestuous sister, in that country where kings celebrate festal sabbaths with bare feet, and where a long-established clemency suffers pigs to attain old age.

‘nullane de tantis gregibus tibi digna uidetur?’
sit formonsa, decens, diues, fecunda, uetustos
porticibus disponat auos, intactior omni
crinibus effusis bellum dirimente Sabina,
rara auis in terris nigroque simillima cycno,
quis feret uxorem cui constant omnia? malo,
malo Venustinam quam te, Cornelia, mater
Gracchorum, si cum magnis uirtutibus adfers
grande supercilium et numeras in dote triumphos.
tolle tuum, precor, Hannibalem uictumque Syphacem
in castris et cum tota Carthagine migra.

[161] “Do you say no worthy wife is to be found among all these crowds?” Well, let her be handsome, charming, rich and fertile; let her have ancient ancestors ranged about her halls; let her be more chaste than the dishevelled Sabine maidens who stopped the war — a prodigy as rare upon the earth as a black swan! yet who could endure a wife that possessed all perfections? I would rather have a Venusian wench for my wife than you, O Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, if, with all your virtues, you bring me a haughty brow, and reckon up Triumphs as part of your marriage portion. Away with your Hannibal, I beseech you! Away with Syphax overpowered in his camp! Take yourself off, Carthage and all!

‘parce, precor, Paean, et tu, dea, pone sagittas;
nil pueri faciunt, ipsam configite matrem’
Amphion clamat, sed Paean contrahit arcum.
extulit ergo greges natorum ipsumque parentem,
dum sibi nobilior Latonae gente uidetur
atque eadem scrofa Niobe fecundior alba.
quae tanti grauitas, quae forma, ut se tibi semper
inputet? huius enim rari summique uoluptas
nulla boni, quotiens animo corrupta superbo
plus aloes quam mellis habet. quis deditus autem
usque adeo est, ut non illam quam laudibus effert
horreat inque diem septenis oderit horis?

[172] “Be merciful, I pray, O Apollo! and thou, O goddess, lay down thine arrows. These babes have done naught: shoot down their mother!” Thus prayed Amphion; but Apollo bends his bow, and Niobe led forth to the grave her troop of sons, and their father to boot, because she deemed herself of nobler race than Latona, and more prolific than the white sow of Alba. For is any dignity in a wife, any beauty, worth the cost, if she is for ever reckoning up her merits against you? These high and transcendent qualities lose all their charm when spoilt by a pride that savours more of aloes than of honey. And who was ever so enamoured as not to shrink from the woman whom he praises to the skies, and to hate her for seven hours out of every twelve?

quaedam parua quidem, sed non toleranda maritis.
nam quid rancidius quam quod se non putat ulla
formosam nisi quae de Tusca Graecula facta est,
de Sulmonensi mera Cecropis? omnia Graece:
[cum sit turpe magis nostris nescire Latine.]
hoc sermone pauent, hoc iram, gaudia, curas,
hoc cuncta effundunt animi secreta. quid ultra?
concumbunt Graece. dones tamen ista puellis,
tune etiam, quam sextus et octogensimus annus
pulsat, adhuc Graece? non est hic sermo pudicus
in uetula. quotiens lasciuum interuenit illud
zoe kai psyche, modo sub lodice relictis
uteris in turba. quod enim non excitet inguen

uox blanda et nequam? digitos habet. ut tamen omnes
subsidant pinnae, dicas haec mollius Haemo
quamquam et Carpophoro, facies tua conputat annos.

[184] Some small faults are intolerable to husbands. What can be more offensive than this, that no woman believes in her own beauty unless she has converted herself from a Tuscan into a Greekling, or from a maid of Sulmo into a maid of Athens? They talk nothing but Greek, though it is a greater shame for our people to be ignorant of Latin. Their fears and their wrath, their joys and their troubles — all the secrets of their souls — are poured forth in Greek; their very loves are carried on in Greek fashion. All this might be pardoned in a girl; but will you, who are hard on your eighty-sixth year, still talk in Greek? That tongue is not decent in an old woman's mouth. When you come out with the wanton words ¶Ét º±v ÈÅÇu, you are using in public the language of the bed-chamber. Caressing and naughty words like these incite to love; but though you say them more tenderly than a Haemus or a Carpophorus, they will cause no fluttering of the heart — your years are counted up upon your face!

si tibi legitimis pactam iunctamque tabellis
non es amaturus, ducendi nulla uidetur
causa, nec est quare cenam et mustacea perdas
labente officio crudis donanda, nec illud
quod prima pro nocte datur, cum lance beata
Dacicus et scripto radiat Germanicus auro.
si tibi simplicitas uxoria, deditus uni
est animus, summitte caput ceruice parata
ferre iugum. nullam inuenies quae parcat amanti.
ardeat ipsa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis
et spoliis; igitur longe minus utilis illi
uxor, quisquis erit bonus optandusque maritus.
nil umquam inuita donabis coniuge, uendes
hac obstante nihil, nihil haec si nolet emetur.
haec dabit affectus: ille excludatur amicus
iam senior, cuius barbam tua ianua uidit.
testandi cum sit lenonibus atque lanistis
libertas et iuris idem contingat harenae,
non unus tibi riualis dictabitur heres.

[200] If you are not to love the woman betrothed and united to you in due form, what reason have you for marrying? Why waste the supper, and the wedding cakes to be given to the well-filled guests when the company is slipping away — to say nothing of the first night's gift of a salver rich with glittering gold inscribed with Dacian or Germanic victories? If you are honestly uxorious, and devoted to one woman, then bow your head and submit your neck to the yoke. Never will you find a woman who spares the man who loves her; for though she be herself aflame, she delights to torment and plunder him. So the better the man, the more desirable he be as a husband, the less good will he get out of his wife. No present will you ever make if your wife forbids; nothing will you ever sell if she objects; nothing will you buy without her consent. She will arrange your friendships for you; she will turn your now-aged friend from the door which saw the beginnings of his beard. Panders and trainers can make their wills as they please, as also can the gentlemen of the arena; but you will have to write down among your heirs more than one rival of your own.

'pone crucem seruo.' 'meruit quo crimine seruus
supplicium? quis testis adest? quis detulit? audi;
nulla umquam de morte hominis cunctatio longa est.'
'o demens, ita seruus homo est? nil fecerit, esto:
hoc uolo, sic iubeo, sit pro ratione uoluntas.'
imperat ergo uiro. sed mox haec regna relinquit
permutatque domos et flammea conterit; inde
auolat et spreti repetit uestigia lecti.
ornatas paulo ante fores, pendentia linquit
uela domus et adhuc uirides in limine ramos.
sic crescit numerus, sic fiunt octo mariti
quinque per autumnos, titulo res digna sepulcri.

[219] "Crucify that slave!" says the wife. "But what crime worthy of death has he committed? " asks the husband; "where are the witnesses? who informed against him? Give him a hearing at least; no delay can be too long when a man's life is at stake!" "What, you numskull? You call a slave a man, do you? He has done no wrong, you say? Be it so; but this is my will and my command: let my will be the voucher for the deed." Thus does she lord it over her husband. But before long she vacates her kingdom; she flits from one home to another, wearing out her bridal veil; then back she flies again and returns to her own imprints in the bed that she has abandoned, leaving behind her the newly decorated door, the festal

hangings on the walls, and the garlands still green over the threshold. Thus does the tale of her husbands grow; there will be eight of them in the course of five autumns — a fact worthy of commemoration on her tomb!

desperanda tibi salua concordia socru.
illa docet spoliis nudi gaudere mariti,
illa docet missis a corruptore tabellis
nil rude nec simplex rescribere, decipit illa
custodes aut aere domat. tum corpore sano
aduocat Archigenen onerosaque pallia iactat.
abditus interea latet et secretus adulter
inpatiensque morae silet et praeputia ducit.
scilicet expectas ut tradat mater honestos
atque alios mores quam quos habet? utile porro
filiolam turpi uetulae producere turpem.

[231] Give up all hope of peace so long as your mother-in-law is alive. It is she that teaches her daughter to revel in stripping and despoiling her husband; it is she that teaches her to reply to a seducer's love-letters in no plain and honest fashion; she eludes or bribes your guards; it is she that calls in Archigenes when your daughter has nothing the matter with her, and tosses off the heavy blankets; the lover meanwhile is in secret and silent hiding, trembling with impatience and expectation. Do you really expect the mother to teach her daughter honest ways — ways different from her own? Nay, the vile old woman finds a profit in bringing up her daughter to be vile.

nulla fere causa est in qua non femina litem
mouerit. accusat Manilia, si rea non est.
conponunt ipsae per se formantque libellos,
principium atque locos Celso dictare paratae.

[242] There never was a case in court in which the quarrel was not started by a woman. If Manilia is not a defendant, she'll be the plaintiff; she will herself frame and adjust the pleadings; she will be ready to instruct Celsus himself how to open his case, and how to urge his points.

endromidas Tyrias et femineum ceroma
quis nescit, uel quis non uidit uulnera pali,
quem cauat adsiduis rudibus scutoque lacessit
atque omnis implet numeros dignissima prorsus
Florali matrona tuba, nisi si quid in illo
pectore plus agitat ueraeque paratur harenae?
quem praestare potest mulier galeata pudorem,
quae fugit a sexu? uires amat. haec tamen ipsa
uir nollet fieri; nam quantula nostra uoluptas!
quale decus, rerum si coniugis auctio fiat,
balteus et manicae et cristae crurisque sinistri
dimidium tegimen! uel si diuersa mouebit
proelia, tu felix ocreas uendente puella.
hae sunt quae tenui sudant in cyclade, quarum
delicias et panniculus bombycinus urit.
aspice quo fremitu monstratos perferat ictus
et quanto galeae curuetur pondere, quanta
poplitibus sedeat quam denso fascia libro,
et ride positis scaphium cum sumitur armis.
dicite uos, neptes Lepidi caeciue Metelli
Gurgitis aut Fabii, quae ludia sumpserit umquam
hos habitus? quando ad palum gemat uxor Asyli?

[246] Why need I tell of the purple wraps and the wrestling-oils used by women? Who has not seen one of them smiting a stump, piercing it through and through with a foil, lunging at it with a shield, and going through all the proper motions? — a matron truly qualified to blow a trumpet at the Floralia! Unless, indeed, she is nursing some further ambition in her bosom, and is practising for the real arena. What modesty can you expect in a woman who wears a helmet, abjures her own sex, and delights in feats of strength? Yet she would not choose to be a man, knowing the superior joys of womanhood. What a fine thing for a husband, at an auction of his wife's effects, to see her belt and armlets and plumes put up for sale, with a gaiter that covers half the left leg; or if she fight another sort of battle, how charmed you will be to see your young wife disposing of her greaves! Yet these are the women who find the thinnest of thin robes too hot for them; whose delicate flesh is chafed by the finest of silk tissue. See how she pants as she goes through her prescribed exercises; how she bends under the weight of her helmet; how big and coarse are the bandages which enclose her haunches; and then laugh

when she lays down her arms and shows herself to be a woman! Tell us, ye granddaughters of Lepidus, or of the blind Metellus, or of Fabius Gurges, what gladiator's wife ever assumed accoutrements like these? When did the wife of Asylus ever gasp against a stump?

semper habet lites alternaque iurgia lectus
in quo nupta iacet; minimum dormitur in illo.
tum grauis illa uiro, tunc orba tigride peior,
cum simulat gemitus occulti conscia facti,
aut odit pueros aut ficta paelice plorat
uberibus semper lacrimis semperque paratis
in statione sua atque expectantibus illam,
quo iubeat manare modo. tu credis amorem,
tu tibi tunc, uruca, places fletumque labellis
exorbes, quae scripta et quot lecture tabellas
si tibi zelotypae retegantur scrinia moechae!
sed iacet in serui complexibus aut equitis. dic,
dic aliquem sodes hic, Quintiliane, colorem.
haeremus. dic ipsa. 'olim conuenerat' inquit
'ut faceres tu quod uelles, nec non ego possem
indulgere mihi. clames licet et mare caelo
confundas, homo sum.' nihil est audacius illis
deprensis: iram atque animos a crimine sumunt.

[268] The bed that holds a wife is never free from wrangling and mutual bickerings; no sleep is to be got there! It is there that she sets upon her husband, more savage than a tigress that has lost her cubs; conscious of her own secret slips, she affects a grievance, abusing his slaves, or weeping over some imagined mistress. She has an abundant supply of tears always ready in their place, awaiting her command in which fashion they should flow. You, poor dolt, are delighted, believing them to be tears of love, and kiss them away; but what notes, what love-letters would you find if you opened the desk of your green-eyed adulterous wife! If you find her in the arms of a slave or of a knight, "Speak, speak, Quintilian, give me one of your colours," she will say. But Quintilian has none to give: "find it yourself," says he. "We agreed long ago," says the lady, "that you were to go your way, and I mine. You may confound sea and sky with your bellowing, I am a human being after all." There's no effrontery like that of a woman caught in the act; her very guilt inspires her with wrath and insolence.

unde haec monstra tamen uel quo de fonte requiris?
praestabat castas humilis fortuna Latinas
quondam, nec uitiis contingi parua sinebant
tecta labor somnique breues et uellere Tusco
uexatae duraeque manus ac proximus urbi
Hannibal et stantes Collina turre mariti.
nunc patimur longae pacis mala, saeuior armis
luxuria incubuit uictumque ulciscitur orbem.
nullum crimen abest facinusque libidinis ex quo
paupertas Romana perit. hinc fluxit ad istos
et Sybaris colles, hinc et Rhodos et Miletos
atque coronatum et petulans madidumque Tarentum.
prima peregrinos obscena pecunia mores
intulit, et turpi fregerunt saecula luxu
diuitiae molles. quid enim uenus ebria curat?
inguinis et capitis quae sint discrimina nescit
grandia quae mediis iam noctibus ostrea mordet,
cum perfusa mero spumant unguenta Falerno,
cum bibitur concha, cum iam uertigine tectum
ambulat et geminis exsurgit mensa lucernis.

[286] But whence come these monstrosities? you ask; from what fountain do they flow? In days of old, the wives of Latium were kept chaste by their humble fortunes. It was toil and brief slumbers that kept vice from polluting their modest homes; hands chafed and hardened by Tuscan fleeces, Hannibal nearing the city, and husbands standing to arms at the Colline gate. We are now suffering the calamities of long peace. Luxury, more deadly than any foe, has laid her hand upon us, and avenges a conquered world. Since the day when Roman poverty perished, no deed of crime or lust has been wanting to us; from that moment Sybaris and Rhodes and Miletus have poured in upon our hills, with the begarlanded and drunken and unabashed Tarentum. Filthy lucre first brought in amongst us foreign ways; wealth enervated and corrupted the ages with foul indulgences. What decency does Venus observe when she is drunken? when she knows not one member from another, eats giant oysters at midnight, pours foaming unguents into her unmixed Falernian, and drinks out of perfume-bowls, while the roof spins dizzily round, the table dances, and every light shows double!

i nunc et dubita qua sorbeat aera sanna
Maura, Pudicitiae ueterem cum praeterit aram,
Tullia quid dicat, notae collactea Maurae.
noctibus hic ponunt lecticas, micturiunt hic
effigiemque deae longis siphonibus implent
inque uices equitant ac Luna teste mouentur,
inde domos abeunt: tu calcas luce reuersa
coniugis urinam magnos uisurus amicos.

[306] Go to now and wonder what means the sneer with which Tullia snuffs the air, or what Maura whispers to her ill-famed foster-sister, when she passes by the ancient altar of Chastity? It is there that they set down their litters at night, and befoul the image of the Goddess, playing their filthy pranks for the morn to witness. Thence home they go; while you, when daylight conies, and you are on your way to salute your mighty friends, will tread upon the traces of your wife's abominations.

nota bonae secreta deae, cum tibia lumbos
incitat et cornu pariter uinoque feruntur
attonitae crinemque rotant ululantque Priapi
maenades. o quantus tunc illis mentibus ardor
concubitus, quae uox saltante libidine, quantus
ille meri ueteris per crura madentia torrens!
lenonum ancillas posita Saufeia corona
prouocat et tollit pendentis praemia coxae,
ipsa Medullinae fluctum crisantis adorat:
palma inter dominas, uirtus natalibus aequa.

[314] Well known to all are the mysteries of the Good Goddess, when the flute stirs the loins and the Maenads of Priapus sweep along, frenzied alike by the horn-blowing and the wine, whirling their locks and howling. What foul longings burn within their breasts! What cries they utter as the passion palpitates within! How drenched their limbs in torrents of old wine! Saufeia challenges the slave-girls to a contest. Her agility wins the prize, but she has herself in turn to bow the knee to Medullina. And so the palm remains with the mistress, whose exploits match her birth! There is no pretence in the game; all is enacted to the life in a manner that would warm the cold blood of a Priam or a Nestor. And now impatient nature can wait no longer: woman shows herself as she is, and the cry comes from every

corner of the den, “Let in the men!” If one favoured youth is asleep, another is bidden to put on his cowl and hurry along; if better cannot be got, a run is made upon the slaves; if they too fail, the water-carrier will be paid to come in. O would that our ancient practices, or at least our public rites, were not polluted by scenes like these! But every Moor and every Indian knows how Clodius forced his way into a place from which every buck-mouse scuttles away conscious of his virility, and in which no picture of the male form may be exhibited except behind a veil.

nil ibi per ludum simulabitur, omnia fient
ad uerum, quibus incendi iam frigidus aeuo
Laomedontiades et Nestoris hirnea possit.
tunc prurigo morae inpatiens, tum femina simplex,
ac pariter toto repetitus clamor ab antro
‘iam fas est, admitte uiros.’ dormitat adulter,
illa iubet sumpto iuuenem properare cucullo;
si nihil est, seruis incurritur; abstuleris spem
seruorum, uenit et conductus aquarius; hic si
quaeritur et desunt homines, mora nulla per ipsam
quo minus inposito clunem summittat asello.
atque utinam ritus ueteres et publica saltem
his intacta malis agerentur sacra; sed omnes
nouerunt Mauri atque Indi quae psaltria penem
maiorem quam sunt duo Caesaris Anticatones
illuc, testiculi sibi conscius unde fugit mus,
intulerit, ubi uelari pictura iubetur
quaecumque alterius sexus imitata figuras.
et quis tunc hominum contemptor numinis, aut quis
simpuuium ridere Numae nigrumque catinum
et Vaticano fragiles de monte patellas
ausus erat? sed nunc ad quas non Clodius aras?

[324] Who ever sneered at the Gods in the days of old? Who would have dared to laugh at the earthen-ware bowls or black pots of Numa, or the brittle plates made out of Vatican clay? But nowadays at what altar will you not find a Clodius?

[audio quid ueteres olim moneatis amici,
‘pone seram, cohibe.’ sed quis custodiet ipsos
custodes? cauta est et ab illis incipit uxor.]

iamque eadem summis pariter minimisque libido,
nec melior silicem pedibus quae conterit atrum
quam quae longorum uehitur ceruice Syrorum.

[346] I hear all this time the advice of my old friends — keep your women at home, and put them under lock and key. Yes, but who will watch the warders? Wives are crafty and will begin with them. High or low their passions are all the same. She who wears out the black cobble-stones with her bare feet is no better than she who rides upon the necks of eight stalwart Syrians.

ut spectet ludos, conducit Ogulnia uestem,
conducit comites, sellam, ceruical, amicas,
nutricem et flauam cui det mandata puellam.
haec tamen argenti superest quodcumque paterni
leuibus athletis et uasa nouissima donat.
multis res angusta domi, sed nulla pudorem
paupertatis habet nec se metitur ad illum
quem dedit haec posuitque modum. tamen utile quid sit
prospiciunt aliquando uiri, frigusque famemque
formica tandem quidam expauere magistra:
prodiga non sentit pereuntem femina censum.
ac uelut exhausta recidiuus pullulet arca
nummus et e pleno tollatur semper aceruo,
non umquam reputant quanti sibi gaudia constent.

[352] Ogulnia hires clothes to see the games; she hires attendants, a litter, cushions, female friends, a nurse, and a fair-haired girl to run her messages; yet she will give all that remains of the family plate, down to the last flagon, to some smooth-faced athlete. Many of these women are poor, but none of them pay any regard to their poverty, or measure themselves by the standard which that prescribes and lays down for them. Men, on the other hand, do sometimes have an eye to utility; the ant has at last taught some of them to dread cold and hunger. But your extravagant woman is never sensible of her dwindling means; and just as though money were for ever sprouting up afresh from her exhausted coffers, and she had always a full heap to draw from, she never gives a thought to what her pleasures cost her.

in quacumque domo uiuit luditque professus O 1
obscenum, tremula promittit et omnia dextra, O 2
inuenies omnis turpes similesque cinaedis. O 3
his uiolare cibos sacraeque adsistere mensae O 4
permittunt, et uasa iubent frangenda lauari O 5
cum colocyntha bibit uel cum barbata chelidon. O 6
purior ergo tuis laribus meliorque lanista, O 7
in cuius numero longe migrare iubetur O 8
psyllus ab ~eupholio.~ quid quod nec retia turpi O 9
iunguntur tunicae, nec cella ponit eadem O 10
munimenta umeri ~pulsatamque arma~ tridentem O 11
qui nudus pugnare solet? pars ultima ludi O 12
accipit has animas aliusque in carcere neruos. O 13
sed tibi communem calicem facit uxor et illis O 14
cum quibus Albanum Surrentinumque recuset O 15
flaua ruinosi lupa degustare sepulchri. O 16
horum consiliis nubunt subitaeque recedunt, O 17
his languentem animum ~seruant~ et seria uitae, O 18
his clunem atque latus discunt uibrare magistris, O 19
quicquid praeterea scit qui docet. haud tamen illi O 20
semper habenda fides: oculos fuligine pascit O 21
distinctus croceis et reticulatus adulter. O 22
suspectus tibi sit, quanto uox mollior et quo O 23
saepius in teneris haerebit dextera lumbis. O 24
hic erit in lecto fortissimus; exuit illic O 25
personam docili Thais saltata Triphallo. O 26
quem rides? aliis hunc mimum! sponsio fiat: O 27
purum te contendo uirum. contendo: fateris? O 28

[01] “Whenever a cinaedus is kept he taints the household. Folks let these fellows eat and drink with them, and merely have the vessels washed, not shivered to atoms as they should be when such lips have touched them. So even the lanista’s establishment is better ordered than yours, for he separates the vile from the decent, and sequesters even from their fellow-retiarii the wearers of the ill-famed tunic; in the training-school, and even in gaol, such creatures herd apart; but your wife condemns you to drink out of the same cup as these gentry, with whom the poorest trull would refuse to sip the choicest wine. Them do women consult about marriage and divorce, with their society do they relieve boredom or business,

from them do they learn lascivious motions and whatever else the teacher knows. But beware! that teacher is not always what he seems: true, he darkens his eyes and dresses like a woman, but adultery is his design. Mistrust him the more for his show of effeminacy; he is a valiant mattress-knight; there Triphallus drops the mask of Thais. Whom are you fooling? not me; play this farce to those who cannot pierce the masquerade. I wager you are every inch a man; do you own it, or must we wring the truth out of the maid-servants?”

an uocat ancillas tortoris pergula? noui O 29
consilia et ueteres quaecumque monetis amici, O 30
‘pone seram, cohibe’. sed quis custodiet ipsos O 31
custodes, qui nunc lasciuae furta puellae O 32
hac mercede silent? crimen commune tacetur. O 33
prospicit hoc prudens et a illis incipit uxor. O 34
sunt quas eunuchi inbelles ac mollia semper 366
oscula delectent et desperatio barbae
et quod abortiuo non est opus. illa uoluptas
summa tamen, quom iam calida matura iuuenta
inguina traduntur medicis, iam pectine nigro. 370
ergo expectatos ac iussos crescere primum
testiculos, postquam coeperunt esse bilibres,
tonsoris tantum damno rapit Heliodorus.
mangonum pueros uera ac miserabilis urit 373a
debilitas, follisque pudet cicerisque relicti. 373b
conspicuus longe cunctisque notabilis intrat
balnea nec dubie custodem uitis et horti
prouocat a domina factus spado. dormiat ille
cum domina, sed tu iam durum, Postume, iamque
tondendum eunucho Bromium committere noli.

[029] I know well the advice and warnings of my old friends: “Put on a lock and keep your wife indoors.” Yes, and who will ward the warders? They get paid in kind for holding their tongues as to their young lady’s escapades; participation seals their lips. The wily wife arranges accordingly, and begins with them. . . .

si gaudet cantu, nullius fibula durat
uocem uendentis praetoribus. organa semper 380
in manibus, densi radiant testudine tota

sardonyches, crispo numerantur pectine chordae
quo tener Hedymeles operas dedit: hunc tenet, hoc se
solatur gratoque indulget basia plectro.
quaedam de numero Lamiarum ac nominis Appi
et farre et uino Ianum Vestamque rogabat,
an Capitolinam deberet Pollio quercum
sperare et fidibus promittere. quid faceret plus
aegrotante uiro, medicis quid tristibus erga
filiolum? stetit ante aram nec turpe putauit
pro cithara uelare caput dictataque uerba
pertulit, ut mos est, et aperta palluit agna.
dic mihi nunc, quaeso, dic, antiquissime diuom,
respondes his, Iane pater? magna otia caeli;
non est, quod uideo, non est quod agatur apud uos.
haec de comoedis te consulit, illa tragoedum
commendare uolet: uaricosus fiet haruspex.

[379] If your wife is musical, none of those who sell their voices to the praetor will hold out against her charms. She is for ever handling musical instruments; her sardonyx rings sparkle thick all over the tortoise-shell; the quivering quill with which she runs over the chords will be that with which the gentle Hedymeles performed; she hugs it, consoles herself with it, and lavishes kisses on the dear implement. A certain lady of the lineage of the Lamiae and the Appii inquired of Janus and Vesta, with offerings of cake and wine, whether Pollio could hope for the Capitoline oak-chaplet and promise victory to his lyre. What more could she have done had her husband been ill, or if the doctors had been shaking their heads over her dear little son? There she stood before the altar, thinking it no shame to veil her head on behalf of a harper; she repeated, in due form, all the words prescribed to her; her cheek blanched when the lamb was opened. Tell me now, I pray, O father Janus, thou most ancient of the Gods, dost thou answer such as she? You have much time on your hands in heaven; so far as I can see, there is nothing for you Gods to do. One lady consults you about a comedian, another wishes to commend to you a tragic actor; the soothsayer will soon be troubled with varicose veins.

sed cantet potius quam totam peruolet urbem
audax et coetus possit quae ferre uirorum
cumque paludatis ducibus praesente marito

ipsa loqui recta facie siccisque mamillis.
haec eadem nouit quid toto fiat in orbe,
quid Seres, quid Thraces agant, secreta nouercae
et pueri, quis amet, quis diripiatur adulter;
dicet quis uiduam praegnatem fecerit et quo
mense, quibus uerbis concumbat quaeque, modis quot.
instantem regi Armenio Parthoque cometen
prima uidet, famam rumoresque illa recentis
excipit ad portas, quosdam facit; isse Niphaten
in populos magnoque illic cuncta arua teneri
diluuio, nutare urbes, subsidere terras,
quocumque in triuio, cuicumque est obuia, narrat.

[398] Better, however, that your wife should be musical than that she should be rushing boldly about the entire city, attending men's meetings, talking with unflinching face and hard breasts to Generals in their military cloaks, with her husband looking on! This same woman knows what is going on all over the world: what the Thracians and Chinese are after, what has passed between the stepmother and the stepson; she knows who loves whom, what gallant is the rage; she will tell you who got the widow with child, and in what month; how every woman behaves to her lovers, and what she says to them. She is the first to notice the comet threatening the kings of Armenia and Parthia; she picks up the latest rumours at the city gates, and invents some herself: how the Niphates has burst out upon the nations, and is inundating entire districts; how cities are tottering and lands subsiding, she tells to every one she meets at every street crossing.

nec tamen id uitium magis intolerabile quam quod
uicinos humiles rapere et concidere loris
exortata~ solet. nam si latratibus alti
rumpuntur somni, 'fustes huc ocius' inquit
'adferte' atque illis dominum iubet ante feriri,
deinde canem. grauis occursu, taeterrima uultu
balnea nocte subit, conchas et castra moueri
nocte iubet, magno gaudet sudare tumultu,
cum lassata graui ceciderunt bracchia massa,
callidus et cristae digitos inpressit aliptes
ac summum dominae femur exclamare coegit.
conuiuae miseri interea somnoque fameque

urguentur. tandem illa uenit rubicundula, totum
oenophorum sitiens, plena quod tenditur urna
admotum pedibus, de quo sextarius alter
ducitur ante cibum rabidam facturus orexim,
dum redit et loto terram ferit intestino.
marmoribus riui properant, aurata Falernum
peluis olet; nam sic, tamquam alta in dolia longus
deciderit serpens, bibit et uomit. ergo maritus
nauseat atque oculis bilem substringit opertis.

[413] No less insufferable is the woman who loves to catch hold of her poor neighbours, and deaf to their cries for mercy lays into them with a whip. If her sound slumbers are disturbed by a barking dog, "Quick with the rods!" she cries; "thrash the owner first, and then the dog!" She is a formidable woman to encounter; she is terrible to look at. She frequents the baths by night; not till night does she order her oil-jars and her quarters to be shifted thither; she loves all the bustle of the hot bath; when her arms drop exhausted by the heavy weights, the anointer passes his hand skilfully over her body, bringing it down at last with a resounding smack upon her thigh. Meanwhile her unfortunate guests are overcome with sleep and hunger, till at last she comes in with a flushed face, and with thirst enough to drink off the vessel containing full three gallons which is laid at her feet, and from which she tosses off a couple of pints before her dinner to create a raging appetite; then she brings it all up again and souses the floor with the washings of her inside. The stream runs over the marble pavement; the gilt basin reeks of Falernian, for she drinks and vomits like a big snake that has tumbled into a vat. The sickened husband closes his eyes and so keeps down his bile.

illa tamen grauior, quae cum discumbere coepit
laudat Vergilium, periturae ignoscit Elissae,
committit uates et comparat, inde Maronem
atque alia parte in trutina suspendit Homerum.
cedunt grammatici, uincuntur rhetores, omnis
turba tacet, nec causidicus nec praeco loquetur,
altera nec mulier. uerborum tanta cadit uis,
tot pariter pelues ac tintinnabula dicas
pulsari. iam nemo tubas, nemo aera fatiget:
una laboranti poterit succurrere Lunae.

inponit finem sapiens et rebus honestis;
nam quae docta nimis cupit et facunda uideri
crure tenus medio tunicas succingere debet,
caedere Siluano porcum, quadrante lauari.
non habeat matrona, tibi quae iuncta recumbit,
dicendi genus, aut curuum sermone rotato
torqueat enthymema, nec historias sciat omnes,
sed quaedam ex libris et non intellegat. odi
hanc ego quae repetit uoluitque Palaemonis artem
seruata semper lege et ratione loquendi
ignotosque mihi tenet antiquaria uersus
nec curanda uiris. opicae castiget amicae
uerba: soloecismum liceat fecisse marito.

[434] But most intolerable of all is the woman who as soon as she has sat down to dinner commends Virgil, pardons the dying Dido, and pits the poets against each other, putting Virgil in the one scale and Homer in the other. The grammarians make way before her; the rhetoricians give in; the whole crowd is silenced: no lawyer, no auctioneer will get a word in, no, nor any other woman; so torrential is her speech that you would think that all the pots and bells were being clashed together. Let no one more blow a trumpet or clash a cymbal: one woman will be able to bring succour to the labouring moon! She lays down definitions, and discourses on morals, like a philosopher; thirsting to be deemed both wise and eloquent, she ought to tuck up her skirts knee-high, sacrifice a pig to Silvanus, and take a penny bath. Let not the wife of your bosom possess a special style of her own; let her not hurl at you in whirling speech the crooked enthymeme! Let her not know all history; let there be some things in her reading which she does not understand. I hate a woman who is for ever consulting and poring over the "Grammar" of Palaemon, who observes all the rules and laws of language, who quotes from ancient poets that I never heard of, and corrects her unlettered female friends for slips of speech that no man need trouble about: let husbands at least be permitted to make slips in grammar!

nil non permittit mulier sibi, turpe putat nil,
cum uiridis gemmas collo circumdedit et cum
auribus extentis magnos commisit elenchos.
[intolerabilius nihil est quam femina diues.]
interea foeda aspectu ridendaque multo

pane tumet facies aut pinguia Poppaeana
spirat et hinc miseri uiscantur labra mariti.
ad moechum lota ueniunt cute. quando uideri
uult formonsa domi? moechis foliata parantur,
his emitur quidquid graciles huc mittitis Indi.
tandem aperit uultum et tectoria prima reponit,
incipit agnosci, atque illo lacte fouetur
propter quod secum comites educit asellas
exul Hyperboreum si dimittatur ad axem.
sed quae mutatis inducitur atque fouetur
tot medicaminibus coctaeque siliginis offas
accipit et madidae, facies dicetur an ulcus?

[457] There is nothing that a woman will not permit herself to do, nothing that she deems shameful, when she encircles her neck with green emeralds, and fastens huge pearls to her elongated ears: there is nothing more intolerable than a wealthy woman. Meanwhile she ridiculously puffs out and disfigures her face with lumps of dough; she reeks of rich Poppaean unguents which stick to the lips of her unfortunate husband. Her lover she will meet with a clean-washed skin; but when does she ever care to look nice at home? It is for her lovers that she provides the spikenard, for them she buys all the scents which the slender Indians bring to us. In good time she discloses her face; she removes the first layer of plaster, and begins to be recognisable. She then laves herself with that milk for which she takes a herd of she-asses in her train if sent away to the Hyperborean pole. But when she has been coated over and treated with all those layers of medicaments, and had those lumps of moist dough applied to it, shall we call it a face or a sore?

est pretium curae penitus cognoscere toto
quid faciant agitentque die. si nocte maritus
auersus iacuit, periit libraria, ponunt
cosmetae tunicas, tarde uenisse Liburnus
dicitur et poenas alieni pendere somni
cogitur, hic frangit ferulas, rubet ille flagello,
hic scutica; sunt quae tortoribus annua praestent.
uerberat atque obiter faciem linit, audit amicas
aut latum pictae uestis considerat aurum
et caedit, longi relegit transuersa diurni
et caedit, donec lassis caedentibus ‘exi’

intonet horrendum iam cognitione peracta.
praefectura domus Sicula non mitior aula.

[474] It is well worth while to ascertain how these ladies busy themselves all day. If the husband has turned his back upon his wife at night, the wool-maid is done for; the tire-women will be stripped of their tunics; the Liburnian chair-man will be accused of coming late, and will have to pay for another man's drowsiness; one will have a rod broken over his back, another will be bleeding from a strap, a third from the cat; some women engage their executioners by the year. While the flogging goes on, the lady will be daubing her face, or listening to her lady-friends, or inspecting the widths of a gold-embroidered robe. While thus flogging and flogging, she reads the lengthy Gazette, written right across the page, till at last, the floggers being exhausted, and the inquisition ended, she thunders out a gruff "Be off with you!"

nam si constituit solitoque decentius optat
ornari et properat iamque expectatur in hortis
aut apud Isiacae potius sacraria lenae,
disponit crinem laceratis ipsa capillis
nuda umeros Psecas infelix nudisque mamillis.
'altior hic quare cincinnus?' taurea punit
continuo flexi crimen facinusque capilli.
quid Psecas admisit? quaenam est hic culpa puellae,
si tibi displicuit nasus tuus? altera laeuum
extendit pectitque comas et uoluit in orbem.
est in consilio materna admotaque lanis
emerita quae cessat acu; sententia prima
huius erit, post hanc aetate atque arte minores
censebunt, tamquam famae discrimen agatur
aut animae: tanta est quaerendi cura decoris.
tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc conpagibus altum
aedificat caput: Andromachen a fronte uidebis,
post minor est, credas aliam. cedo si breue parui
sortita est lateris spatium breuiorque uidetur
uirgine Pygmaea nullis adiuta coturnis
et leuis erecta consurgit ad oscula planta.
    nulla uiri cura interea nec mentio fiet
damnorum. uiuit tamquam uicina mariti,

hoc solo propior, quod amicos coniugis odit
et seruos, grauis est rationibus.

[486] Her household is governed as cruelly as a Sicilian Court. If she has an appointment and wishes to be turned out more nicely than usual, and is in a hurry to meet some one waiting for her in the gardens, or more likely near the chapel of the wanton Isis, the unhappy maid that does her hair will have her own hair torn, and the clothes stripped off her shoulders and her breasts. "Why is this curl standing up?" she asks, and then down comes a thong of bull's hide to inflict chastisement for the offending ringlet. Pray how was Psecas in fault? How would the girl be to blame if you happened not to like the shape of your own nose? Another maid on the left side combs out the hair and rolls it into a coil; a maid of her mother's, who has served her time at sewing, and has been promoted to the wool department, assists at the council. She is the first to give her opinion; after her, her inferiors in age or skill will give theirs, as though some question of life or honour were at stake. So important is the business of beautification; so numerous are the tiers and storeys piled one upon another on her head! In front, you would take her for an Andromache; she is not so tall behind: you would not think it was the same person. What if nature has made her so short of stature that, if unaided by high heels, she looks no bigger than a pigmy, and has to rise nimbly on tip-toe for a kiss! Meantime she pays no attention to her husband; she never speaks of what she costs him. She lives with him as if she were only his neighbour; in this alone more near to him, that she hates his friends and his slaves, and plays the mischief with his money.

ecce furentis
Bellonae matrisque deum chorus intrat et ingens
semiuir, obsceno facies reuerenda minori,
mollia qui rapta secuit genitalia testa
iam pridem, cui rauca cohors, cui tympana cedunt
plebeia et Phrygia uestitur bucca tiara.
grande sonat metuique iubet Septembris et austri
aduentum, nisi se centum lustrauerit ouis
et xerampelinas ueteres donauerit ipsi,
ut quidquid subiti et magni discriminis instat
in tunicas eat et totum semel expiet annum.
hibernum fracta glacie descendet in amnem,
ter matutino Tiberi mergetur et ipsis

uerticibus timidum caput abluet, inde superbi
totum regis agrum nuda ac tremibunda cruentis
erepet genibus; si candida iusserit Io,
ibit ad Aegypti finem calidaque petitas
a Meroe portabit aquas, ut spargat in aede
Isidis, antiquo quae proxima surgit ouili.
credit enim ipsius dominae se uoce moneri.
en animam et mentem cum qua di nocte loquantur!
ergo hic praecipuum summumque meretur honorem
qui grege linigero circumdatus et grege caluo
plangentis populi currit derisor Anubis.
ille petit ueniam, quotiens non abstinet uxor
concubitu sacris obseruandisque diebus
magnaque debetur uiolato poena cadurco
et mouisse caput uisa est argentea serpens;
illius lacrimae meditataque murmura praestant
ut ueniam culpae non abnuat ansere magno
scilicet et tenui popano corruptus Osiris.

[511] And now, behold! in comes the chorus of the frantic Bellona and the mother of the Gods, attended by a giant eunuch to whom his obscene inferiors must do reverence. . . . Before him the howling herd with the timbrels give way; his plebeian cheeks are covered with a Phrygian tiara. With solemn utterance he bids the lady beware of the September Siroccos if she do not purify herself with a hundred eggs, and present him with some old mulberry-coloured garments in order that any great and unforeseen calamity may pass into the clothes, and make expiation for the entire year. In winter she will go down to the river of a morning, break the ice, and plunge three times into the Tiber, dipping her trembling head in its whirling waters, and crawling out thence naked and shivering, she will creep with bleeding knees right across the field of Tarquin the Proud. If the white Io shall so order, she will journey to the confines of Egypt, and fetch water from hot Meroe with which to sprinkle the Temple of Isis which stands hard by the ancient sheepfold. For she believes that the command was given by the voice of the Goddess herself — a pretty kind of mind and spirit for the Gods to have converse with by night! Hence the chief and highest place of honour is awarded to Anubis, who, with his linen-clad and shaven crew, mocks at the weeping of the people as he runs along. He it is that obtains pardon for wives who break the law of purity on days that should be kept holy, and exacts huge penalties when the coverlet has

been profaned, or when the silver serpent has been seen to nod his head. His tears and carefully-studied mutterings make sure that Osiris will not refuse a pardon for the fault, bribed, no doubt, by a fat goose and a slice of sacrificial cake.

cum dedit ille locum, cophino fenoque relicto
arcanam Iudaea tremens mendicat in aurem,
interpres legum Solymarum et magna sacerdos
arboris ac summi fida internuntia caeli.
implet et illa manum, sed parcius; aere minuto
qualiacumque uoles Iudaei somnia uendunt.

[542] No sooner has that fellow departed than a palsied Jewess, leaving her basket and her truss of hay, comes begging to her secret ear; she is an interpreter of the laws of Jerusalem, a high priestess of the tree, a trusty go-between of highest heaven. She, too, fills her palm, but more sparingly, for a Jew will tell you dreams of any kind you please for the minutest of coins.

spondet amatorem tenerum uel diuitis orbi
testamentum ingens calidae pulmone columbae
tractato Armenius uel Commagenus haruspex;
pectora pullorum rimabitur, exta catelli
interdum et pueri; faciet quod deferat ipse.

[548] An Armenian or Commagenian sooth-sayer, after examining the lungs of a dove that is still warm, will promise a youthful lover, or a big bequest from some rich and childless man; he will probe the breast of a chicken, or the entrails of a dog, sometimes even of a boy; some things he will do with the intention of informing against them himself.

Chaldaeis sed maior erit fiducia: quidquid
dixerit astrologus, credent a fonte relatum
Hammonis, quoniam Delphis oracula cessant
et genus humanum damnat caligo futuri.
praecipuus tamen est horum, qui saepius exul,
cuius amicitia conducendaque tabella
magnus ciuis obit et formidatus Othoni.
inde fides artis, sonuit si dextera ferro

laeuaque, si longe castrorum in carcere mansit.
nemo mathematicus genium indemnatus habebit,
sed qui paene perit, cui uix in Cyclada mitti
contigit et parua tandem caruisse Seripho.

[553] Still more trusted are the Chaldaeans; every word uttered by the astrologer they will believe has come from Hammon's fountain, for now that the Delphian oracles are dumb, man is condemned to darkness as to his future. Chief among these was one who was oft in exile, through whose friendship and venal prophecies the great citizen died whom Otho feared. For nowadays no astrologer has credit unless he have been imprisoned in some distant camp, with chains clanking on either arm; none believe in his powers unless he has been condemned and all but put to death, having just contrived to get deported to a Cyclad, or to escape at last from the diminutive Seriphos.

consulit ictericae lento de funere matris,
ante tamen de te Tanaquil tua, quando sororem
efferat et patruos, an sit uicturus adulter
post ipsam; quid enim maius dare numina possunt?
haec tamen ignorat quid sidus triste minetur
Saturni, quo laeta Venus se proferat astro,
quis mensis damnis, quae dentur tempora lucro:
illius occursus etiam uitare memento,
in cuius manibus ceu pinguia sucina tritas
cernis ephemeridas, quae nullum consulit et iam
consulitur, quae castra uiro patriamque petente
non ibit pariter numeris reuocata Thrasylli.
ad primum lapidem uectari cum placet, hora
sumitur ex libro; si prurit frictus ocelli
angulus, inspecta genesi collyria poscit;
aegra licet iaceat, capiendo nulla uidetur
aptior hora cibo nisi quam dederit Petosiris.

[565] Your excellent Tanaquil consults as to the long-delayed death of her jaundiced mother — having previously enquired about your own; she will ask when she may expect to bury her sister, or her uncles; and whether her lover will outlive herself — what greater boon could the Gods bestow upon her? And yet your Tanaquil does not herself understand the gloomy threats of Saturn, or under what

constellation Venus will show herself propitious, which months will be months of losses, which of gains; but beware of ever encountering one whom you see clutching a well-worn calendar in her hands as if it were a ball of clammy amber; one who inquires of none, but is now herself inquired of; one who, if her husband is going forth to camp, or returning home from abroad, will not bear him company if the numbers of Thrasyllus call her back. If she wants to drive as far as the first mile-stone, she finds the right hour from her book; if there is a sore place in the corner of her eye, she will not call for a salve until she has consulted her horoscope: and if she be ill in bed, deems no hour so suitable for taking food as that prescribed to her by Petosiris.

si mediocris erit, spatium lustrabit utrimque
metarum et sortes ducet frontemque manumque
praebebit uati crebrum poppysma roganti.
diuitibus responsa dabit Phryx augur et inde
conductus, dabit astrorum mundique peritus
atque aliquis senior qui publica fulgura condit.
plebeium in circo positum est et in aggere fatum.
quae nudis longum ostendit ceruicibus aurum
consulit ante falas delphinorumque columnas
an saga uendenti nubat caupone relicto.

[582] If the woman be of humble rank, she will promenade between the turning-posts of the Circus; she will have her fortune told, and will present her brow and her hand to the seer who asks for many an approving smack. Wealthy women will pay for answers from a Phrygian or Indian augur well skilled in the stars and the heavens, or one of the elders employed to expiate thunderbolts. Plebeian destinies are determined in the Circus or on the ramparts : the woman who displays a long gold chain on her bare neck inquires before the pillars and the clusters of dolphins whether she shall throw over the tavern-keeper and marry the old-clothes-man.

hae tamen et partus subeunt discrimen et omnis
nutricis tolerant fortuna urguente labores,
sed iacet aurato uix ulla puerpera lecto.
tantum artes huius, tantum medicamina possunt,
quae steriles facit atque homines in uentre necandos
conducit. gaude, infelix, atque ipse bibendum
porrige quidquid erit; nam si distendere uellet

et uexare uterum pueris salientibus, esses
Aethiopis fortasse pater, mox decolor heres
impleret tabulas numquam tibi mane uidendus.

[592] These poor women, however, endure the perils of child-birth, and all the troubles of nursing to which their lot condemns them; but how often does a gilded bed contain a woman that is lying in? So great is the skill, so powerful the drugs, of the abortionist, paid to murder mankind within the womb. Rejoice, poor wretch; give her the stuff to drink whatever it be, with your own hand: for were she willing to get big and trouble her womb with bouncing babes, you might perhaps find yourself the father of an Ethiopian; and some day a coloured heir, whom you would rather not meet by daylight, would fill all the places in your will.

transeo suppositos et gaudia uotaque saepe
ad spurcos decepta lacus, saepe inde petitos
pontifices, salios Scaurorum nomina falso
corpore laturos. stat Fortuna inproba noctu
adridens nudis infantibus: hos fouet omni
inuoluitque sinu, domibus tunc porrigit altis
secretumque sibi mimum parat; hos amat, his se
ingerit utque suos semper producit alumnos.

[602] I say nothing of supposititious children, of the hopes and prayers so often cheated at those filthy pools from which are supplied Priests and Salii, with bodies that will falsely bear the name of Scauri. There Fortune shamelessly takes her stand by night, smiling on the naked babes; she fondles them all and folds them in her bosom, and then, to provide herself with a secret comedy, she sends them forth to the houses of the great. These are the children that she loves, on these she lavishes herself, and with a laugh brings them always forward as her own.

hic magicos adfert cantus, hic Thessala uendit
philtra, quibus ualeat mentem uexare mariti
et solea pulsare natis. quod desipis, inde est,
inde animi caligo et magna obliuio rerum
quas modo gessisti. tamen hoc tolerabile, si non

[semper aquam portes rimosa ad dolia, semper 614a
istud onus subeas ipsis manantibus urnis, 614b
quo rabidus nostro Phalarim de rege dedisti.] 614c
et furere incipias ut auunculus ille Neronis,
cui totam tremuli frontem Caesonia pulli
infudit. quae non faciet quod principis uxor?
ardebant cuncta et fracta conpage ruebant
non aliter quam si fecisset Iuno maritum
insanum. minus ergo nocens erit Agrippinae 620
boletus, siquidem unius praecordia pressit
ille senis tremulumque caput descendere iussit
in caelum et longa manantia labra saliua:
haec poscit ferrum atque ignes, haec potio torquet,
haec lacerat mixtos equitum cum sanguine patres. 625
tanti partus equae, tanti una uenefica constat.

[610] One man supplies magical spells; another sells Thessalian charms by which a wife may upset her husband's mind, and lather his buttocks with a slipper; thence come loss of reason, and darkness of soul, and blank forgetfulness of all that you did but yesterday. Yet even that can be endured, if only you become not raving mad like that uncle of Nero's into whose drink Caesonia poured the whole brow of a weakly foal; and what woman will not follow when an Empress leads the way? The whole world was ablaze then and falling down in ruin just as if Juno had made her husband mad. Less guilty therefore will Agrippina's mushroom be deemed, seeing that it only stopped the breath of one old man, and sent down his palsied head and slobbering lips to heaven, whereas the other potion demanded fire and sword and torture, mingling Knights and Fathers in one mangled bleeding heap. Such was the cost of one mare's offspring and of one she-poisoner.

oderunt natos de paelice; nemo repugnet,
nemo uetet, iam iam priuignum occidere fas est.
uos ego, pupilli, moneo, quibus amplior est res,
custodite animas et nulli credite mensae: 630
liuida materno feruent adipata ueneno.
mordeat ante aliquis quidquid porrexerit illa
quae peperit, timidus praegustet pocula papas.

[627] A wife hates the children of a concubine; let none demur or forbid, seeing that it has long been deemed right and proper to slay a stepson. But I warn you wards — you that have a good estate — keep watch over your lives; trust not a single dish: those hot cakes are black with poison of a mother's baking. Whatever is offered you by the mother, let someone taste it first; let your trembling tutor take the first taste of every cup.

fingimus haec altum satura sumente coturnum
scilicet, et finem egressi legemque priorum
grande Sophocleo carmen bacchamur hiatu,
montibus ignotum Rutulis caeloque Latino?
nos utinam uani. sed clamat Pontia 'feci,
confiteor, puerisque meis aconita paraui,
quae deprensa patent; facinus tamen ipsa peregi.'
tune duos una, saeuissima uipera, cena?
tune duos? 'septem, si septem forte fuissent.'

[634] Now think you that all this is a fancy tale, and that our Satire is taking to herself the high heels of tragedy? Think you that I have out-stepped the limits and the laws of those before me, and am mouthing in Sophoclean tones a grand theme unknown to the Rutulian hills and the skies of Latium? Would indeed that my words were idle! But here is Pontia proclaiming "I did the deed; I gave aconite, I confess it, to my own children; the crime was detected, and is known to all; yes, with my own hands I did it." "What, you most savage of vipers? you killed two, did you, *two,* at a single meal?" "Aye, and seven too, had there chanced to be seven to kill!"

credamus tragicis quidquid de Colchide torua
dicitur et Procne; nil contra conor. et illae
grandia monstra suis audebant temporibus, sed
non propter nummos. minor admiratio summis
debetur monstris, quotiens facit ira nocentes
hunc sexum et rabie iecur incendente feruntur
praecipites, ut saxa iugis abrupta, quibus mons
subtrahitur cliuoque latus pendente recedit.
illam ego non tulerim quae conputat et scelus ingens
sana facit. spectant subeuntem fata mariti
Alcestim et, similis si permutatio detur,

morte uiri cupiant animam seruare catellae.
occurrent multae tibi Belides atque Eriphylae
mane, Clytemestram nullus non uicus habebit.
hoc tantum refert, quod Tyndaris illa bipennem
insulsam et fatuam dextra laeuaque tenebat;
at nunc res agitur tenui pulmone rubetae,
sed tamen et ferro, si praegustarit Atrides
Pontica ter uicti cautus medicamina regis.

[643] Let us believe all that Tragedy tells us of the savage Colchian and of Procne; I seek not to gainsay her. Those women were monsters of wickedness in their day; but it was not for money that they sinned. We marvel less at great crimes when it is wrath that incites the sex to the guilty deed, when burning passion carries them headlong, like a rock torn from a mountain side, when the ground beneath gives way, and the overhanging slopes fall in. I cannot endure the woman who calculates, and commits a great crime in her sober senses. Our wives look on at Alcestis undergoing her husband's fate; if they were granted a like liberty of exchange, they would fain let the husband die to save a lap-dog's life. You will meet a daughter of Belus or an Eriphyle every morning: no street but has its Clytemnestra. The only difference is this: the daughter of Tyndareus wielded in her two hands a clumsy two-headed axe, whereas nowadays a slice of a toad's lung will do the business. Yet it may be done by steel as well, if the wary husband have beforehand tasted the medicaments of the thrice-conquered king of Pontus.

Satire 7. Learning and Letters Unprofitable

Et spes et ratio studiorum in Caesare tantum;
solus enim tristes hac tempestate Camenas
respexit, cum iam celebres notique poetae
balneolum Gabiis, Romae conducere furnos
temptarent, nec foedum alii nec turpe putarent
praecones fieri, cum desertis Aganippes
uallibus esuriens migraret in atria Clio.
nam si Pieria quadrans tibi nullus in umbra
ostendatur, ames nomen uictumque Machaerae
et uendas potius commissa quod auctio uendit
stantibus, oenophorum, tripedes, armaria, cistas,
Alcithoen Pacci, Thebas et Terea Fausti.
hoc satius quam si dicas sub iudice 'uidi'
quod non uidisti; faciant equites Asiani,
[quamquam et Cappadoces faciant equitesque Bithyni]
altera quos nudo traducit gallica talo.

[1] On Caesar alone hang all the hopes and prospects of the learned; he alone in these days of ours has cast a favouring glance upon the sorrowing Muses — at a time when poets of name and fame thought of hiring baths at Gabii, or bakehouses in Rome, while others felt no shame in becoming public criers, and starving Clio herself, bidding adieu to the vales of Aganippe, was flitting to the auction rooms. For if you see no prospect of earning a groat within the Muses' grove, you had better put up with Machaera's name and profits and join in the battle of the sale-room, selling to the crowd winejars, tripods, book-cases and cupboards — the *Alcithoe* of Paccius, the *Thebes* or the *Tereus* of Faustus! How much better that than to say before a judge "I saw" what you did not see! Leave that to the Knights of Asia, of Bithynia and Cappadocia — gentry that were imported bare-footed from New Gaul!

nemo tamen studiis indignum ferre laborem
cogetur posthac, nectit quicumque canoris
eloquium uocale modis laurumque momordit.

hoc agite, o iuuenes. circumspicit et stimulat uos
materiamque sibi ducis indulgentia quaerit.
si qua aliunde putas rerum expectanda tuarum
praesidia atque ideo croceae membrana tabellae
impletur, lignorum aliquid posce ocius et quae
componis dona Veneris, Telesine, marito,
aut clude et positos tinea pertunde libellos.
frange miser calamum uigilataque proelia dele,
qui facis in parua sublimia carmina cella,
ut dignus uenias hederis et imagine macra.
spes nulla ulterior; didicit iam diues auarus
tantum admirari, tantum laudare disertos,
ut pueri Iunonis auem. sed defluit aetas
et pelagi patiens et cassidis atque ligonis.
taedia tunc subeunt animos, tunc seque suamque
Terpsichoren odit facunda et nuda senectus.

[17] But from this day forth no man who weaves the tuneful web of song and has bitten Apollo's laurel will be compelled to endure toil unworthy of his craft. To your task, young men! Your Prince is looking around and goading you on, seeking objects for his favour. If you expect patronage from any other quarter, and in that hope are filling up the parchment of your saffron tablet, you had better order faggots at once, Telesinus, and present your productions to the spouse of Venus; or else put away your tomes, and let bookworms bore holes in them where they lie. Break your pen, poor wretch; destroy the battles that have robbed you of your sleep — you that are inditing lofty strains in a tiny garret, that you may come forth worthy of a scraggy bust wreathed with ivy! No hope have you beyond that; your rich miser has now learnt only to admire, only to commend the eloquent, just as boys admire the bird of Juno. Meantime the years flow by that could have endured the sea, the helmet, or the spade; the soul becomes wearied, and an eloquent but penniless old age curses itself and its own Terpsichore!

accipe nunc artes. ne quid tibi conferat iste,
quem colis et Musarum et Apollinis aede relicta,
ipse facit uersus atque uni cedit Homero
propter mille annos, et si dulcedine famae
succensus recites, maculosas commodat aedes.
haec longe ferrata domus seruire iubetur

in qua sollicitas imitatur ianua portas.
scit dare libertos extrema in parte sedentis
ordinis et magnas comitum disponere uoces;
nemo dabit regum quanti subsellia constant
et quae conducto pendent anabathra tigillo
quaeque reportandis posita est orchestra cathedris.
nos tamen hoc agimus tenuique in puluere sulcos
ducimus et litus sterili uersamus aratro.
nam si discedas, laqueo tenet ambitiosi
[consuetudo mali, tenet insanabile multos]
scribendi cacoethes et aegro in corde senescit.

[36] And now learn the devices by which the patron for whose favour you desert the temples of the Muses and Apollo seeks to avoid spending anything on you. He writes verses of his own; yielding the palm to none but Homer — and that only because of his thousand years. If the sweets of fame fire you to give a recitation, he puts at your disposal a tumbledown house in some distant quarter, the door of which is closely barred like the gate of a beleaguered city. He knows how to supply you Avith freedmen to sit at the end of the rows, and how to distribute about the room the stalwart voices of his retainers: but none of your great men will give you as much as will pay for the benches, or for the tiers of seats resting on hired beams, or for the chairs in the front rows which will have to be returned when done with. Yet for all that, we poets stick to our task; we go on drawing furrows in the thin soil, and turning up the shore with unprofitable plough. For if you would give it up, the itch for writing and making a name holds you fast as with a noose, and becomes inveterate in your distempered brain.

sed uatem egregium, cui non sit publica uena,
qui nihil eitum soleat deducere, nec qui
communi feriat carmen triuiale moneta,
hunc, qualem nequeo monstrare et sentio tantum,
anxietate carens animus facit, omnis acerbi
inpatiens, cupidus siluarum aptusque bibendis
fontibus Aonidum. neque enim cantare sub antro
Pierio thyrsumque potest contingere maesta
paupertas atque aeris inops, quo nocte dieque
corpus eget: satur est cum dicit Horatius ‘euhoe.’
quis locus ingenio, nisi cum se carmine solo

uexant et dominis Cirrhae Nysaeque feruntur
pectora uestra duas non admittentia curas?
magnae mentis opus nec de lodice paranda
attonitae currus et equos faciesque deorum
aspicere et qualis Rutulum confundat Erinys.
nam si Vergilio puer et tolerabile desset
hospitium, caderent omnes a crinibus hydri,
surda nihil gemeret graue bucina. poscimus ut sit
non minor antiquo Rubrenus Lappa coturno,
cuius et alueolos et laenam pignerat Atreus?
non habet infelix Numitor quod mittat amico,
Quintillae quod donet habet, nec defuit illi
unde emeret multa pascendum carne leonem
iam domitum; constat leuiori belua sumptu
nimirum et capiunt plus intestina poetae.

[53] But your real poet, who has a vein of genius all his own — one who spins no hackneyed lays, and whose pieces are struck from no common mint — such an one as I cannot point to, and only feel — is the product of a soul free from care, that knows no bitterness, that loves the woodlands, and is fitted to drink at the Muses' spring. For how can unhappy Poverty sing songs in the Pierian cave and grasp the thyrsus when it is short of cash, which the body has need of both by night and day? Horace's stomach was well filled when he shouted his cry of *Evoe*! Where can genius find a place except in a heart stirred by song alone, that shuts out every thought but one, and is swept along by the lords of Cirrha and of Nysa! It needs a lofty soul, not one that is dismayed at the cost of a coverlet, to have visions of chariots and horses and Gods' faces, or to tell with what a mien the Fury confounded the Rutulian : had Virgil possessed no slave, and no decent roof over his head, all the snakes would have fallen from the Fury's hair; no dread note would have boomed from her voiceless trumpet. Do we expect Rubrenus Lappa to be as great in the buskin as the ancients, when his *Atreus* has to be pawned for his cloak and crockery? Numitor, poor man, has nothing to give to a needy friend, though he is rich enough to send presents to his mistress, and he had enough, too, to buy a tamed lion that needed masses of meat for his keep. It costs less, no doubt, to keep a lion than a poet; the poet's belly is more capacious!

contentus fama iaceat Lucanus in hortis
marmoreis, at Serrano tenuique Saleiio

gloria quantalibet quid erit, si gloria tantum est?
curritur ad uocem iucundam et carmen amicae
Thebaidos, laetam cum fecit Statius urbem
promisitque diem: tanta dulcedine captos
adficit ille animos tantaque libidine uolgi
auditur. sed cum fregit subsellia uersu
esurit, intactam Paridi nisi uendit Agauen.
ille et militiae multis largitus honorem
semenstri uatum digitos circumligat auro.
quod non dant proceres, dabit histrio. tu Camerinos
et Baream, tu nobilium magna atria curas?
praefectos Pelopea facit, Philomela tribunos.
haut tamen inuideas uati quem pulpita pascunt.
quis tibi Maecenas, quis nunc erit aut Proculeius
aut Fabius, quis Cotta iterum, quis Lentulus alter?
tum par ingenio pretium, tunc utile multis
pallere et uinum toto nescire Decembri.

[79] Lucan, indeed, reclining amid the statues of his gardens, may be content with fame; but what will ever so much glory bring in to Serranus, or to the starving Saleius, if it be glory only? When Statius has gladdened the city by promising a day, people flock to hear his pleasing voice and his loved *Thebais;* so charmed are their souls by his sweetness, with such rapture does the multitude listen to him. But when his verses have brought down the house, poor Statius will starve if he does not sell his virgin *Agave* to Paris : for it is Paris who appoints men to military commands; it is Paris who puts the golden ring round the poet's finger after six months of service. You can get from a stage-player what no great man will give you: why frequent the spacious antechambers of the Bareae or the Camerini? It is *Pelopea* 4 that appoints our Prefects, and *Philomela* our Tribunes! Yet you need not begrudge the bard who gains his living from the play-house: who nowadays will be a Maecenas to you, a Proculeius, or a Fabius? who another Cotta, or a second Lentulus? Genius in those days met with its due reward; many then found their profit in pale cheeks and in abjuring potations all through December.

uester porro labor fecundior, historiarum
scriptores? perit hic plus temporis atque olei plus.
nullo quippe modo millensima pagina surgit

omnibus et crescit multa damnosa papyro;
sic ingens rerum numerus iubet atque operum lex.
quae tamen inde seges? terrae quis fructus apertae?
quis dabit historico quantum daret acta legenti?

[98] And is *your* labour more remunerative, ye writers of history? More time, more oil, is wasted here; regardless of all limit, the pages run up to thousands; the pile of paper is ever mounting to your ruin. So ordains the vast array of facts, and the rules of the craft. But what harvest will you gather, what fruit, from the tilling of your land? Who will give to an historian as much as he gives to the man who reads out the news?

‘sed genus ignauum, quod lecto gaudet et umbra.’
dic igitur quid causidicis ciuilia praestent
officia et magno comites in fasce libelli.
ipsi magna sonant, sed tum cum creditor audit
praecipue, uel si tetigit latus acrior illo
qui uenit ad dubium grandi cum codice nomen.
tunc inmensa caui spirant mendacia folles
conspuiturque sinus; ueram deprendere messem
si libet, hinc centum patrimonia causidicorum,
parte alia solum russati pone Lacertae.
consedere duces, surgis tu pallidus Aiax
dicturus dubia pro libertate bubulco
iudice. rumpe miser tensum iecur, ut tibi lasso
figantur uirides, scalarum gloria, palmae.
quod uocis pretium? siccus petasunculus et uas
pelamydum aut ueteres, Maurorum epimenia, bulbi
aut uinum Tiberi deuectum, quinque lagonae.
si quater egisti, si contigit aureus unus,
inde cadunt partes ex foedere pragmaticorum.
‘Aemilio dabitur quantum licet, et melius nos
egimus.’ huius enim stat currus aeneus, alti
quadriiuges in uestibulis, atque ipse feroci
bellatore sedens curuatum hastile minatur
eminus et statua meditatur proelia lusca.
sic Pedo conturbat, Matho deficit, exitus hic est
Tongilii, magno cum rhinocerote lauari

qui solet et uexat lutulenta balnea turba
perque forum iuuenes longo premit assere Maedos
empturus pueros, argentum, murrina, uillas;
spondet enim Tyrio stlattaria purpura filo.
[et tamen est illis hoc utile. purpura uendit]
causidicum uendunt amethystina; conuenit illi
et strepitu et facie maioris uiuere census,
sed finem inpensae non seruat prodiga Roma.

[105] "O but historians are a lazy crew, that delight in lounging and the shade." Tell me then what do pleaders get for their services in the courts, and for those huge bundles of papers which they bring with them? They talk big enough, especially if a creditor of their own happens to be listening: or if, more urgent still, they get poked in the ribs by one who has brought a huge ledger to claim a doubtful debt. Then indeed do their capacious bellows pant forth prodigious lies! Then are their breasts be-slobbered! and yet, if you want to discover their real gains, you may put on one side the fortunes of a hundred lawyers, on the other that of a single jockey of the Red! The great men are seated; you rise, a pale-faced Ajax, to declaim before a bumpkin judge in a case of contested liberty. Strain your lungs, poor fool, until they burst, that when exhausted by your labours some green palm-branches may be put up to adorn your garret. What fee will your voice bring in? A dried-up ham; a jar of sprats; some veteran onions which would serve as rations for a Moor, or five flagons of wine that has sailed down the Tiber. If you have pled on four occasions, and been lucky enough to get a gold piece, a bit of it, as part of the compact, will go to the attorney. Aemilius will get the maximum legal fee, though he did not plead so well as we did; but then he has a bronze chariot in his forecourt, with four stately steeds, and an effigy of himself, seated on a gallant charger, brandishing from afar a bending spear, and practising for battle with one eye closed. That is how Pedo becomes bankrupt, and how Matho fails; and such will be the end of Tongilius, who frequents the baths with a huge oil-flask of rhinoceros horn, and disturbs the bathers with a mob of dirty retainers. His Maedian bearers are weighed down by the long poles of his litter as he passes through the Forum on his way to buy slaves or plate, agate vases or country houses; for that foreign robe of his, with its Tyrian purple, gains him credit. These gentlemen get profit out of this display; the purple or the violet robe brings practice to a lawyer; it pays him to live with a racket and an appearance beyond his means, and wasteful Rome sets no limits to extravagance.

fidimus eloquio? Ciceroni nemo ducentos
nunc dederit nummos, nisi fulserit anulus ingens.
respicit haec primum qui litigat, an tibi serui
octo, decem comites, an post te sella, togati
ante pedes. ideo conducta Paulus agebat
sardonyche, atque ideo pluris quam Gallus agebat,
quam Basilus. rara in tenui facundia panno.
quando licet Basilo flentem producere matrem?
quis bene dicentem Basilum ferat? accipiat te
Gallia uel potius nutricula causidicorum
Africa, si placuit mercedem ponere linguae.

[139] Trust in eloquence, indeed? Why, no one would give Cicero himself two hundred pence nowadays unless a huge ring were blazing on his finger. The first thing that a litigant looks to is, Have you eight slaves and a dozen retainers? Have you a litter to wait on you, and gowned citizens to walk before you? That is why Paulus used to hire a sardonyx ring; that is why he earned a higher fee than Gallus or Basilus. When is eloquence ever found beneath a shabby coat? When does Basilus get the chance of producing in court a weeping mother? Who would listen to him, however well he spoke? Better go to Gaul or to Africa, that nursing mother of lawyers, if you would make a living by your tongue!

declamare doces? o ferrea pectora Vetti,
cum perimit saeuos classis numerosa tyrannos.
nam quaecumque sedens modo legerat, haec eadem stans
perferet atque eadem cantabit uersibus isdem.
occidit miseros crambe repetita magistros.
quis color et quod sit causae genus atque ubi summa
quaestio, quae ueniant diuersa parte sagittae,
nosse uolunt omnes, mercedem soluere nemo.
‘mercedem appellas? quid enim scio?’ ‘culpa docentis
scilicet arguitur, quod laeuae parte mamillae
nil salit Arcadico iuueni, cuius mihi sexta
quaque die miserum dirus caput Hannibal inplet,
quidquid id est de quo deliberat, an petat urbem
a Cannis, an post nimbos et fulmina cautus
circumagat madidas a tempestate cohortes.
quantum uis stipulare et protinus accipe: quid do

ut totiens illum pater audiat?' haec alii sex
uel plures uno conclamant ore sophistae
et ueras agitant lites raptore relicto;
fusa uenena silent, malus ingratusque maritus
et quae iam ueteres sanant mortaria caecos.

[150] Or do you teach rhetoric? O Vettius! what iron bowels must you have when your troop of scholars slays the cruel tyrant: when each in turn stands up, and repeats what he has just been conning in his seat, reciting the self-same things in the self-same verses! Served up again and again, the cabbage is the death of the unhappy master! What complexion should be put on the case; within what category it falls; what is the crucial point; what hits will be made on the other side — these are things which everyone wants to know, but for which no one is willing to pay. "Pay indeed? Why, what have I learnt?" asks the scholar. It is the teacher's fault, of course, that the Arcadian youth feels no flutter in his left breast when he dins his "dire Hannibal" into my unfortunate head on every sixth day of the week, whatever be the question which he is pondering: whether he should make straight for the city from the field of Cannae, or whether, after the rain and thunder, he should lead around his cohorts, all dripping after the storm. Name any sum you please and you shall have it: what would I give that the lad's father might listen to him as often as I do! So cry half-a-dozen or more of our sophists in one breath, entering upon real lawsuits of their own, abandoning "The Ravisher" and forgetting all about "The Poisoner" or "The wicked and thankless Husband," or the drugs that restore sight to the chronic blind.

ergo sibi dabit ipse rudem, si nostra mouebunt
consilia, et uitae diuersum iter ingredietur
ad pugnam qui rhetorica descendit ab umbra,
summula ne pereat qua uilis tessera uenit
frumenti; quippe haec merces lautissima. tempta
Chrysogonus quanti doceat uel Pollio quanti
lautorum pueros, artem scindes Theodori.

[171] And so, if my counsel goes for anything, I would advise the man who comes down from his rhetorical shade to fight for a sum that would buy a trumpery corn-ticket — for that's the most handsome fee he will ever get — to present himself with a discharge, and enter upon some other walk of life. If you ask what fees

Chrysogonus and Pollio get for teaching music to the sons of our great men, you will tear up the *Rhetoric* of Theodorus.

balnea sescentis et pluris porticus in qua
gestetur dominus quotiens pluit. anne serenum
expectet spargatque luto iumenta recenti?
hic potius, namque hic mundae nitet ungula mulae.
parte alia longis Numidarum fulta columnis
surgat et algentem rapiat cenatio solem.
quanticumque domus, ueniet qui fercula docte
conponit, ueniet qui pulmentaria condit.
hos inter sumptus sestertia Quintiliano,
ut multum, duo sufficient: res nulla minoris
constabit patri quam filius. ‘unde igitur tot
Quintilianus habet saltus?’ exempla nouorum
fatorum transi. felix et pulcher et acer,
felix et sapiens et nobilis et generosus
adpositam nigrae lunam subtexit alutae,
felix orator quoque maximus et iaculator
et, si perfrixit, cantat bene. distat enim quae
sidera te excipiant modo primos incipientem
edere uagitus et adhuc a matre rubentem.
si Fortuna uolet, fies de rhetore consul;
si uolet haec eadem, fiet de consule rhetor.
Ventidius quid enim? quid Tullius? anne aliud quam
sidus et occulti miranda potentia fati?
seruis regna dabunt, captiuis fata triumphum.
felix ille tamen coruo quoque rarior albo.
paenituit multos uanae sterilisque cathedrae,
sicut Tharsimachi probat exitus atque Secundi
Carrinatis; et hunc inopem uidistis, Athenae,
nil praeter gelidas ausae conferre cicutas.
di maiorum umbris tenuem et sine pondere terram
spirantisque crocos et in urna perpetuum uer,
qui praeceptorem sancti uoluere parentis
esse loco. metuens uirgae iam grandis Achilles
cantabat patriis in montibus et cui non tunc
eliceret risum citharoedi cauda magistri;

sed Rufum atque alios caedit sua quemque iuuentus,
Rufum, quem totiens Ciceronem Allobroga dixit.

[178] Your great man will spend six hundred thousand sesterces upon his baths, and something more on the colonnade in which he is to drive on rainy days. What? Is he to wait for a clear sky, and bespatter his horses with fresh mud? How much better to drive where their hoofs will remain bright and spotless! Elsewhere let a banqueting hall arise, supported on lofty pillars of African marble, to catch the winter sun. And cost the house what it may, there will come a man to arrange the courses skilfully, and the man who makes up the tasty dishes. Amidst expenditure such as this two thousand sesterces will be enough, and more than enough, for Quintilian: there is nothing on which a father will not spend more money than on his son. "How then," you ask, "does Quintilian possess those vast domains?" Pass by cases of rare good fortune: the lucky man is both beautiful and brave, he is wise and noble and high-born; he sews on to his black shoe the crescent of the Senator. He is a great orator too, a good javelin-man, and if he chance to have caught a cold, he sings divinely. For it makes all the difference by what stars you are welcomed when you utter your first cry, and are still red from your mother's womb. If Fortune so choose, you will become a Consul from being a rhetor; if again she so wills, you will become a rhetor from being a Consul. What of Ventidius and Tullius? What made their fortunes but the stars and the wondrous potency of secret Fate? The Fates will give kingdoms to a slave, and triumphs to a captive! Nevertheless that fortunate man is rare — rarer than a white crow. Many have repented them of the Professor's vain and unprofitable chair; witness the ends of Thrasymachus and Secundus Carrinas. Him too didst thou see in poverty on whom thou, O Athens, hadst nothing better to bestow than a cup of cold hemlock! Grant, O Gods, that the earth may lie soft and light upon the shades of our forefathers: may the sweet-scented crocus and a perpetual spring-time bloom over their ashes; who deemed that the teacher should hold the place of a revered parent! Achilles trembled for fear of the rod when already of full age, singing songs in his native hills; nor would he then have dared to laugh at the tail of his musical instructor. But Rufus and the rest are cudgelled each by his own pupils — that Rufus whom they have so often styled "the Allobrogian Cicero."

quis gremio Celadi doctique Palaemonis adfert
quantum grammaticus meruit labor? et tamen ex hoc,
quodcumque est (minus est autem quam rhetoris aera),
discipuli custos praemordet acoenonoetus

et qui dispensat frangit sibi. cede, Palaemon,
et patere inde aliquid decrescere, non aliter quam
institor hibernae tegetis niueique cadurci,
dummodo non pereat mediae quod noctis ab hora
sedisti, qua nemo faber, qua nemo sederet
qui docet obliquo lanam deducere ferro,
dummodo non pereat totidem olfecisse lucernas
quot stabant pueri, cum totus decolor esset
Flaccus et haereret nigro fuligo Maroni.

[215] Who pours into the lap of Celadus, or of the learned Palaemon, as much as their grammatical labours deserve? And yet, small as the fee is — and it is smaller than the rhetor's wage — the pupil's unfeeling attendant nibbles off a bit of it for himself; so too does the steward. But never mind, Palaemon; suffer some diminution of your wage, like the hawker who sells rags and white Gallic blankets for winter wear, if only it do not go for nothing that you have sat from early dawn in a hole which no blacksmith would put up with, no workman who teaches how to card wool with slanting tool: that it do not go for nothing to have snuffed up the odour of as many lamps as you had scholars in your class thumbing a discoloured Horace or a begrimed Virgil.

rara tamen merces quae cognitione tribuni
non egeat. sed uos saeuas inponite leges,
ut praeceptori uerborum regula constet,
ut legat historias, auctores nouerit omnes
tamquam ungues digitosque suos, ut forte rogatus,
dum petit aut thermas aut Phoebi balnea, dicat
nutricem Anchisae, nomen patriamque nouercae
Anchemoli, dicat quot Acestes uixerit annis,
quot Siculi Phrygibus uini donauerit urnas.
exigite ut mores teneros ceu pollice ducat,
ut si quis cera uoltum facit; exigite ut sit
et pater ipsius coetus, ne turpia ludant,
ne faciant uicibus. non est leue tot puerorum
obseruare manus oculosque in fine trementis.
'haec' inquit 'cura; sed cum se uerterit annus,
accipe, uictori populus quod postulat, aurum.'

[228] But it is seldom that the fee can be recovered without a judgment of the Court. And yet be sure, ye parents, to impose the strictest laws upon the teacher: he must never be at fault in his grammar; he must know all history, and have all the authorities at his finger-tips. If asked a chance question on his way to the baths, or to the establishment of Phoebus, he must at once tell you who was the nurse of Anchises, what was the name and birth-place of Anchemolus' step-mother, to what age Acestes lived, how many flagons of Sicilian wine he presented to the Trojans. Require of him that he shall mould the young minds as a man moulds a face out of wax with his thumb; insist that he shall be a father to the whole brood, so that they shall play no nasty game, and do no nasty trick — no easy matter to watch the hands and sparkling eyes of so many youngsters! "See to all this," you say, "and then, when the year comes round, receive the golden piece which the mob demands for a winning jockey."

Satire 8. Stemmata quid Faciunt?

Stemmata quid faciunt? quid prodest, Pontice, longo
sanguine censeri, pictos ostendere uultus
maiorum et stantis in curribus Aemilianos
et Curios iam dimidios umeroque minorem
Coruinum et Galbam auriculis nasoque carentem,
[quis fructus generis tabula iactare capaci
Coruinum, posthac multa contingere uirga
fumosos equitum cum dictatore magistros,]
si coram Lepidis male uiuitur? effigies quo
tot bellatorum, si luditur alea pernox
ante Numantinos, si dormire incipis ortu
luciferi, quo signa duces et castra mouebant?
cur Allobrogicis et magna gaudeat ara
natus in Herculeo Fabius lare, si cupidus, si
uanus et Euganea quantumuis mollior agna,
si tenerum attritus Catinensi pumice lumbum
squalentis traducit auos emptorque ueneni
frangenda miseram funestat imagine gentem?
tota licet ueteres exornent undique cerae
atria, nobilitas sola est atque unica uirtus.
Paulus uel Cossus uel Drusus moribus esto,
hos ante effigies maiorum pone tuorum,
praecedant ipsas illi te consule uirgas.
prima mihi debes animi bona. sanctus haberi
iustitiaeque tenax factis dictisque mereris?
agnosco procerem; salue Gaetulice, seu tu
Silanus: quocumque alto de sanguine rarus
ciuis et egregius patriae contingis ouanti,
exclamare libet populus quod clamat Osiri
inuento. quis enim generosum dixerit hunc qui
indignus genere et praeclaro nomine tantum
insignis? nanum cuiusdam Atlanta uocamus,
Aethiopem Cycnum, prauam extortamque puellam
Europen; canibus pigris scabieque uetusta

leuibus et siccae lambentibus ora lucernae
nomen erit pardus, tigris, leo, si quid adhuc est
quod fremat in terris uiolentius. ergo cauebis
et metues ne tu sic Creticus aut Camerinus.

[1] What avail your pedigrees? What boots it, Ponticus, to be valued for one's ancient blood, and to display the painted visages of one's forefathers — an Aemilianus standing in his car; a half-crumbled Curius; a Corvinus who has lost a shoulder, or a Galba that has neither ear nor nose? Of what profit is it to boast a Fabius on your ample family chart, and thereafter to trace kinship through many a branch with grimy Dictators and Masters of the Horse, if in presence of the Lepidi you live an evil life? What signify all these effigies of warriors if you gamble all night long before your Numantine ancestors, and begin your sleep with the rise of Lucifer, at an hour when our Generals of old would be moving their standards and their camps? Why should a Fabius, born in the home of Hercules, take pride in the title Allobrogicus, and in the Great Altar, if he be covetous and empty-headed and more effeminate than a Euganean lambkin; if his loins, rubbed smooth by Catanian pumice, throw shame on his shaggy-haired grandfathers; or if, as a trafficker in poison, he dishonour his unhappy race by a statue that will have to be broken in pieces? Though you deck your hall from end to end with ancient waxen images, Virtue is the one and only true nobility. Be a Paulus, or a Cossus, or a Drusus in character; rank them before the statues of your ancestors; let them precede the fasces themselves when you are Consul. You owe me, first of all things, the virtues of the soul; prove yourself stainless in life, one who holds fast to the right both in word and deed, and I acknowledge you as a lord; all hail to you, Gaetulicus, or you, Silanus, or from whatever stock you come, if you have proved yourself to a rejoicing country a rare and illustrious citizen, we would fain cry what Egypt shouts when Osiris has been found. For who can be called "noble" who is unworthy of his race, and distinguished in nothing but his name? We call some one's dwarf an "Atlas," his blackamoor "a swan"; an ill-favoured, misshapen girl we call "Europa"; lazy hounds that are bald with chronic mange, and who lick the edges of a dry lamp, will bear the names of "Pard," "Tiger," "Lion," or of any other animal in the world that roars more fiercely: take you care that it be not on that principle that you are a Creticus or a Camerinus!

his ego quem monui? tecum mihi sermo, Rubelli
Blande. tumes alto Drusorum stemmate, tamquam
feceris ipse aliquid propter quod nobilis esses,

ut te conciperet quae sanguine fulget Iuli,
non quae uentoso conducta sub aggere texit.
'uos humiles' inquis 'uolgi pars ultima nostri,
quorum nemo queat patriam monstrare parentis,
ast ego Cecropides.' uiuas et originis huius
gaudia longa feras. tamen ima plebe Quiritem
facundum inuenies, solet hic defendere causas
nobilis indocti; ueniet de plebe togata
qui iuris nodos et legum aenigmata soluat;
hinc petit Euphraten iuuenis domitique Bataui
custodes aquilas armis industrius; at tu
nil nisi Cecropides truncoque simillimus Hermae.
nullo quippe alio uincis discrimine quam quod
illi marmoreum caput est, tua uiuit imago.

[39] Who is it whom I admonish thus? It is to you, Rubellius Blandus, that I speak. You are puffed up with the lofty pedigree of the Drusi, as though you had done something to make you noble, and to be conceived by one glorying in the blood of Iulus, rather than by one who weaves for hire under the windy rampart. "You others are dirt," you say; "the very scum of our populace; not one of you can point to his father's birthplace; but I am one of the Cecropidae!" Long life to you! May you long enjoy the glories of your birth! And yet among the lowest rabble you will find a Roman, who has eloquence, one who will plead the cause of the unlettered noble; you must go to the toga-clad herd for a man to untie the knots and riddles of the law. From them will come the brave young soldier who marches to the Euphrates, or to the eagles that guard the conquered Batavians, while you are nothing but a Cecropid, the image of a limbless Hermes! For in no respect but one have you the advantage over him: his head is of marble, while yours is a living effigy!

dic mihi, Teucrorum proles, animalia muta
quis generosa putet nisi fortia. nempe uolucrem
sic laudamus equum, facili cui plurima palma
feruet et exultat rauco uictoria circo;
nobilis hic, quocumque uenit de gramine, cuius
clara fuga ante alios et primus in aequore puluis.
sed uenale pecus Coryphaei posteritas et
Hirpini, si rara iugo uictoria sedit.

nil ibi maiorum respectus, gratia nulla
umbrarum; dominos pretiis mutare iubentur
exiguis, trito ducunt epiraedia collo
segnipedes dignique molam uersare nepotes.
ergo ut miremur te, non tua, priuum aliquid da
quod possim titulis incidere praeter honores
quos illis damus ac dedimus, quibus omnia debes.

[56] Tell me, thou scion of the Trojans, who deems a dumb animal well-born unless it be strong? It is for this that we commend the swift horse whose speed sets every hand aglow, and fills the Circus with the hoarse shout of victory; that horse is noblest, on whatever pasture reared, whose rush outstrips the rest, and whose dust is foremost upon the plain. But the offspring of Coryphaeus or Hirpinus comes to the hammer if Victory light but seldom on his car: no respect is there paid to ancestors, no favour is shown to Shades! The slow of foot, that are fit only to turn a miller's wheel, pass, for a mere nothing, from one owner to another, and gall their necks against the collar. So, if I am to respect yourself, and not your belongings, give me something of your own to engrave among your titles, in addition to those honours which we pay, and have paid, to those to whom you owe your all.

haec satis ad iuuenem quem nobis fama superbum
tradit et inflatum plenumque Nerone propinquo;
rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa
fortuna. sed te censeri laude tuorum,
Pontice, noluerim sic ut nihil ipse futurae
laudis agas. miserum est aliorum incumbere famae,
ne conlapsa ruant subductis tecta columnis.
stratus humi palmes uiduas desiderat ulmos.
esto bonus miles, tutor bonus, arbiter idem
integer; ambiguae si quando citabere testis
incertaeque rei, Phalaris licet imperet ut sis
falsus et admoto dictet periuria tauro,
summum crede nefas animam praeferre pudori
et propter uitam uiuendi perdere causas.
dignus morte perit, cenet licet ostrea centum
Gaurana et Cosmi toto mergatur aeno.

[71] Enough this for the youth whom report has handed down to us as proud and puffed up with his kinship to Nero: for in those high places regard for others is rarely to be found. But for you, Ponticus, I cannot wish that you should be valued for the glories of your race while doing nothing that shall bring you praise in the days to come. It is a poor thing to lean upon the fame of others, lest the pillars give way and the house fall down in ruin. The vine-shoot, trailing upon the ground, longs for the widowed elm. Be a stout soldier, a faithful guardian, and an incorruptible judge; if summoned to bear witness in some dubious and uncertain cause, though Phalaris himself should bring up his bull and dictate to you a perjury, count it the greatest of all sins to prefer life to honour, and to lose, for the sake of living, all that makes life worth having. The man who merits death is already dead, though he dine off a hundred Lucrine oysters, and bathe in a whole cauldron of Cosmus' essences.

expectata diu tandem prouincia cum te
rectorem accipiet, pone irae frena modumque,
pone et auaritiae, miserere inopum sociorum:
ossa uides rerum uacuis exucta medullis.
respice quid moneant leges, quid curia mandet,
praemia quanta bonos maneant, quam fulmine iusto
et Capito et Tutor ruerint damnante senatu,
piratae Cilicum. sed quid damnatio confert?
praeconem, Chaerippe, tuis circumspice pannis,
cum Pansa eripiat quidquid tibi Natta reliquit,
iamque tace; furor est post omnia perdere naulum.

[87] When you enter your long-expected Province as its Governor, set a curb and a limit to your passion, as also to your greed; have compassion on the impoverished provincials, whose very bones have been sucked dry of marrow; have regard to what the law ordains, what the Senate enjoins; consider what honours await the good ruler, with what a just thunderstroke the Senate hurled down Capito and Numitor, those plunderers of the Cilicians. Yet what profit was there from their condemnation? Look out for an auctioneer, Chaerippus, to sell your chattels, seeing that Pansa has stripped you of all that Natta left. And hold your tongue about it; when all else is gone, it is madness to throw away your passage-money.

non idem gemitus olim neque uulnus erat par
damnorum sociis florentibus et modo uictis.

plena domus tunc omnis, et ingens stabat aceruos
nummorum, Spartana chlamys, conchylia Coa,
et cum Parrhasii tabulis signisque Myronis
Phidiacum uiuebat ebur, nec non Polycliti
multus ubique labor, rarae sine Mentore mensae.
inde ~Dolabella atque hinc~ Antonius, inde
sacrilegus Verres referebant nauibus altis
occulta spolia et plures de pace triumphos.
nunc sociis iuga pauca boum, grex paruus equarum,
et pater armenti capto eripietur agello,
ipsi deinde Lares, si quod spectabile signum.
[si quis in aedicula deus unicus; haec etenim sunt
pro summis, nam sunt haec maxima. despicias tu]
forsitan inbellis Rhodios unctamque Corinthon
despicias merito: quid resinata iuuentus
cruraque totius facient tibi leuia gentis?
horrida uitanda est Hispania, Gallicus axis
Illyricumque latus; parce et messoribus illis
qui saturant urbem circo scenaeque uacantem;
quanta autem inde feres tam dirae praemia culpae,
cum tenuis nuper Marius discinxerit Afros?
curandum in primis ne magna iniuria fiat
fortibus et miseris. tollas licet omne quod usquam est
auri atque argenti, scutum gladiumque relinques.
[et iaculum et galeam; spoliatis arma supersunt.]

[98] Very different in days of old were the wailings of our allies and the harm inflicted on them by losses, when they had been newly conquered and were wealthy still. Their houses then were all well-stored; they had piles of money, with Spartan mantles and Coan purples; beside the paintings of Parrhasius, and the statues of Myron, stood the living ivories of Phidias; everywhere the works of Polyclitus were to be seen; few tables were without a Mentor. But after that came now a Dolabella, now an Antonius, and now a sacrilegious Verres, loading big ships with secret spoils, peace-trophies more numerous than those of war. Nowadays, on capturing a farm, you may rob our allies of a few yoke of oxen, or a few mares, with the sire of the herd; or of the household gods themselves, if there be a good statue left, or a single Deity in his little shrine; such are the best and choicest things to be got now. You despise perchance, and deservedly, the

unwarlike Rhodian and the scented Corinthian: what harm will their resined youths do you, or the smooth legs of the entire breed? But keep clear of rugged Spain, avoid the land of Gaul and the Dalmatian shore; spare, too, those harvesters who fill the belly of a city that has no leisure save for the Circus and the play: what great profit can you reap from outrages upon Libyans, seeing that Marius has so lately stripped Africa to the skin? Beware above all things to do no wrong to men who are at once brave and miserable. You may take from them all the gold and silver that they have; but plundered though they be, they will still have their arms; they will still have their shields and their swords, their javelins and helmets.

quod modo proposui, non est sententia, uerum est;
credite me uobis folium recitare Sibyllae.
si tibi sancta cohors comitum, si nemo tribunal
uendit acersecomes, si nullum in coniuge crimen
nec per conuentus et cuncta per oppida curuis
unguibus ire parat nummos raptura Celaeno,
tum licet a Pico numeres genus, altaque si te
nomina delectant omnem Titanida pugnam
inter maiores ipsumque Promethea ponas.
[de quocumque uoles proauom tibi sumito libro.]
quod si praecipitem rapit ambitio atque libido,
si frangis uirgas sociorum in sanguine, si te
delectant hebetes lasso lictore secures,
incipit ipsorum contra te stare parentum
nobilitas claramque facem praeferre pudendis.
omne animi uitium tanto conspectius in se
crimen habet, quanto maior qui peccat habetur.
quo mihi te, solitum falsas signare tabellas,
in templis quae fecit auus statuamque parentis
ante triumphalem? quo, si nocturnus adulter
tempora Santonico uelas adoperta cucullo?

[125] What I have just propounded is no mere theme, it is the truth; you may take it that I am reading out to you one of the Sibyl's leaves. If your whole staff be incorruptible: if no long-haired Ganymede sells your judgments; if your wife be blameless; if, in your circuit through the towns and districts, there is no Harpy ready to pounce with crooked talons upon gold, — then you may trace back your

race to Picus; if you delight in lofty names, you may count the whole array of Titans, and Prometheus himself, among your ancestors, and select for yourself a great-grandfather from whatever myth you please. But if you are carried away headlong by ambition and by lust; if you break your rods upon the bleeding backs of our allies; if you love to see your axes blunted and your headsmen weary, then the nobility of your own parents begins to rise up in judgment against you, and to hold a glaring torch over your misdeeds. The greater the sinner's name, the more signal the guiltiness of the sin. If you are wont to put your signature to forged deeds, what matters it to me that you sign them in temples built by your grandfather, or in front of the triumphal statue of your father? What does that matter, if you steal out at night for adultery, your brow concealed under a cowl of Gallic wool?

praeter maiorum cineres atque ossa uolucri
carpento rapitur pinguis Lateranus, et ipse,
ipse rotam adstringit sufflamine mulio consul,
nocte quidem, sed Luna uidet, sed sidera testes
intendunt oculos. finitum tempus honoris
cum fuerit, clara Lateranus luce flagellum
sumet et occursum numquam trepidabit amici
iam senis ac uirga prior adnuet atque maniplos
soluet et infundet iumentis hordea lassis.
interea, dum lanatas robumque iuuencum
more Numae caedit, Iouis ante altaria iurat
solam Eponam et facies olida ad praesepia pictas.
sed cum peruigiles placet instaurare popinas,
obuius adsiduo Syrophoenix udus amomo
currit, Idymaeae Syrophoenix incola portae
hospitis adfectu dominum regemque salutat,
et cum uenali Cyane succincta lagona.

[146] The bloated Lateranus whirls past the bones and ashes of his ancestors in a rapid car; with his own hands this muleteer Consul locks the wheel with the drag. It is by night, indeed: but the moon looks on; the stars strain their eyes to see. When his time of office is over, Lateranus will take up his whip in broad daylight; not shrinking to meet a now-aged friend, he will be the first to salute him with his whip; he will unbind the trusses of hay, and deal out the fodder to his weary cattle. Meanwhile, though he slays woolly victims and tawny steers after Numa's

fashion, he swears by no other deity before Jove's high altar than the Goddess of horseflesh, and the images painted on the reeking stables. And when it pleases him to go back to the all-night tavern, a Syro-Phoenician runs forth to meet him — a denizen of the Idumaean gate perpetually drenched in perfumes — and salutes him as lord and prince with all the airs of a host; and with him comes Cyane, her dress tucked up, carrying a flagon of wine for sale.

defensor culpae dicet mihi 'fecimus et nos
haec iuuenes.' esto, desisti nempe nec ultra
fouisti errorem. breue sit quod turpiter audes,
quaedam cum prima resecentur crimina barba.
indulge ueniam pueris: Lateranus ad illos
thermarum calices inscriptaque lintea uadit
maturus bello Armeniae Syriaeque tuendis
amnibus et Rheno atque Histro. praestare Neronem
securum ualet haec aetas. mitte Ostia, Caesar,
mitte, sed in magna legatum quaere popina:
inuenies aliquo cum percussore iacentem,
permixtum nautis et furibus ac fugitiuis,
inter carnifices et fabros sandapilarum
et resupinati cessantia tympana galli.
aequa ibi libertas, communia pocula, lectus
non alius cuiquam, nec mensa remotior ulli.
quid facias talem sortitus, Pontice, seruum?
nempe in Lucanos aut Tusca ergastula mittas.
at uos, Troiugenae, uobis ignoscitis et quae
turpia cerdoni Volesos Brutumque decebunt.

[163] An apologist will say to me, "We too did the same as boys." Perhaps: but then you ceased from your follies and let them drop. Let your evil days be short; let some of your misdoings be cut off with your first beard. Boys may be pardoned; but when Lateranus frequented those hot liquor shops with their inscribed linen awnings, he was of ripe age, fit to guard in arms the Armenian and Syrian rivers, the Danube and the Rhine; fit to protect the person of his Emperor. Send your Legate to Ostia, O Caesar, but search for him in some big cookshop! There you will find him, lying cheek-by-jowl beside a cut-throat, in the company of bargees, thieves, and runaway slaves, beside hangmen and coffin-makers, or of some eunuch priest lying drunk with idle timbrels. Here is Liberty Hall! One cup serves

for everybody; no one has a bed to himself, nor a table apart from the rest. What would you do, friend Ponticus, if you chanced upon a slave like this? You would send him to your Lucanian or Tuscan bridewell. But you gentlemen of Trojan blood find excuses for yourselves; what would disgrace a huckster sits gracefully on a Volesus or a Brutus!

quid si numquam adeo foedis adeoque pudendis
utimur exemplis, ut non peiora supersint?
consumptis opibus uocem, Damasippe, locasti
sipario, clamosum ageres ut Phasma Catulli.
Laureolum uelox etiam bene Lentulus egit,
iudice me dignus uera cruce. nec tamen ipsi
ignoscas populo; populi frons durior huius,
qui sedet et spectat triscurria patriciorum,
planipedes audit Fabios, ridere potest qui
Mamercorum alapas. quanti sua funera uendant
quid refert? uendunt nullo cogente Nerone,
nec dubitant celsi praetoris uendere ludis.
finge tamen gladios inde atque hinc pulpita poni,
quid satius? mortem sic quisquam exhorruit, ut sit
zelotypus Thymeles, stupidi collega Corinthi?
res haut mira tamen citharoedo principe mimus
nobilis. haec ultra quid erit nisi ludus? et illic
dedecus urbis habes, nec murmillonis in armis
nec clipeo Gracchum pugnantem aut falce supina;
damnat enim talis habitus [sed damnat et odit,
nec galea faciem abscondit]: mouet ecce tridentem.
postquam uibrata pendentia retia dextra
nequiquam effudit, nudum ad spectacula uoltum
erigit et tota fugit agnoscendus harena.
credamus tunicae, de faucibus aurea cum se
porrigat et longo iactetur spira galero.
ergo ignominiam grauiorem pertulit omni
uolnere cum Graccho iussus pugnare secutor.

[183] What if I can never cite any example so foul and shameful that there is not something worse behind? Your means exhausted, Damasippus, you hired out your voice to the stage, taking the part of the Clamorous Ghost of Catullus. The nimble

Lentulus acted famously the part of Laureolus : deserving, in my judgment, to be really and truly crucified. Nor can the spectators themselves be forgiven: the populace that with brazen front sits and beholds the triple buffooneries of our patricians, that can listen to a bare-footed Fabius, and laugh to see the Mamerci cuffing each other. What matters it at what price they sell their deaths? No Nero compels them to sell; yet they hesitate not to sell themselves at the games of the exalted Praetor. And yet suppose that on one side of you were placed a sword, on the other the stage: which were the better choice? Was ever any man so afraid of death that he would choose to be the jealous husband of a Thymele, or the colleague of the clown Corinthus? Yet when an Emperor has taken to harp-playing, it is not so very strange that a noble should act in a mime. Beyond this, what will be left but the gladiatorial school? And that scandal too you have seen in our city: a Gracchus fighting, not indeed as a murmillo, nor with the round shield and scimitar : such accoutrements he rejects, ay rejects and detests; nor does a helmet shroud his face. See how he wields his trident! and when with poised right hand he has cast the trailing net in vain, he lifts up his bare face to the benches and flies, for all to recognise, from one end of the arena to the other. We cannot mistake the golden tunic that flutters from his throat, and the twisted cord that dangles from the high-crowned cap; and so the pursuer who was pitted against Gracchus endured a shame more grievous than any wound.

libera si dentur populo suffragia, quis tam
perditus ut dubitet Senecam praeferre Neroni?
cuius supplicio non debuit una parari
simia nec serpens unus nec culleus unus.
par Agamemnonidae crimen, sed causa facit rem
dissimilem. quippe ille deis auctoribus ultor
patris erat caesi media inter pocula, sed nec
Electrae iugulo se polluit aut Spartani
sanguine coniugii, nullis aconita propinquis
miscuit, in scena numquam cantauit Orestes,
Troica non scripsit. quid enim Verginius armis
debuit ulcisci magis aut cum Vindice Galba,
quod Nero tam saeua crudaque tyrannide fecit?
haec opera atque hae sunt generosi principis artes,
gaudentis foedo peregrina ad pulpita cantu
prostitui Graiaeque apium meruisse coronae.
maiorum effigies habeant insignia uocis,

ante pedes Domiti longum tu pone Thyestae
syrma uel Antigones seu personam Melanippes,
et de marmoreo citharam suspende colosso.

[211] If free suffrage were granted to the people, who would be so abandoned as not to prefer Seneca to Nero — Nero, for whose chastisement no single ape or adder, no solitary sack, should have been provided? His crime was like that of Agamemnon's son; but the case was not the same, seeing that Orestes, at the bidding of the Gods, was avenging a father slain in his cups. Orestes never stained himself with Electra's blood, or with that of his Spartan wife; he never mixed poison-drafts for his own kin; he never sang upon the stage, he never wrote an Epic upon Troy! For of all the deeds of Nero's cruel and bloody tyranny, which was there that more deserved to be avenged by the arms of a Verginius, of a Vindex or a Galba? These were the deeds, these the graces of our high-born Prince, whose delight it was to prostitute himself by unseemly singing upon a foreign stage, and to earn a chaplet of Greek parsley! Let thy ancestral images be decked with the trophies of thy voice! Place thou at the feet of a Domitius the trailing robe of Thyestes or Antigone, or the mask of Melanippa, and hang up thy harp on a colossus of marble!

quid, Catilina, tuis natalibus atque Cethegi
inueniet quisquam sublimius? arma tamen uos
nocturna et flammas domibus templisque paratis,
ut bracatorum pueri Senonumque minores,
ausi quod liceat tunica punire molesta.
sed uigilat consul uexillaque uestra coercet.
hic nouus Arpinas, ignobilis et modo Romae
municipalis eques, galeatum ponit ubique
praesidium attonitis et in omni monte laborat.
tantum igitur muros intra toga contulit illi
nominis ac tituli, quantum ~in~ Leucade, quantum
Thessaliae campis Octauius abstulit udo
caedibus adsiduis gladio; sed Roma parentem,
Roma patrem patriae Ciceronem libera dixit.
Arpinas alius Volscorum in monte solebat
poscere mercedes alieno lassus aratro;
nodosam post haec frangebat uertice uitem,
si lentus pigra muniret castra dolabra.

hic tamen et Cimbros et summa pericula rerum
excipit et solus trepidantem protegit urbem,
atque ideo, postquam ad Cimbros stragemque uolabant
qui numquam attigerant maiora cadauera corui,
nobilis ornatur lauro collega secunda.

[231] Where can be found, O Catiline, nobler ancestors than thine, or than thine, Cethegus? Yet you plot a night attack, you prepare to give our houses and temples to the flames as though you were the sons of trousered Gauls, or sprung from the Senones, daring deeds that deserved the shirt of torture. But our Consul is awake, and beats back your hosts. Born at Arpinum, of ignoble blood, a municipal knight new to Rome, he posts helmeted men at every point to guard the affrighted citizens, and is alert on every hill. Thus within the walls his toga won for him as much name and honour as Octavius gained by battle in Leucas; as much as Octavius won by his blood-dripping sword on the plains of Thessaly; but then Rome was yet free when she styled him the Parent and Father of his country! Another son of Arpinum used to work for hire upon the Volscian hills, toiling behind a plough not his own; after that, a centurion's knotty staff would be broken over his head if his pick were slow and sluggish in the trench. Yet it is he who faces the Cimbri, and the mightiest perils; alone he saves the trembling city. And so when the ravens, who had never before seen such huge carcasses, flew down upon the slaughtered Cimbri, his high-born colleague is decorated with the second bay.

plebeiae Deciorum animae, plebeia fuerunt
nomina; pro totis legionibus hi tamen et pro
omnibus auxiliis atque omni pube Latina
sufficiunt dis infernis Terraeque parenti.
[pluris enim Decii quam quae seruantur ab illis.]

[254] Plebeian were the souls of the Decii, plebeian were their names; yet they were accepted by the Gods beneath and by Mother Earth in lieu of all the Legions and the allies, and all the youth of Latium, for the Decii were more precious than the hosts whom they saved.

ancilla natus trabeam et diadema Quirini
et fascis meruit, regum ultimus ille bonorum.

prodita laxabant portarum claustra tyrannis
exulibus iuuenes ipsius consulis et quos
magnum aliquid dubia pro libertate deceret,
quod miraretur cum Coclite Mucius et quae
imperii finis Tiberinum uirgo natauit.
occulta ad patres produxit crimina seruus
matronis lugendus; at illos uerbera iustis
adficiunt poenis et legum prima securis.

[259] It was one born of a slave who won the robe and diadem and fasces of Quirinus — the last he of our good Kings — whereas the Consul's own sons, who should have dared some great thing for endangered liberty — some deed to be marvelled at by Mucius or Cocles, or by the maiden who swam across the river-boundary of our realm — were for traitorously loosing the bolts of the city gates to the exiled tyrants. It was a slave — well worthy he to be bewailed by matrons — who revealed the secret plot to the Fathers, while the sons met their just punishment from scourging and from the axe then first used in the cause of Law.

malo pater tibi sit Thersites, dummodo tu sis
Aeacidae similis Volcaniaque arma capessas,
quam te Thersitae similem producat Achilles.
et tamen, ut longe repetas longeque reuoluas
nomen, ab infami gentem deducis asylo;
maiorum primus, quisquis fuit ille, tuorum
aut pastor fuit aut illud quod dicere nolo.

[269] I would rather that Thersites were your father if only you were like the grandson of Aeacus, and could wield the arms of Vulcan, than that you should have been begotten by Achilles and be like Thersites. Yet, after all, however far you may trace back your name, however long the roll, you derive your race from an ill-famed asylum: the first of your ancestors, whoever he was, was either a shepherd or something that I would rather not name.

Satire 9. The Sorrows of a Reprobate

Scire uelim quare totiens mihi, Naeuole, tristis
occurras fronte obducta ceu Marsya uictus.
quid tibi cum uultu, qualem deprensus habebat
Rauola dum Rhodopes uda terit inguina barba?
[nos colaphum incutimus lambenti crustula seruo.]
non erit hac facie miserabilior Crepereius
Pollio, qui triplicem usuram praestare paratus
circumit et fatuos non inuenit. unde repente
tot rugae? certe modico contentus agebas
uernam equitem, conuiua ioco mordente facetus
et salibus uehemens intra pomeria natis.
omnia nunc contra, uultus grauis, horrida siccae
silua comae, nullus tota nitor in cute, qualem
Bruttia praestabat calidi tibi fascia uisci,
sed fruticante pilo neglecta et squalida crura.
quid macies aegri ueteris, quem tempore longo
torret quarta dies olimque domestica febris?
deprendas animi tormenta latentis in aegro
corpore, deprendas et gaudia; sumit utrumque
inde habitum facies. igitur flexisse uideris
propositum et uitae contrarius ire priori.
nuper enim, ut repeto, fanum Isidis et Ganymedem
Pacis et aduectae secreta Palatia matris
et Cererem (nam quo non prostat femina templo?)
notior Aufidio moechus celebrare solebas,
quodque taces, ipsos etiam inclinare maritos.

[1] I should like to know, Naevolus, why you so often look gloomy when I meet you, knitting your brow like a vanquished Marsyas. What have you to do with the look that Ravola wore when caught playing that dirty trick with Rhodope? If a slave takes a lick at the pastry, he gets a thrashing for his pains! Why do you look as woe-begone as Crepereius Pollio when he goes round offering a triple rate of interest, and can find no fool to trust him? Why have you suddenly developed

those wrinkles? You used to be an easily contented person, who passed as a home-bred knight that could make biting jests at the dinner-table and tell witty town-bred stories. But now you are a different man. You have a hang-dog look; your head is a forest of unkempt, unanointed hair; your skin has lost all the gloss that it got from swathes of hot Bruttian pitch, and your legs are dirty and rough with sprouting hair. Why are you as thin as a chronic invalid in whom a quartan fever has long made its home? One can detect in a sickly body the secret torments of the soul, as also its joys: the face takes on the stamp of either. You seem, therefore, to have changed your mode of life, and to be going in a way opposite to your past. Not long ago, as I remember, you were a gallant more notorious than Aundius; you used to frequent the Temple of Isis and that of Peace with its Ganymede, and the secret courts of the Foreign Mother — for in what temple are there not frail fair ones to be found?

‘utile et hoc multis uitae genus, at mihi nullum
inde operae pretium. pingues aliquando lacernas,
munimenta togae, duri crassique coloris
et male percussas textoris pectine Galli
accipimus, tenue argentum uenaeque secundae.
fata regunt homines, fatum est et partibus illis
quas sinus abscondit. nam si tibi sidera cessant,
nil faciet longi mensura incognita nerui,
quamuis te nudum spumanti Virro labello
uiderit et blandae adsidue densaeque tabellae
sollicitent, *autos gar ephelketai andra kinaidos.*
quod tamen ulterius monstrum quam mollis auarus?
“haec tribui, deinde illa dedi, mox plura tulisti.”
computat et ceuet. ponatur calculus, adsint
cum tabula pueri; numera sestertia quinque
omnibus in rebus, numerentur deinde labores.
an facile et pronum est agere intra uiscera penem
legitimum atque illic hesternae occurrere cenae?
seruus erit minus ille miser qui foderit agrum
quam dominum. sed tu sane tenerum et puerum te
et pulchrum et dignum cyatho caeloque putabas.
uos humili adseculae, uos indulgebitis umquam
cultori, iam nec morbo donare parati?
en cui tu uiridem umbellam, cui sucina mittas

grandia, natalis quotiens redit aut madidum uer
incipit et strata positus longaque cathedra
munera femineis tractat secreta kalendis.

[27] "Many men have found profit in my mode of life; but I have made nothing substantial out of my labours. I sometimes have a greasy cloak given me that will save my toga — a coarse and crudely dyed garment that has been ill-combed by the Gallic weaver — or some trifle in silver of an inferior quality. Man is ruled by destiny; even those parts of him that lie beneath his clothes. . . . What greater monster is there in the world than a miserly debauchee? 'I gave you this,' says he, 'and then that; and later again ever so much more.' Thus he makes a reckoning with his lusts. Well, set out the counters, call in the lads with the reckoning board, count out five thousand sesterces all told, and then enumerate my services. ... I am less accounted of than the poor hind who ploughs his master's field. You used to deem yourself a delicate and good-looking youth, fit to be Jove's own cup-bearer; but will men like you, who are unwilling to pay for your own morbid pleasures, ever show a kindness to a poor follower or a slave? A pretty fellow to have presents sent him of green sunshades or big amber balls on a birthday, or on the first day of showery spring, when he lolls at full length in a huge easy chair counting over the secret gifts he has received upon the Matron's Day!

dic, passer, cui tot montis, tot praedia seruas
Apula, tot miluos intra tua pascua lassas?
te Trifolinus ager fecundis uitibus implet
suspectumque iugum Cumis et Gaurus inanis —
nam quis plura linit uicturo dolia musto? —
quantum erat exhausti lumbos donare clientis
iugeribus paucis! meliusne hic rusticus infans
cum matre et casulis et conlusore catello
cymbala pulsantis legatum fiet amici?
"improbus es cum poscis" ait. sed pensio clamat
"posce," sed appellat puer unicus ut Polyphemi
lata acies per quam sollers euasit Vlixes.
alter emendus erit, namque hic non sufficit, ambo
pascendi. quid agam bruma spirante? quid, oro,
quid dicam scapulis puerorum aquilone Decembri
et pedibus? "durate atque expectate cicadas"?

[54] “Tell me, you sparrow, for whose benefit are you keeping all those hills and farms in Apulia, all those pasture-lands that tire out the kites? Your stores are filled with rich grapes from your Trifoline vineyard, or from the slopes that look down upon Cumae, or the unpeopled Gaurus; whose vats seal up more vintages destined for long life than yours? Would it be a great matter to present a few acres to the loins of an exhausted client? Is it better, think you, that this country woman, with her cottage and her babe and her pet dog, should be bequeathed to a friend who plays the timbrels? ‘You’re an impudent beggar,’ you say. Yes, but my rent cries on me to beg; and so does my single slave-lad — as single as that big eye of Polyphemus which helped the wily Ulysses to make his escape. And one slave is not enough; I shall have to buy a second and feed them both. What shall I do, pray, when the winter howls? What shall I say to their shivering feet and shoulders when December’s north wind blows? Shall I say ‘Hold on, and wait till the grasshoppers arrive’?

uerum, ut dissimules, ut mittas cetera, quanto
metiris pretio quod, ni tibi deditus essem
deuotusque cliens, uxor tua uirgo maneret?
scis certe quibus ista modis, quam saepe rogaris
et quae pollicitus. fugientem saepe puellam
amplexu rapui; tabulas quoque ruperat et iam
signabat; tota uix hoc ego nocte redemi
te plorante foris. testis mihi lectulus et tu,
ad quem peruenit lecti sonus et dominae uox.
instabile ac dirimi coeptum et iam paene solutum
coniugium in multis domibus seruauit adulter.
quo te circumagas? quae prima aut ultima ponas?
nullum ergo meritum est, ingrate ac perfide, nullum
quod tibi filiolus uel filia nascitur ex me?
tollis enim et libris actorum spargere gaudes
argumenta uiri. foribus suspende coronas:
iam pater es, dedimus quod famae opponere possis.
iura parentis habes, propter me scriberis heres,
legatum omne capis nec non et dulce caducum.
commoda praeterea iungentur multa caducis,

[70] “And though you ignore and pass by my other services, what price do you put on this, that were I not your true and devoted client, your wife would still be a

maid? You know how often, and in what ways, you have asked that service of me, and what promises you made to me. . . . There's many a household in which a union that was unstable, ready to break up, and all but dissolved, has been saved by the intervention of a lover. Which way can you turn? Which service do you put first, which last? Is it to be no merit, you thankless and perfidious man, none at all, that I have presented you with a little son or daughter? For you rear the children, and love to spread abroad in the gazette the proofs of your virility. Hang up garlands over your door! You are now a father; I have given you something to set up against ill fame. You have now parental rights; through me you can be entered as an heir, and receive a legacy entire, with a nice little extra into the bargain; to all which perquisites many more will be added if I make up your family to the full number of three."

si numerum, si tres impleuero.' iusta doloris,
Naeuole, causa tui; contra tamen ille quid adfert?
'neglegit atque alium bipedem sibi quaerit asellum.
haec soli commissa tibi celare memento
et tacitus nostras intra te fige querellas;
nam res mortifera est inimicus pumice leuis.
qui modo secretum commiserat, ardet et odit,
tamquam prodiderim quidquid scio. sumere ferrum,
fuste aperire caput, candelam adponere ualuis
non dubitat. nec contemnas aut despicias quod
his opibus numquam cara est annona ueneni.
ergo occulta teges ut curia Martis Athenis.'

[90] Indeed, Naevolus, you have just cause of complaint. But what has he got to say on the other side? "He takes no notice, and looks out for another two-legged donkey like myself. But remember, my secrets are for your ears alone; keep my complaints fast locked up in your own bosom. It is a fatal thing to have for your enemy a man who keeps himself smooth by pumice-stone! The man who has lately entrusted me with a secret has a consuming hatred of me, believing I have revealed everything that I know; he will not hesitate to take up a sword, or to lay open my head with a club, or to put a lighted candle against my door. Nor can you disregard or make nothing of the fact that for a man of his means the price of poison is never high. So keep my secrets close — as close as did the Council of Areopagus!"

o Corydon, Corydon, secretum diuitis ullum
esse putas? serui ut taceant, iumenta loquentur
et canis et postes et marmora. claude fenestras,
uela tegant rimas, iunge ostia, tollite lumen,
e medio fac eant omnes, prope nemo recumbat;
quod tamen ad cantum galli facit ille secundi
proximus ante diem caupo sciet, audiet et quae
finxerunt pariter libarius, archimagiri,
carptores. quod enim dubitant componere crimen
in dominos, quotiens rumoribus ulciscuntur
baltea? nec derit qui te per compita quaerat
nolentem et miseram uinosus inebriet aurem.
illos ergo roges quidquid paulo ante petebas
a nobis, taceant illi. sed prodere malunt
arcanum quam subrepti potare Falerni
pro populo faciens quantum Saufeia bibebat.
uiuendum recte, cum propter plurima, ~tunc est~
idcirco ut possis linguam contemnere serui.
[praecipue causis, ut linguas mancipiorum
contemnas; nam lingua mali pars pessima serui.
deterior tamen hic qui liber non erit illis
quorum animas et farre suo custodit et aere.]

[102] O my poor Corydon! Do you suppose that a rich man has any secrets? Though his slaves hold their tongues, his beasts of burden and his dog will talk; his door posts and his marble columns will tell tales. Let him shut the windows, and close every chink with curtains; let him fasten the doors, remove the light, turn everyone out of the house, and permit no one to sleep in it — yet the tavern-keeper close by will know before dawn what he was doing at the second cock-crow; he will hear also all the tales invented by the pastry-man, by the head cook and the carver. For what calumny will they hesitate to concoct against their masters when a slander will avenge them for their strappings? Nor will some tippling friend be wanting to look for you at the crossways, and, do what you will, pour his drunken story into your ear. So just ask those people to hold their tongues about the things you questioned me about just now! Why, they would rather blab out a secret than drink as much stolen wine as Saufeia used to swill when conducting a public sacrifice. There are many reasons for right living; but the chiefest of them all is this, that you need pay no attention to the talk of your

slaves. For the tongue is the worst part of a bad slave; and yet worse still is the plight of a man who cannot escape from the talk of those whom he supports with his own bread and money.

‘utile consilium modo, sed commune, dedisti.
nunc mihi quid suades post damnum temporis et spes
deceptas? festinat enim decurrere uelox
flosculus angustae miseraeque breuissima uitae
portio; dum bibimus, dum serta, unguenta, puellas
poscimus, obrepit non intellecta senectus.’

[124] “Your advice is excellent, but it is vague. What do you advise me to do now, after all my lost time and disappointed hopes? for the short span of our poor unhappy life is hurrying swiftly on, like a flower, to its close: while we drink, and call for chaplets, for unguents, and for maidens, old age is creeping on us unperceived.”

ne trepida, numquam pathicus tibi derit amicus
stantibus et saluis his collibus; undique ad illos
conuenient et carpentis et nauibus omnes
qui digito scalpunt uno caput. altera maior
spes superest, tu tantum erucis inprime dentem.
[gratus eris, tu tantum erucis inprime dentem.] 134a

[130] Be not afraid; so long as these seven hills of ours stand fast, pathic friends will never fail you: from every quarter, in carriages and in ships, those gentry who scratch their heads with one finger will flock in. And you have always a further and better ground of hope — if you fit your diet to your trade.

‘haec exempla para felicibus; at mea Clotho
et Lachesis gaudent, si pascitur inguine uenter.
o parui nostrique Lares, quos ture minuto
aut farre et tenui soleo exorare corona,
quando ego figam aliquid quo sit mihi tuta senectus
a tegete et baculo? uiginti milia fenus
pigneribus positis, argenti uascula puri,
sed quae Fabricius censor notet, et duo fortes

de grege Moesorum, qui me ceruice locata
securum iubeant clamoso insistere circo;
sit mihi praeterea curuus caelator, et alter
qui multas facies pingit cito; sufficiunt haec.
quando ego pauper ero? uotum miserabile, nec spes
his saltem; nam cum pro me Fortuna uocatur,
adfixit ceras illa de naue petitas
quae Siculos cantus effugit remige surdo.'

[135] "Such maxims are for the fortunate; my Clotho and Lachesis are well pleased if I can fill my belly with my labours. O my own little Lares, whom I am wont to supplicate with a pinch of frankincense or corn, or with a tiny garland, when can I assure myself of what will keep my old days from the beggar's staff and mat? Twenty thousand sesterces, well secured; some vessels of plain silver — yet such as Censor Fabricius would have condemned — and a couple of stout Moesian porters on whose hired necks I may be taken comfortably to my place in the bawling circus. Let me have besides a stooping engraver, and a painter who will quickly dash off any number of likenesses. Enough this for a poor man like me. It is a pitiful prayer, and I have little hope even of that; for whenever Fortune is supplicated on my behalf, she plugs her ears with wax fetched from that selfsame ship which escaped from the Sicilian songstresses through the deafness of her crew."

Satire 10. The Vanity of Human Wishes

Omnibus in terris, quae sunt a Gadibus usque
Auroram et Gangen, pauci dinoscere possunt
uera bona atque illis multum diuersa, remota
erroris nebula. quid enim ratione timemus
aut cupimus? quid tam dextro pede concipis ut te
conatus non paeniteat uotique peracti?
euertere domos totas optantibus ipsis
di faciles. nocitura toga, nocitura petuntur
militia; torrens dicendi copia multis
et sua mortifera est facundia; uiribus ille
confisus periit admirandisque lacertis;
sed pluris nimia congesta pecunia cura
strangulat et cuncta exuperans patrimonia census
quanto delphinis ballaena Britannica maior.
temporibus diris igitur iussuque Neronis
Longinum et magnos Senecae praediuitis hortos
clausit et egregias Lateranorum obsidet aedes
tota cohors: rarus uenit in cenacula miles.
pauca licet portes argenti uascula puri
nocte iter ingressus, gladium contumque timebis
et mota ad lunam trepidabis harundinis umbra:
cantabit uacuus coram latrone uiator.

[1] In all the lands that stretch from Gades to the Ganges and the Morn, there are but few who can distinguish true blessings from their opposites, putting aside the mists of error. For when does Reason direct our desires or our fears? What project do we form so auspiciously that we do not repent us of our effort and of the granted wish? Whole households have been destroyed by the compliant Gods in answer to the masters' prayers; in camp and city alike we ask for things that will be our ruin. Many a man has met death from the rushing flood of his own eloquence; others from the strength and wondrous thews in which they have trusted. More still have been ruined by money too carefully amassed, and by fortunes that surpass all patrimonies by as much as the British whale exceeds the

dolphin. It was for this that in the dire days Nero ordered Longinus and the great gardens of the over-wealthy Seneca to be put under siege; for this was it that the noble Palace of the Laterani was beset by an entire cohort; it is but seldom that soldiers find their way into a garret!
Though you carry but few silver vessels with you in a night journey, you will be afraid of the sword and cudgel of a freebooter, you will tremble at the shadow of a reed shaking in the moonlight; but the empty-handed traveller will whistle in the robber's face.

prima fere uota et cunctis notissima templis
diuitiae, crescant ut opes, ut maxima toto
nostra sit arca foro. sed nulla aconita bibuntur
fictilibus; tunc illa time cum pocula sumes
gemmata et lato Setinum ardebit in auro.
iamne igitur laudas quod de sapientibus alter
ridebat, quotiens a limine mouerat unum
protuleratque pedem, flebat contrarius auctor?
sed facilis cuiuis rigidi censura cachinni:
mirandum est unde ille oculis suffecerit umor.
perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat
Democritus, quamquam non essent urbibus illis
praetextae, trabeae, fasces, lectica, tribunal.
quid si uidisset praetorem curribus altis
extantem et medii sublimem puluere circi
in tunica Iouis et pictae Sarrana ferentem
ex umeris aulaea togae magnaeque coronae
tantum orbem, quanto ceruix non sufficit ulla?
quippe tenet sudans hanc publicus et, sibi consul
ne placeat, curru seruus portatur eodem.
da nunc et uolucrem, sceptro quae surgit eburno,
illinc cornicines, hinc praecedentia longi
agminis officia et niueos ad frena Quirites,
defossa in loculos quos sportula fecit amicos.
tum quoque materiam risus inuenit ad omnis
occursus hominum, cuius prudentia monstrat
summos posse uiros et magna exempla daturos
ueruecum in patria crassoque sub aere nasci.
ridebat curas nec non et gaudia uolgi,

interdum et lacrimas, cum Fortunae ipse minaci
mandaret laqueum mediumque ostenderet unguem.

[23] The foremost of all petitions — the one best known to every temple — is for riches and their increase, that our money-chest may be the biggest in the Forum. But you will drink no aconite out of an earthenware cup; you may dread it when a jewelled cup is offered you, or when Setine wine sparkles in a golden bowl. Then will you not commend the two wise men, one of whom would laugh while the opposite sage would weep every time he set a foot outside the door? To condemn by a cutting laugh comes readily to us all; the wonder is how the other sage's eyes were supplied with all that water. The sides of Democritus shook with unceasing laughter, although in the cities of his day there were no purple-bordered or purple-striped robes, no fasces, no palanquins, no tribunals. What if he had seen the Praetor uplifted in his lofty car amid the dust of the Circus, attired in the tunic of Jove, hitching an embroidered Tyrian toga on to his shoulders, and carrying a crown so big that no neck could bear the weight of it? For a public slave is sweating under the burden; and that the Consul may not fancy himself overmuch, the slave rides in the same chariot with his master. Add to all this the bird that is perched on his ivory staff; on this side the horn-blowers, on that the duteous clients preceding him in long array, with white-robed Roman citizens, whose friendship has been gained by the dinner-dole snugly lying in their purses, marching at his bridle-rein. Even then the philosopher found food for laughter at every meeting with his kind: his wisdom shows us that men of high distinction and destined to set great examples may be born in a dullard air, and in the land of mutton-heads. He laughed at the troubles, ay and at the pleasures, of the crowd, sometimes too at their tears, while for himself he would bid frowning fortune go hang, and point at her the finger of derision.

ergo superuacua aut quae perniciosa petuntur?
propter quae fas est genua incerare deorum?
quosdam praecipitat subiecta potentia magnae
inuidiae, mergit longa atque insignis honorum
pagina. descendunt statuae restemque secuntur,
ipsas deinde rotas bigarum inpacta securis
caedit et inmeritis franguntur crura caballis.
iam strident ignes, iam follibus atque caminis
ardet adoratum populo caput et crepat ingens
Seianus, deinde ex facie toto orbe secunda

fiunt urceoli, pelues, sartago, matellae.
pone domi laurus, duc in Capitolia magnum
cretatumque bouem: Seianus ducitur unco
spectandus, gaudent omnes. ‘quae labra, quis illi
uultus erat! numquam, si quid mihi credis, amaui
hunc hominem. sed quo cecidit sub crimine? quisnam
delator quibus indicibus, quo teste probauit?’
‘nil horum; uerbosa et grandis epistula uenit
a Capreis.’

[54] Thus it is that the things for which we pray, and for which it is right and proper to load the knees of the Gods with wax, are either profitless or pernicious! Some men are hurled headlong by over-great power and the envy to which it exposes them; they are wrecked by the long and illustrious roll of their honours: down come their statues, obedient to the rope; the axe hews in pieces their chariot wheels and the legs of the unoffending horses. And now the flames are hissing, and amid the roar of furnace and of bellows the head of the mighty Sejanus, the darling of the mob, is burning and crackling, and from that face, which was but lately second in the entire world, are being fashioned pipkins, pitchers, frying-pans and slop-pails! Up with the laurel-wreaths over your doors! Lead forth a grand chalked bull to the Capitol! Sejanus is being dragged along by a hook, as a show and joy to all! “What a lip the fellow had! What a face!”— “Believe me, I never liked the man!”— “But on what charge was he condemned? Who informed against him? What was the evidence, who the witnesses, who made good the case?”— “Nothing of the sort; a great and wordy letter came from Capri.”— “Good; I ask no more.”

‘bene habet, nil plus interrogo.’ sed quid
turba Remi? sequitur fortunam, ut semper, et odit
damnatos. idem populus, si Nortia Tusco
fauisset, si oppressa foret secura senectus
principis, hac ipsa Seianum diceret hora
Augustum. iam pridem, ex quo suffragia nulli
uendimus, effudit curas; nam qui dabat olim
imperium, fasces, legiones, omnia, nunc se
continet atque duas tantum res anxius optat,
panem et circenses.

[72] And what does the mob of Remus say? It follows fortune, as it always does, and rails against the condemned. That same rabble, if Nortia had smiled upon the Etruscan, if the aged Emperor had been struck down unawares, would in that very hour have conferred upon Sejanus the title of Augustus. Now that no one buys our votes, the public has long since cast off its cares; the people that once bestowed commands, consulships, legions and all else, now meddles no more and longs eagerly for just two things — Bread and Games!

‘perituros audio multos.’
‘nil dubium, magna est fornacula.’ ‘pallidulus mi
Bruttidius meus ad Martis fuit obuius aram;
quam timeo, uictus ne poenas exigat Aiax
ut male defensus. curramus praecipites et,
dum iacet in ripa, calcemus Caesaris hostem.
sed uideant serui, ne quis neget et pauidum in ius
ceruice obstricta dominum trahat.’

[81] “I hear that many are to perish.”— “No doubt of it; there is a big furnace ready.”— “My friend Brutidius looked a trifle pale when I met him at the Altar of Mars. I tremble lest the defeated Ajax should take vengeance for having been so ill-defended.”— “Let us rush headlong and trample on Caesar’s enemy, while he lies upon the bank!”— “Ay, and let our slaves see us, that none bear witness against us, and drag their trembling master into court with a halter round his neck.”

hi sermones
tunc de Seiano, secreta haec murmura uolgi.
uisne salutari sicut Seianus, habere
tantundem atque illi summas donare curules,
illum exercitibus praeponere, tutor haberi
principis angusta Caprearum in rupe sedentis
cum grege Chaldaeo? uis certe pila, cohortis,
egregios equites et castra domestica; quidni
haec cupias? et qui nolunt occidere quemquam
posse uolunt. sed quae praeclara et prospera tanti,
ut rebus laetis par sit mensura malorum?
huius qui trahitur praetextam sumere mauis
an Fidenarum Gabiorumque esse potestas

et de mensura ius dicere, uasa minora
frangere pannosus uacuis aedilis Vlubris?
ergo quid optandum foret ignorasse fateris
Seianum; nam qui nimios optabat honores
et nimias poscebat opes, numerosa parabat
excelsae turris tabulata, unde altior esset
casus et inpulsae praeceps inmane ruinae.
quid Crassos, quid Pompeios euertit et illum,
ad sua qui domitos deduxit flagra Quirites?
summus nempe locus nulla non arte petitus
magnaque numinibus uota exaudita malignis.
ad generum Cereris sine caede ac uulnere pauci
descendunt reges et sicca morte tyranni.

[88] Such was the talk at the moment about Sejanus; such were the mutterings of the crowd. And would you like to be courted like Sejanus? To be as rich as he was? To bestow on one man the ivory chairs of office, appoint another to the command of armies, and be counted guardian of a Prince seated on the narrow ledge of Capri with his herd of Chaldaean astrologers? You would like, no doubt, to have Centurions, Cohorts, and Illustrious Knights at your call, and to possess a camp of your own? Why should you not? Even those who don't want to kill anybody would like to have the power to do it. But what grandeur, what high fortune, are worth the having if the joy is overbalanced by the calamities they bring with them? Would you rather choose to wear the bordered robe of the man now being dragged along the streets, or to be a magnate at Fidenae or Gabii, adjudicating upon weights, or smashing vessels of short measure, as a thread-bare Aedile at deserted Ulubrae? You admit, then, that Sejanus did not know what things were to be desired; for in coveting excessive honours, and seeking excessive wealth, he was but building up the many stories of a lofty tower whence the fall would be the greater, and the crash of headlong ruin more terrific. What was it that overthrew the Crassi, and the Pompeii, and him who brought the conquered Quirites under his lash? What but lust for the highest place pursued by every kind of means? What but ambitious prayers granted by unkindly Gods? Few indeed are the kings who go down to Ceres' son-in-law save by sword and slaughter — few the tyrants that perish by a bloodless death!

eloquium ac famam Demosthenis aut Ciceronis
incipit optare et totis quinquatribus optat

quisquis adhuc uno parcam colit asse Mineruam,
quem sequitur custos angustae uernula capsae.
eloquio sed uterque perit orator, utrumque
largus et exundans leto dedit ingenii fons.
ingenio manus est et ceruix caesa, nec umquam
sanguine causidici maduerunt rostra pusilli.
'o fortunatam natam me consule Romam:'
Antoni gladios potuit contemnere si sic
omnia dixisset. ridenda poemata malo
quam te, conspicuae diuina Philippica famae,
uolueris a prima quae proxima. saeuus et illum
exitus eripuit, quem mirabantur Athenae
torrentem et pleni moderantem frena theatri.
dis ille aduersis genitus fatoque sinistro,
quem pater ardentis massae fuligine lippus
a carbone et forcipibus gladiosque paranti
incude et luteo Volcano ad rhetora misit.

[114] Every schoolboy who worships Minerva with a modest penny fee, attended by a slave to guard his little satchel, prays all through his holidays for eloquence, for the fame of a Cicero or a Demosthenes. Yet it was eloquence that brought both orators to their death; each perished by the copious and overflowing torrent of his own genius. It was his genius that cut off the hand, and severed the neck, of Cicero; never yet did futile pleader stain the rostra with his blood!
"*O happy Fate for the Roman State*
Was the date of my great Consulate!"
Had Cicero always spoken thus, he might have laughed at the swords of Antony. Better verses meet only for contempt than thou, O famous and divine Philippic, that comest out second on the roll! Terrible, too, was the death of him whom Athens loved to hear sweeping along and holding in check the crowded theatre. Unfriendly were the Gods, and evil the star, under whom was born the man whom his father, blear-eyed with the soot of glowing ore, sent away from the coal, the pincers and the sword-fashioning anvil of grimy Vulcan, to study the art of the rhetorician!

bellorum exuuiae, truncis adfixa tropaeis
lorica et fracta de casside buccula pendens
et curtum temone iugum uictaeque triremis

aplustre et summo tristis captiuos in arcu
humanis maiora bonis creduntur. ad hoc se
Romanus Graiusque et barbarus induperator
erexit, causas discriminis atque laboris
inde habuit: tanto maior famae sitis est quam
uirtutis. quis enim uirtutem amplectitur ipsam,
praemia si tollas? patriam tamen obruit olim
gloria paucorum et laudis titulique cupido
haesuri saxis cinerum custodibus, ad quae
discutienda ualent sterilis mala robora fici,
quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulcris.

[133] The spoils of war and trophies fastened upon stumps — a breast-plate, a cheek-strap hanging from a broken helmet, a yoke shorn of its pole, the flagstaff of a captured galley, or a captive sorrowing on a triumphal arch — such things are deemed glories too great for man; these are the prizes for which every General strives, be he Greek, Roman, or barbarian; it is for these that he endures toil and peril: so much greater is the thirst for glory than for virtue! For who would embrace virtue herself if you stripped her of her rewards? Yet full oft has a land been destroyed by the vainglory of a few, by the lust for honour and for a title that shall cling to the stones that guard their ashes — stones which may be rent asunder by the rude strength of the barren fig-tree, seeing that even sepulchres have their doom assigned to them!

expende Hannibalem: quot libras in duce summo
inuenies? hic est quem non capit Africa Mauro
percussa oceano Niloque admota tepenti
rursus ad Aethiopum populos aliosque elephantos.
additur imperiis Hispania, Pyrenaeum
transilit. opposuit natura Alpemque niuemque:
diducit scopulos et montem rumpit aceto.
iam tenet Italiam, tamen ultra pergere tendit.
‘acti’ inquit ‘nihil est, nisi Poeno milite portas
frangimus et media uexillum pono Subura.’
o qualis facies et quali digna tabella,
cum Gaetula ducem portaret belua luscum!
exitus ergo quis est? o gloria! uincitur idem
nempe et in exilium praeceps fugit atque ibi magnus

mirandusque cliens sedet ad praetoria regis,
donec Bithyno libeat uigilare tyranno.
finem animae, quae res humanas miscuit olim,
non gladii, non saxa dabunt nec tela, sed ille
Cannarum uindex et tanti sanguinis ultor
anulus. i, demens, et saeuas curre per Alpes
ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias.

[147] Put Hannibal into the scales; how many pounds' weight will you find in that greatest of commanders? This is the man for whom Africa was all too small — a land beaten by the Moorish sea and stretching to the steaming Nile, and then, again, to the tribes of Aethiopia and a new race of Elephants! Spain is added to his dominions: he overleaps the Pyrenees; Nature throws in his way Alps and snow: he splits the rocks asunder, and breaks up the mountain-side with vinegar! And now Italy is in his grasp, but still on he presses: "Nought is accomplished," he cries, "until my Punic host breaks down the city gates, and I plant my standard in the midst of the Subura! " O what a sight was that! What a picture it would make, the one-eyed General riding on the Gaetulian monster! What then was his end? Alas for glory! A conquered man, he flees headlong into exile, and there he sits, a mighty and marvellous suppliant, in the King's antechamber, until it please his Bithynian Majesty to awake! No sword, no stone, no javelin shall end the life which once wrought havoc throughout the world: that little ring shall avenge Cannae and all those seas of blood. On! on! thou madman, and race over the wintry Alps, that thou mayest be the delight of schoolboys and supply declaimers with a theme!

unus Pellaeo iuueni non sufficit orbis,
aestuat infelix angusto limite mundi
ut Gyarae clausus scopulis paruaque Seripho;
cum tamen a figulis munitam intrauerit urbem,
sarcophago contentus erit. mors sola fatetur
quantula sint hominum corpuscula. creditur olim
uelificatus Athos et quidquid Graecia mendax
audet in historia, constratum classibus isdem
suppositumque rotis solidum mare; credimus altos
defecisse amnes epotaque flumina Medo
prandente et madidis cantat quae Sostratus alis.
ille tamen qualis rediit Salamine relicta,

in Corum atque Eurum solitus saeuire flagellis
barbarus Aeolio numquam hoc in carcere passos,
ipsum conpedibus qui uinxerat Ennosigaeum
(mitius id sane, quod non et stigmate dignum
credidit. huic quisquam uellet seruire deorum?) —
sed qualis rediit? nempe una naue, cruentis
fluctibus ac tarda per densa cadauera prora.
has totiens optata exegit gloria poenas.

[168] One globe is all too little for the youth of Pella; he chafes uneasily within the narrow limits of the world, as though he were cooped up within the rocks of Gyara or the diminutive Seriphos; but yet when once he shall have entered the city fortified by the potter's art, a sarcophagus will suffice him! Death alone proclaims how small are our poor human bodies! We have heard how ships once sailed through Mount Athos, and all the lying tales of Grecian history; how the sea was paved by those self-same ships, and gave solid support to chariot-wheels; how deep rivers failed, and whole streams were drunk dry when the Persian breakfasted, with all the fables of which Sostratus sings with reeking pinions. But in what plight did that king flee from Salamis? he that had been wont to inflict barbaric stripes upon the winds Corus and Eurus — never treated thus in their Aeolian prison-house — he who had bound the Earth-shaker himself with chains, deeming it clemency, forsooth, not to think him worthy of a branding also: what god, indeed, would be willing to serve such a master? — in what plight did he return? Why, in a single ship; on blood-stained waves, the prow slowly forcing her way through waters thick with corpses! Such was the penalty exacted for that long-desired glory!

'da spatium uitae, multos da, Iuppiter, annos.'
hoc recto uoltu, solum hoc et pallidus optas.
sed quam continuis et quantis longa senectus
plena malis! deformem et taetrum ante omnia uultum
dissimilemque sui, deformem pro cute pellem
pendentisque genas et talis aspice rugas
quales, umbriferos ubi pandit Thabraca saltus,
in uetula scalpit iam mater simia bucca.
plurima sunt iuuenum discrimina, pulchrior ille
hoc atque +ille+ alio, multum hic robustior illo:
una senum facies, cum uoce trementia membra

et iam leue caput madidique infantia nasi;
frangendus misero gingiua panis inermi.
usque adeo grauis uxori natisque sibique,
ut captatori moueat fastidia Cosso.
non eadem uini atque cibi torpente palato
gaudia; nam coitus iam longa obliuio, uel si
coneris, iacet exiguus cum ramice neruus
et, quamuis tota palpetur nocte, iacebit.
anne aliquid sperare potest haec inguinis aegri
canities? quid quod merito suspecta libido est
quae uenerem adfectat sine uiribus?

[188] Give me length of days, give me many years, O Jupiter! Such is your one and only prayer, in days of strength or of sickness; yet how great, how unceasing, are the miseries of old age! Look first at the misshapen and ungainly face, so unlike its former self; see the unsightly hide that serves for skin; see the pendulous cheeks and the wrinkles like those which a matron baboon carves upon her aged jaws in the shaded glades of Thabraca. The young men differ in various ways: this man is handsomer than that, and he than another; one is stronger than another: but old men all look alike. Their voices are as shaky as their limbs, their heads without hair, their noses drivelling as in childhood. Their bread, poor wretches, has to be munched by toothless gums; so offensive do they become to their wives, their children and themselves, that even the legacy-hunter, Cossus, turns from them in disgust. Their sluggish palate takes joy in wine or food no longer, and all pleasures of the flesh have been long ago forgotten. . . .

aspice partis
nunc damnum alterius. nam quae cantante uoluptas,
sit licet eximius, citharoedo siue Seleuco
et quibus aurata mos est fulgere lacerna?
quid refert, magni sedeat qua parte theatri
qui uix cornicines exaudiet atque tubarum
concentus? clamore opus est ut sentiat auris
quem dicat uenisse puer, quot nuntiet horas.

[209] And now consider the loss of another sense: what joy has the old man in song, however famous be the singer? what joy in the harping of Seleucus himself, or of those who shine resplendent in gold-embroidered robes? What matters it in what

part of the great theatre he sits when he can scarce hear the horns and trumpets when they all blow together? The slave who announces a visitor, or tells the time of day, must needs shout in his ear if he is to be heard.

praeterea minimus gelido iam in corpore sanguis
febre calet sola, circumsilit agmine facto
morborum omne genus, quorum si nomina quaeras,
promptius expediam quot amauerit Oppia moechos,
quot Themison aegros autumno occiderit uno,
quot Basilus socios, quot circumscripserit Hirrus
pupillos, quot longa uiros exorbeat uno
Maura die, quot discipulos inclinet Hamillus;
percurram citius quot uillas possideat nunc
quo tondente grauis iuueni mihi barba sonabat.
ille umero, hic lumbis, hic coxa debilis; ambos
perdidit ille oculos et luscis inuidet; huius
pallida labra cibum accipiunt digitis alienis,
ipse ad conspectum cenae diducere rictum
suetus hiat tantum ceu pullus hirundinis, ad quem
ore uolat pleno mater ieiuna. sed omni
membrorum damno maior dementia, quae nec
nomina seruorum nec uoltum agnoscit amici
cum quo praeterita cenauit nocte, nec illos
quos genuit, quos eduxit. nam codice saeuo
heredes uetat esse suos, bona tota feruntur
ad Phialen; tantum artificis ualet halitus oris,
quod steterat multis in carcere fornicis annis.

[217] Besides all this, the little blood in his now chilly frame is never warm except with fever; diseases of every kind dance around him in a body; if you ask of me their names, I could more readily tell you the number of Oppia's paramours, how many patients Themison killed in one season, how many partners were defrauded by Basilus, how many wards corrupted by Hirrus, how many lovers tall Maura wears out in a single season; I could sooner run over the number of villas now belonging to the barber under whose razor my stiff youthful beard used to grate. One suffers in the shoulder, another in the loins, a third in the hip; another has lost both eyes, and envies those who have one; another takes food into his pallid lips from someone else's fingers, while he whose jaws used to fly open at the sight of

his dinner, now only gapes like the young of a swallow whose fasting mother flies to him with well-laden beak. But worse than any loss of limb is the failing mind which forgets the names of slaves, and cannot recognise the face of the old friend who dined with him last night, nor those of the children whom he has begotten and brought up. For by a cruel will he cuts off his own flesh and blood and leaves all his estate to Phiale — so potent was the breath of that alluring mouth which had plied its trade for so many years in her narrow archway.

ut uigeant sensus animi, ducenda tamen sunt
funera natorum, rogus aspiciendus amatae
coniugis et fratris plenaeque sororibus urnae.
haec data poena diu uiuentibus, ut renouata
semper clade domus multis in luctibus inque
perpetuo maerore et nigra ueste senescant.
rex Pylius, magno si quicquam credis Homero,
exemplum uitae fuit a cornice secundae.
felix nimirum, qui tot per saecula mortem
distulit atque suos iam dextra conputat annos,
quique nouum totiens mustum bibit. oro parumper
attendas quantum de legibus ipse queratur
fatorum et nimio de stamine, cum uidet acris
Antilochi barbam ardentem, cum quaerit ab omni,
quisquis adest, socio cur haec in tempora duret,
quod facinus dignum tam longo admiserit aeuo.
haec eadem Peleus, raptum cum luget Achillem,
atque alius, cui fas Ithacum lugere natantem.
incolumi Troia Priamus uenisset ad umbras
Assaraci magnis sollemnibus Hectore funus
portante ac reliquis fratrum ceruicibus inter
Iliadum lacrimas, ut primos edere planctus
Cassandra inciperet scissaque Polyxena palla,
si foret extinctus diuerso tempore, quo non
coeperat audaces Paris aedificare carinas.
longa dies igitur quid contulit? omnia uidit
euersa et flammis Asiam ferroque cadentem.
tunc miles tremulus posita tulit arma tiara
et ruit ante aram summi Iouis ut uetulus bos,
qui domini cultris tenue et miserabile collum

praebet ab ingrato iam fastiditus aratro.
exitus ille utcumque hominis, sed torua canino
latrauit rictu quae post hunc uixerat uxor.

[240] And though the powers of his mind be strong as ever, yet must he carry forth his sons to burial; he must behold the funeral pyres of his beloved wife and his brothers, and urns filled with the ashes of his sisters. Such are the penalties of the long liver: he sees calamity after calamity befall his house, he lives in a world of sorrow, he grows old amid continual lamentation and in the garb of woe. If we can believe mighty Homer, the King of Pylos was an example of long life second only to the crow; happy forsooth in this that he had put off death for so many generations, and had so often quaffed the new-made wine, counting now his years upon his right hand. But mark for a moment, I beg, how he bewails the decrees of fate and his too-long thread of life, when he beholds the beard of his brave Antilochus in the flames, and asks of every friend around him why he has lived so long, what crime he has committed to deserve such length of days. Thus did Peleus also mourn when he lost Achilles; and so that other father who had to bewail the sea-roving Ithacan. Had Priam perished at some other time, before Paris began to build his audacious ships, he would have gone down to the shade of Assaracus when Troy was still standing, and with regal pomp; his body would have been borne on the shoulders ot Hector and his brothers amid the tears of Ilion's daughters, and the rending of Polyxena's garments: Cassandra would have led the cries of woe. What boon did length of days bring to him? He saw everything in ruins, and Asia perishing by fire and the sword. Laying aside his tiara, and arming himself, he fell, a trembling soldier, before the altar of Almighty Jove, like an aged ox discarded by the thankless plough who offers his poor lean neck to his master's knife. Priam's death was at least that of a human being; but his wife lived on to open her mouth with the savage barking of a dog.

festino ad nostros et regem transeo Ponti
et Croesum, quem uox iusti facunda Solonis
respicere ad longae iussit spatia ultima uitae.
exilium et carcer Minturnarumque paludes
et mendicatus uicta Carthagine panis
hinc causas habuere; quid illo ciue tulisset
natura in terris, quid Roma beatius umquam,
si circumducto captiuorum agmine et omni
bellorum pompa animam exhalasset opimam,

cum de Teutonico uellet descendere curru?
prouida Pompeio dederat Campania febres
optandas, sed multae urbes et publica uota
uicerunt; igitur Fortuna ipsius et urbis
seruatum uicto caput abstulit. hoc cruciatu
Lentulus, hac poena caruit ceciditque Cethegus
integer et iacuit Catilina cadauere toto.

[273] I hasten to our own countrymen, passing by the king of Pontus and Croesus, who was bidden by the wise and eloquent Solon to look to the last lap of a long life. It was this that brought Marius to exile and to prison, it took him to the swamps of Minturnae and made him beg his bread in the Carthage that he had conquered. What could Nature ever in all the world have produced more glorious than him, if after parading his troops of captives with all the pomp of war he had breathed forth his soul in glory as he was about to step down from his Teutonic car? Kindly Campania gave to Pompey a fever, which he might have prayed for as a boon; but the public prayers of all those cities gained the day; so his own fortune and that of Rome preserved him to be vanquished and to lose his head. No such cruel thing befell Lentulus; Cethegus escaped such punishment and fell whole; and Catiline's corpse lay unviolated.

formam optat modico pueris, maiore puellis
murmure, cum Veneris fanum uidet, anxia mater
usque ad delicias uotorum. 'cur tamen' inquit
'corripias? pulchra gaudet Latona Diana.'
sed uetat optari faciem Lucretia qualem
ipsa habuit, cuperet Rutilae Verginia gibbum
accipere +atque suum+ Rutilae dare. filius autem
corporis egregii miseros trepidosque parentes
semper habet: rara est adeo concordia formae
atque pudicitiae. sanctos licet horrida mores
tradiderit domus ac ueteres imitata Sabinos,
praeterea castum ingenium uoltumque modesto
sanguine feruentem tribuat natura benigna
larga manu (quid enim puero conferre potest plus
custode et cura natura potentior omni?),
non licet esse uiro; nam prodiga corruptoris
improbitas ipsos audet temptare parentes:

tanta in muneribus fiducia. nullus ephebum
deformem saeua castrauit in arce tyrannus,
nec praetextatum rapuit Nero loripedem nec
strumosum atque utero pariter gibboque tumentem.

[289] When the loving mother passes the temple of Venus, she prays in whispered breath for her boys — more loudly, and entering into the most trifling particulars, for her daughters — that they may have beauty. "And why should I not?" she asks; "did not Latona rejoice in Diana's beauty?" Yes: but Lucretia forbids us to pray for a face like her own; and Verginia would gladly take Rutila's hump and give her own fair form to Rutila. A handsome son keeps his parents in constant fear and misery; so rarely do modesty and good looks go together. For though his home be strict, and have taught him ways as pure as those of the ancient Sabines, and though Nature besides with kindly hand have lavishly gifted him with a pure mind and a cheek mantling with modest blood — and what better thing can Nature, more careful, more potent than any guardian, bestow upon a youth? — he will not be allowed to become a man. The lavish wickedness of some seducer will tempt the boy's own parents: such trust can be placed in money! No misshapen youth was ever unsexed by cruel tyrant in his castle; never did Nero have a bandy-legged or scrofulous favourite, or one that was hump-backed or pot-bellied!

i nunc et iuuenis specie laetare tui, quem
maiora expectant discrimina. fiet adulter
publicus et poenas metuet quascumque mariti
+irati+ debet, nec erit felicior astro
Martis, ut in laqueos numquam incidat. exigit autem
interdum ille dolor plus quam lex ulla dolori
concessit: necat hic ferro, secat ille cruentis
uerberibus, quosdam moechos et mugilis intrat.
sed tuus Endymion dilectae fiet adulter
matronae. mox cum dederit Seruilia nummos
fiet et illius quam non amat, exuet omnem
corporis ornatum; quid enim ulla negauerit udis
inguinibus, siue est haec Oppia siue Catulla?
deterior totos habet illic femina mores.
'sed casto quid forma nocet?' quid profuit immo
Hippolyto graue propositum, quid Bellerophonti?

erubuit +nempe haec+ ceu fastidita repulso
nec Stheneboea minus quam Cressa excanduit, et se
concussere ambae. mulier saeuissima tunc est
cum stimulos odio pudor admouet.

[310] Go to now, you that revel in your son's beauty; think of the deadly perils that lie before him. He will become a promiscuous gallant, and have to fear all the vengeance due to outraged husbands; no luckier than Mars, he will not fail to fall into the net. And sometimes the husband's wrath exacts greater penalties than any law allows: one lover is slain by the sword, another bleeds under the lash; some undergo the punishment of the mullet. Your dear Endymion will become the gallant of some matron whom he loves; but before long, when Servilia has taken him into her pay, he will serve one also whom he loves not, and will strip her of all her ornaments; for what can any woman, be she an Oppia or a Catulla, deny to the man who serves her passion? It is on her passion that a bad woman's whole nature centres. "But how does beauty hurt the chaste?" you ask. Well, what availed Hippolytus or Bellerophon their firm resolve? The Cretan lady flared up as though repelled with scorn; no less furious was Stheneboea. Both dames lashed themselves into fury; for never is woman so savage as when her hatred is goaded on by shame.

elige quidnam
suadendum esse putes cui nubere Caesaris uxor
destinat. optimus hic et formonsissimus idem
gentis patriciae rapitur miser extinguendus
Messalinae oculis; dudum sedet illa parato
flammeolo Tyriusque palam genialis in hortis
sternitur et ritu decies centena dabuntur
antiquo, ueniet cum signatoribus auspex.
haec tu secreta et paucis commissa putabas?
non nisi legitime uolt nubere. quid placeat dic.
ni parere uelis, pereundum erit ante lucernas;
si scelus admittas, dabitur mora paruula, dum res
nota urbi et populo contingat principis aurem.
dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus. interea tu
obsequere imperio, si tanti uita dierum
paucorum. quidquid leuius meliusque putaris,
praebenda est gladio pulchra haec et candida ceruix.

[329] And now tell me what counsel you think should be given to him whom Caesar's wife is minded to wed. Best and fairest of a patrician house, the unhappy youth is dragged to destruction by Messalina's eyes. She has long been seated; her bridal veil is ready; the Tyrian nuptial couch is being spread openly in the gardens; a dowry of one million sesterces will be given after the ancient fashion, the soothsayer and the witnesses will be there. And you thought these things were secret, did you, known only to a few? But the lady will not wed save with all the due forms. Say what is your resolve: if you say nay to her, you will have to perish before the lighting of the lamps; if you perpetrate the crime, you will have a brief respite until the affair, known already to the city and the people, shall come to the Prince's ears; he will be the last to know of the dishonour of his house. Meanwhile, if you value a few days of life so highly, obey your orders: whatever you may deem the easier and the better way, that fair white neck of yours will have to be offered to the sword.

nil ergo optabunt homines? si consilium uis,
permittes ipsis expendere numinibus quid
conueniat nobis rebusque sit utile nostris;
nam pro iucundis aptissima quaeque dabunt di.
carior est illis homo quam sibi. nos animorum
inpulsu et caeca magnaque cupidine ducti
coniugium petimus partumque uxoris, at illis
notum qui pueri qualisque futura sit uxor.
ut tamen et poscas aliquid uoueasque sacellis
exta et candiduli diuina tomacula porci,
orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.
fortem posce animum mortis terrore carentem,
qui spatium uitae extremum inter munera ponat
naturae, qui ferre queat quoscumque labores,
nesciat irasci, cupiat nihil et potiores
Herculis aerumnas credat saeuosque labores
et uenere et cenis et pluma Sardanapalli.
monstro quod ipse tibi possis dare; semita certe
tranquillae per uirtutem patet unica uitae.
nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia: nos te,
nos facimus, Fortuna, deam caeloque locamus.

[346] Is there nothing then for which men shall pray? If you ask my counsel, you will leave it to the gods themselves to provide what is good for us, and what will be serviceable for our state; for, in place of what is pleasing, they will give us what is best. Man is dearer to them than he is to himself. Impelled by strong and blind desire, we ask for wife and offspring; but the gods know ot what sort the sons, of what sort the wife, will be. Nevertheless that you may have something to pray for, and be able to offer to the shrines entrails and presaging sausages from a white porker, you should pray for a sound mind in a sound body; for a stout heart that has no fear of death, and deems length of days the least of Nature's gifts; that can endure any kind of toil; that knows neither wrath nor desire, and thinks that the woes and hard labours of Hercules are better than the loves and the banquets and the down cushions of Sardanapalus. What I commend to you, you can give to yourself; for it is assuredly through virtue that lies the one and only road to a life of peace. Thou wouldst have no divinity, O Fortune, if we had but wisdom; it is we that make a goddess of thee, and place thee in the skies.

Satire 11. Extravagance and Simplicity of Living

Atticus eximie si cenat, lautus habetur,
si Rutilus, demens. quid enim maiore cachinno
excipitur uolgi quam pauper Apicius? omnis
conuictus, thermae, stationes, omne theatrum
de Rutilo. nam dum ualida ac iuuenalia membra
sufficiunt galeae dumque ardent sanguine, fertur
non cogente quidem sed nec prohibente tribuno
scripturus leges et regia uerba lanistae.
multos porro uides, quos saepe elusus ad ipsum
creditor introitum solet expectare macelli,
et quibus in solo uiuendi causa palato est.
egregius cenat meliusque miserrimus horum
et cito casurus iam perlucente ruina.
interea gustus elementa per omnia quaerunt
numquam animo pretiis obstantibus; interius si
attendas, magis illa iuuant quae pluris ementur.
ergo haut difficile est perituram arcessere summam
lancibus oppositis uel matris imagine fracta,
et quadringentis nummis condire gulosum
fictile; sic ueniunt ad miscellanea ludi.
refert ergo quis haec eadem paret; in Rutilo nam
luxuria est, in Ventidio laudabile nomen
sumit et a censu famam trahit.

[1] If Atticus dines sumptuously, he is thought a fine gentleman; if Rutilus does the same, people say he has lost his senses: for at what does the public laugh so loudly as at an Apicius reduced to poverty? Every dinner table, all the baths, lounging-places and theatres have their fling at Rutilus; for while still young, active, and warm-blooded, and fit to wear a helmet, he plunges on till he will have to enrol himself — not compelled indeed, but not forbidden by the Tribune — under the rules and royal mandates of a trainer of gladiators. You may see many of these gentry being waited for by an oft-eluded creditor at the entrance to the meat-market — men whose sole reason for living lies in their palate. The greater

their straits — though the house is ready to fall, and the daylight begins to show between the cracks — the more luxuriously and daintily do they dine. Meanwhile they ransack all the elements for new relishes; no cost ever stands in their way; if you look closely into it, the greater the price, the greater the pleasure. So when they want to raise money to go after the rest, they think nothing of pawning their plate, or breaking up the image of their mother; and having thus seasoned their gluttonous delf at a cost of four hundred sesterces, they come down at last to the hotch-potch of the gladiatorial school. It matters much therefore who provides the feast; what is extravagant in Rutilus, gets a fine name in Ventidius, and takes its character from his means.

illum ego iure
despiciam, qui scit quanto sublimior Atlas
omnibus in Libya sit montibus, hic tamen idem
ignorat quantum ferrata distet ab arca
sacculus. e caelo descendit gnyi seautn
figendum et memori tractandum pectore, siue
coniugium quaeras uel sacri in parte senatus
esse uelis; neque enim loricam poscit Achillis
Thersites, in qua se traducebat Vlixes;
ancipitem seu tu magno discrimine causam
protegere adfectas, te consule, dic tibi qui sis,
orator uehemens an Curtius et Matho buccae.
noscenda est mensura sui spectandaque rebus
in summis minimisque, etiam cum piscis emetur,
ne mullum cupias, cum sit tibi gobio tantum
in loculis. quis enim te deficiente crumina
et crescente gula manet exitus, aere paterno
ac rebus mersis in uentrem fenoris atque
argenti grauis et pecorum agrorumque capacem?
talibus a dominis post cuncta nouissimus exit
anulus, et digito mendicat Pollio nudo.
non praematuri cineres nec funus acerbum
luxuriae sed morte magis metuenda senectus.

[23] Rightly do I despise a man who knows how much higher Atlas is than all the other mountains of Africa, and yet knows not the difference between a purse and an iron-bound money-box. The maxim “Know thyself” comes down to us from

the skies; it should be imprinted in the heart, and stored in the memory, whether you are looking for a wife, or wishing for a seat in the sacred Senate: even Thersites never asked for that breastplate of Achilles in which Ulysses cut such a sorry figure. If you are preparing to conduct a great and difficult cause, take counsel of yourself and tell yourself what you are — are you a great orator, or just a spouter like Curtius and Matho? Let a man take his own measure and have regard to it in things great or small, even in the buying of a fish, that he set not his heart upon a mullet, when he has only a gudgeon in his purse. For if your purse is getting empty while your maw is expanding, what will be your end when you have sunk your paternal fortune and all your belongings in a belly which can hold capital and solid silver as well as flocks and lands? With such owners the last thing to go is the ring; poor Pollio, his finger stripped, has to go a-begging! It is not an early death or an untimely grave that extravagance has to dread: old age is more terrible to it than death.

hi plerumque gradus: conducta pecunia Romae
et coram dominis consumitur; inde, ubi paulum
nescio quid superest et pallet fenoris auctor,
qui uertere solum, Baias et ad ostrea currunt.
cedere namque foro iam non est deterius quam
Esquilias a feruenti migrare Subura.
ille dolor solus patriam fugientibus, illa
maestitia est, caruisse anno circensibus uno.
sanguinis in facie non haeret gutta, morantur
pauci ridiculum et fugientem ex urbe pudorem.

[46] The regular stages are these: money is borrowed in Rome and squandered before the owner's eyes; when some little of it is still left, and the lender's face grows pale, these gentlemen give leg bail, and make off for Baiae and its oyster-beds — for in these days people think no more of absconding from the Forum than of flitting from the stuffy Subuva to the Esquiline. One pang, one sorrow only, afflicts these exiles, that they must, for one season, miss the Circensian games! No drop of blood lingers in their cheek: Shame is ridiculed as she flees from the city, and few would bid her stay.

experiere hodie numquid pulcherrima dictu,
Persice, non praestem uita et moribus et re,
si laudem siliquas occultus ganeo, pultes

coram aliis dictem puero sed in aure placentas.
nam cum sis conuiua mihi promissus, habebis
Euandrum, uenies Tirynthius aut minor illo
hospes, et ipse tamen contingens sanguine caelum,
alter aquis, alter flammis ad sidera missus.
fercula nunc audi nullis ornata macellis.
de Tiburtino ueniet pinguissimus agro
haedulus et toto grege mollior, inscius herbae
necdum ausus uirgas humilis mordere salicti,
qui plus lactis habet quam sanguinis, et montani
asparagi, posito quos legit uilica fuso.
grandia praeterea tortoque calentia feno
oua adsunt ipsis cum matribus, et seruatae
parte anni quales fuerant in uitibus uuae,
Signinum Syriumque pirum, de corbibus isdem
aemula Picenis et odoris mala recentis
nec metuenda tibi, siccatum frigore postquam
autumnum et crudi posuere pericula suci.

[56] To-day, friend Persicus, you will discover whether I make good, in deed and in my ways of life, the fair maxims which I preach, or whether, while commending beans, I am at heart a glutton: openly bidding my slave to bring me porridge, but whispering “cheese-cakes” in his ear. For now that you have promised to be my guest, you will find in me an Evander; you yourself will be the Tirynthian, or the guest less great than he, though he too came of blood divine — the one by water, the other borne by fire, to the stars. And now hear my feast, which no meat-market shall adorn. From my Tiburtine farm there will come a plump kid, tenderest of the flock, innocent of grass, that has never yet dared to nibble the twigs of the dwarf willow, and has more of milk in him than blood; some wild asparagus, gathered by the bailiff’s wife when done with her spindle, and some lordly eggs, warm in their wisps of hay, together with the hens that laid them. There will be crapes too, kept half the year, as fresh as when they hung upon the tree; pears from Signia and Syria, and in the same baskets fresh-smelling apples that rival those of Picenum, and of which you need not be afraid, seeing that winter’s cold has dried up their autumnal juice, and removed the perils of unripeness.

haec olim nostri iam luxuriosa senatus
cena fuit. Curius paruo quae legerat horto
ipse focis breuibus ponebat holuscula, quae nunc
squalidus in magna fastidit conpede fossor,
qui meminit calidae sapiat quid uolua popinae.
sicci terga suis rara pendentia crate
moris erat quondam festis seruare diebus
et natalicium cognatis ponere lardum
accedente noua, si quam dabat hostia, carne.
cognatorum aliquis titulo ter consulis atque
castrorum imperiis et dictatoris honore
functus ad has epulas solito maturius ibat
erectum domito referens a monte ligonem.
cum tremerent autem Fabios durumque Catonem
et Scauros et Fabricium, rigidique seueros
censoris mores etiam collega timeret,
nemo inter curas et seria duxit habendum
qualis in Oceani fluctu testudo nataret,
clarum Troiugenis factura et nobile fulcrum;
sed nudo latere et paruis frons aerea lectis
uile coronati caput ostendebat aselli,
ad quod lasciui ludebant ruris alumni.
[tales ergo cibi qualis domus atque supellex.]

[77] Such were the banquets of our Senate in days of old, when already grown luxurious; when Curius, with his own hands, would lay upon his modest hearth the simple herbs he had gathered in his little garden — herbs scoffed at nowadays by the dirty ditcher who works in chains, and remembers the savour of tripe in the reeking cookshop. For feast days, in olden times, they would keep a side of dried pork, hanging from an open rack, or put before the relations a flitch of birthday bacon, with the addition of some fresh meat, if there happened to be a sacrifice to supply it. A kinsman who had thrice been hailed as Consul, who had commanded armies, and filled the office of Dictator, would come home earlier than was his wont for such a feast, shouldering the spade with which he had been subduing the hillside. For when men quailed before a Fabius or a stern Cato, before a Scaurus or a Fabricius — when even a Censor might dread the severe verdict of his colleague — no one deemed it a matter of grave and serious concern what kind of tortoise-shell was swimming in the waves of Ocean to form a head-rest for our

Troy-born grandees. Couches in those days were small, their sides unadorned: a simple headpiece of bronze would display the head of a be-garlanded ass, beside which would romp in play the children of the village. Thus house and furniture were all in keeping with the fare.

tunc rudis et Graias mirari nescius artes
urbibus euersis praedarum in parte reperta
magnorum artificum frangebat pocula miles,
ut phaleris gauderet ecus caelataque cassis
Romuleae simulacra ferae mansuescere iussae
imperii fato, geminos sub rupe Quirinos
ac nudam effigiem in clipeo uenientis et hasta
pendentisque dei perituro ostenderet hosti.
ponebant igitur Tusco farrata catino:
argenti quod erat solis fulgebat in armis.
omnia tunc quibus inuideas, si liuidulus sis.
templorum quoque maiestas praesentior, et uox
nocte fere media mediamque audita per urbem
litore ab Oceani Gallis uenientibus et dis
officium uatis peragentibus. his monuit nos,
hanc rebus Latiis curam praestare solebat
fictilis et nullo uiolatus Iuppiter auro.

[100] The rude soldier of those days had no taste for, or knowledge of, Greek art; if allotted cups made by great artists as his share in the booty of a captured city, he would break them up to provide gay trappings for his horse, or to chase a helmet that should display to the dying foe an image of the Romulean beast bidden by Rome's destiny to grow tame, with the twin Quirini beneath a rock, and the nude effigy of the God swooping down with spear and shield. Their messes of spelt were then served on platters of earthenware; such silver as there was glittered only on their arms — all which things you may envy if you are at all inclined that way. The majesty of the temples also was more near to help us; it was then that was heard through the entire city that midnight voice telling how the Gauls were advancing from the shores of Ocean, the Gods taking on them the part of prophecy. Such were the warnings of Jupiter, such the cave which he bestowed on the concerns of Latium when he was made of clay, and undefiled by gold.

illa domi natas nostraque ex arbore mensas
tempora uiderunt; hos lignum stabat ad usus,
annosam si forte nucem deiecerat eurus.
at nunc diuitibus cenandi nulla uoluptas,
nil rhombus, nil damma sapit, putere uidentur
unguenta atque rosae, latos nisi sustinet orbis
grande ebur et magno sublimis pardus hiatu
dentibus ex illis quos mittit porta Syenes
et Mauri celeres et Mauro obscurior Indus,
et quos deposuit Nabataeo belua saltu
iam nimios capitique graues. hinc surgit orexis,
hinc stomacho uires; nam pes argenteus illis,
anulus in digito quod ferreus. ergo superbum
conuiuam caueo, qui me sibi comparat et res
despicit exiguas. adeo nulla uncia nobis
est eboris, nec tessellae nec calculus ex hac
materia, quin ipsa manubria cultellorum
ossea. non tamen his ulla umquam obsonia fiunt
rancidula aut ideo peior gallina secatur.
sed nec structor erit cui cedere debeat omnis
pergula, discipulus Trypheri doctoris, apud quem
sumine cum magno lepus atque aper et pygargus
et Scythicae uolucres et phoenicopterus ingens
et Gaetulus oryx hebeti lautissima ferro
caeditur et tota sonat ulmea cena Subura.
nec frustum capreae subducere nec latus Afrae
nouit auis noster, tirunculus ac rudis omni
tempore et exiguae furtis inbutus ofellae.
plebeios calices et paucis assibus emptos
porriget incultus puer atque a frigore tutus,
non Phryx aut Lycius [non a mangone petitus
quisquam erit et magno]: cum posces, posce Latine.
idem habitus cunctis, tonsi rectique capilli
atque hodie tantum propter conuiuia pexi.
pastoris duri hic filius, ille bubulci.
suspirat longo non uisam tempore matrem
et casulam et notos tristis desiderat haedos
ingenui uoltus puer ingenuique pudoris,
qualis esse decet quos ardens purpura uestit,

nec pupillares defert in balnea raucus
testiculos, nec uellendas iam praebuit alas,
crassa nec opposito pauidus tegit inguina guto.
hic tibi uina dabit diffusa in montibus illis
a quibus ipse uenit, quorum sub uertice lusit.
[namque una atque eadem est uini patria atque ministri.]

[117] In those days our tables were home-grown, made of our own trees; for such use was kept some aged chestnut blown down perchance by the Southwestern blast. But nowadays a rich man takes no pleasure in his dinner — his turbot and his venison have no taste, his unguents and his roses no perfume — unless the broad slabs of his dinner-table rest upon a ramping, gaping leopard of solid ivory, made of the tusks sent to us by the swift-footed Moor from the portal of Syene, or by the still duskier Indian — or perhaps shed by the monstrous beast in the Nabataean forest when too big and too heavy for his head. These are the things that give good appetite and good digestion; for to these gentlemen a table with a leg of silver is like a finger with an iron ring. For this reason I will have none of your haughty guests to make comparisons between himself and me, and look down upon my humble state. So destitute am I of ivory that neither my dice nor counters are made of it; even my knife-handles are of bone. Yet are not the viands tainted thereby, nor does the pullet cut up any the worse on that account. Nor shall I have a carver to whom the whole carving-school must bow, a pupil of the learned Trypherus, in whose school is cut up, with blunt knives, a magnificent feast of hares and sow's paunches, of boars and antelopes, of Scythian fowls and tall flamingoes and Gaetulian gazelles, until the whole Subura rings with the clatter of the elm-wood banquet. My raw youngster, untutored all his days, has never learnt how to filch a slice of kid or the wing of a guinea-fowl, unpractised save in the theft of scraps. Cups of common ware, bought for a few pence, will be handed round by an unpolished lad, clad so as to keep out the cold. No Phrygian or Lycian youth, none bought from a dealer at a huge price, will you find; when you want anything, ask for it in Latin. They are all dressed alike; their hair cut close and uncurled, and only combed to-day because of the company. One is the son of a hardy shepherd; another of the cattle-man: he sighs for the mother whom he has not seen for so long, and thinks wistfully of the little cottage and the kids he knew so well; a lad of open countenance and simple modesty, such as those ought to be who are clothed in glowing purple. No noisy frequenter he of baths, presenting his armpits to be cleared of hair, and with only an oil-flask to conceal his nudity. He will hand you a wine that was bottled on the hills among which he

was born, and beneath whose tops he played — for wine and servant alike have one and the same fatherland.

forsitan expectes ut Gaditana canoro
incipiant prurire choro plausuque probatae
ad terram tremulo descendant clune puellae,
[spectant hoc nuptae iuxta recubante marito
quod pudeat narrare aliquem praesentibus ipsis.]
inritamentum ueneris languentis et acres
diuitis urticae [maior tamen ista uoluptas
alterius sexus]; magis ille extenditur, et mox
auribus atque oculis concepta urina mouetur.
non capit has nugas humilis domus. audiat ille
testarum crepitus cum uerbis, nudum olido stans
fornice mancipium quibus abstinet, ille fruatur
uocibus obscenis omnique libidinis arte,
qui Lacedaemonium pytismate lubricat orbem;
namque ibi fortunae ueniam damus. alea turpis,
turpe et adulterium mediocribus: haec eadem illi
omnia cum faciunt, hilares nitidique uocantur.
nostra dabunt alios hodie conuiuia ludos:
conditor Iliados cantabitur atque Maronis
altisoni dubiam facientia carmina palmam.
quid refert, tales uersus qua uoce legantur?

[162] You may look perhaps for a troop of Spanish maidens to win applause by immodest dance and song, sinking down with quivering thighs to the floor — such sights as brides behold seated beside their husbands, though it were a shame to speak of such things in their presence. . . . My humble home has no place for follies such as these. The clatter of castanets, words too foul for the strumpet that stands naked in a reeking archway, with all the arts and language of lust, may be left to him who spits wine upon floors of Lacedaemonian marble; such men we pardon because of their high station. In men of moderate position gaming and adultery are shameful; but when those others do these same things, they are called gay fellows and fine gentlemen. My feast to-day will provide other performances than these. The bard of the *Iliad* will be sung, and the lays of the lofty-toned Maro that contest the palm with his. What matters it with what voice strains like these are read?

sed nunc dilatis auerte negotia curis
et gratam requiem dona tibi, quando licebit
per totum cessare diem. non fenoris ulla
mentio nec, prima si luce egressa reuerti
nocte solet, tacito bilem tibi contrahat uxor
umida suspectis referens multicia rugis
uexatasque comas et uoltum auremque calentem.
protinus ante meum quidquid dolet exue limen,
pone domum et seruos et quidquid frangitur illis
aut perit, ingratos ante omnia pone sodalis.

[183] And now put away cares and cast business to the winds! Present yourself with a welcome holiday, now that you may be idle for the entire day. Let there be no talk of money, and let there be no secret wrath or suspicion in your heart because your wife is wont to go forth at dawn and to come home at night with crumpled hair and flushed face and ears. Cast off straightway before my threshold all that troubles you, all thought of house and slaves, with all that slaves break or lose, and above all put away all thought of thankless friends.

interea Megalesiacae spectacula mappae
Idaeum sollemne colunt, similisque triumpho
praeda caballorum praetor sedet ac, mihi pace
inmensae nimiaeque licet si dicere plebis,
totam hodie Romam circus capit, et fragor aurem
percutit, euentum uiridis quo colligo panni.
nam si deficeret, maestam attonitamque uideres
hanc urbem ueluti Cannarum in puluere uictis
consulibus. spectent iuuenes, quos clamor et audax
sponsio, quos cultae decet adsedisse puellae:
nostra bibat uernum contracta cuticula solem
effugiatque togam. iam nunc in balnea salua
fronte licet uadas, quamquam solida hora supersit
ad sextam. facere hoc non possis quinque diebus
continuis, quia sunt talis quoque taedia uitae
magna: uoluptates commendat rarior usus.

[193] Meantime the solemn Idaean rite of the Megalesian napkin is being held; there sits the Praetor in his triumphal state, the prey of horseflesh; and (if I may say so without offence to the vast unnumbered mob) all Rome to-day is in the Circus. A roar strikes upon my ear which tells me that the Green has won; for had it lost, Rome would be as sad and dismayed as when the Consuls were vanquished in the dust of Cannae. Such sights are for the young, whom it befits to shout and make bold wagers with a smart damsel by their side: but let my shrivelled skin drink in the vernal sun, and escape the toga. You may go at once to your bath with no shame on your brow, though it wants a whole hour of mid-day. That you could not do for five days continuously, since even such a life has weariness. It is rarity that gives zest to pleasure.

Satire 12. How Catullus escaped Shipwreck

Natali, Coruine, die mihi dulcior haec lux,
qua festus promissa deis animalia caespes
expectat. niueam reginae ducimus agnam,
par uellus dabitur pugnanti Gorgone Maura;
sed procul extensum petulans quatit hostia funem
Tarpeio seruata Ioui frontemque coruscat,
quippe ferox uitulus templis maturus et arae
spargendusque mero, quem iam pudet ubera matris
ducere, qui uexat nascenti robora cornu.
si res ampla domi similisque adfectibus esset,
pinguior Hispulla traheretur taurus et ipsa
mole piger, nec finitima nutritus in herba,
laeta sed ostendens Clitumni pascua sanguis
et grandi ceruix iret ferienda ministro
ob reditum trepidantis adhuc horrendaque passi
nuper et incolumem sese mirantis amici.

[1] Dearer to me, Corvinus, is this day, when my festal turf is awaiting the victims vowed to the Gods, than my own birthday. To the Queen of Heaven I offer a snow-white lamb; a fleece as white to the Goddess armed with the Moorish Gorgon; hard by is the frolicsome victim destined for Tarpeian Jove, shaking the tight-stretched rope and brandishing his brow; for he is a bold young steer, ripe for temple and for altar, and fit to be sprinkled with wine; it already shames him to suck his mother’s milk, and with his budding horn he assails the oaks. Were my fortune large, and as ample as my love, I should have been hauling along a bull fatter than Hispulla, slow-footed from his very bulk; reared on no neighbouring herbage he, but showing in his blood the rich pastures of the Clitumnus, and marching along to to offer his neck to the stroke of the stalwart priest, to celebrate the return of my still trembling friend who has lately gone through such terrors, and now marvels to find himself safe and sound.

nam praeter pelagi casus et fulminis ictus
euasit. densae caelum abscondere tenebrae

nube una subitusque antemnas inpulit ignis,
cum se quisque illo percussum crederet et mox
attonitus nullum conferri posse putaret
naufragium uelis ardentibus. omnia fiunt
talia, tam grauiter, si quando poetica surgit
tempestas. genus ecce aliud discriminis audi
et miserere iterum, quamquam sint cetera sortis
eiusdem pars dira quidem sed cognita multis
et quam uotiua testantur fana tabella
plurima: pictores quis nescit ab Iside pasci?

[17] For besides the perils of the deep he escaped a lightning stroke. A mass of dense black cloud shut out the heavens, and down came a flash of fire upon the yards. Every man believed himself smitten by the bolt, and soon in his terror bethought him that no shipwreck could be so terrible as a ship on fire. All happened in the same way and as frightfully as when a storm arises in a poem, when lo! a new kind of peril came: hear it and give your pity once again, though the rest of the tale is all of one piece: a fearful lot, well known to many, and testified by many a votive tablet in our temples. Who knows not that it is Isis who feeds our painters?

accidit et nostro similis fortuna Catullo.
cum plenus fluctu medius foret alueus et iam
alternum puppis latus euertentibus undis
arboris incertae, nullam prudentia cani
rectoris cum ferret opem, decidere iactu
coepit cum uentis, imitatus castora, qui se
eunuchum ipse facit cupiens euadere damno
testiculi: adeo medicatum intellegit inguen.
‘fundite quae mea sunt’ dicebat ‘cuncta’ Catullus
praecipitare uolens etiam pulcherrima, uestem
purpuream teneris quoque Maecenatibus aptam,
atque alias quarum generosi graminis ipsum
infecit natura pecus, sed et egregius fons
uiribus occultis et Baeticus adiuuat aer.
ille nec argentum dubitabat mittere, lances
Parthenio factas, urnae cratera capacem
et dignum sitiente Pholo uel coniuge Fusci;

adde et bascaudas et mille escaria, multum
caelati, biberat quo callidus emptor Olynthi.
sed quis nunc alius, qua mundi parte quis audet
argento praeferre caput rebusque salutem?
[non propter uitam faciunt patrimonia quidam,
sed uitio caeci propter patrimonia uiuunt.]

[29] A fate like to these befell our friend Catullus also. For when the hold was half full of water, and the waves rocked the hull from side to side, so that the white-haired skipper, with all his skill, could bring no succour to the labouring mast, he resolved to compound with the winds like the beaver, who gives up one part of his body that he may keep the rest; so conscious is he of the drug which he carries in his groin. "Overboard with everything!" shouted Catullus, ready to cast headlong his finest wares: purple garments, such as would have befitted a soft Maecenas, with other fabrics dyed on the sheep's back by the noble nature of the herbage — though doubtless the hidden virtues of the water and air of Baetica also lent their aid. Nor did he hesitate to throw over pieces of silver plate — charger's wrought by Parthenius, and bowls holding three gallons, fit to slake the thirst of the Centaur Pholus or the wife of Fuscus. Besides these were baskets and dishes without number, and much chased work out of which the crafty purchaser of Olynthus had slaked his thirst. What other man is there, in what part of the world, who would dare to value his life above his plate, or his safety above his property? Some men are so blinded and depraved that, instead of making fortunes for the sake of living, they live for their fortunes' sake.

iactatur rerum utilium pars maxima, sed nec
damna leuant. tunc aduersis urguentibus illuc
reccidit ut malum ferro summitteret, ac se
explicat angustum: discriminis ultima, quando
praesidia adferimus nauem factura minorem.
i nunc et uentis animam committe dolato
confisus ligno, digitis a morte remotus
quattuor aut septem, si sit latissima, taedae;
mox cum reticulis et pane et uentre lagonae
accipe sumendas in tempestate secures.

[52] And now most of the cargo has gone overboard, but even these losses do not ease the vessel; so in his extremity the skipper had to fall back upon cutting away

the mast, and so find a way out of his straits — a dire pass indeed when no remedy can be found but one that diminishes the ship! Go now, and commit your life to the winds! Go trust yourself to a hewn plank which parts you from death by four finger-breadths, or seven if it be extra thick! Only remember in future, besides your bread and your bread-basket and your pot-bellied flagon, to take with you axes also for use in time of storm.

sed postquam iacuit planum mare, tempora postquam
prospera uectoris fatumque ualentius euro
et pelago, postquam Parcae meliora benigna
pensa manu ducunt hilares et staminis albi
lanificae, modica nec multum fortior aura
uentus adest, inopi miserabilis arte cucurrit
uestibus extentis et, quod superauerat unum,
uelo prora suo. iam deficientibus austris
spes uitae cum sole redit. tum gratus Iulo
atque nouercali sedes praelata Lauino
conspicitur sublimis apex, cui candida nomen
scrofa dedit, laetis Phrygibus mirabile sumen
et numquam uisis triginta clara mamillis.

[62] But soon the sea fell flat, and our mariners came on better times. Destiny proved stronger than wind and wave; the glad Fates, with kindly hand, spun a yarn of white wool, there sprang up what was no stronger than a gentle breeze, under which the poor ship sped on by the sorry help of outstretched garments, and the single sail now left to her on her prow. Soon the winds abated, and out came the sun, bringing hope of life; and then there came into view the beetling height so dear to Iulus, and preferred by him for his abode to his stepmother's Lavinum, a height that took its name from the white sow whose wondrous womb made glad the Phrygians' hearts, and gained fame for her thirty teats — a sight never seen before!

tandem intrat positas inclusa per aequora moles
Tyrrhenamque pharon porrectaque bracchia rursum
quae pelago occurrunt medio longeque relincunt
Italiam; non sic igitur mirabere portus
quos natura dedit. sed trunca puppe magister
interiora petit Baianae peruia cumbae

tuti stagna sinus, gaudent ubi uertice raso
garrula securi narrare pericula nautae.

[75] And now at length the ship comes within the moles built out to enclose the sea. She passes the Tyrrhenian Pharos, and those arms which stretch out and meet again in mid-ocean, leaving Italy far behind — a port more wondrous far than those of Nature's making. Then the skipper, with his crippled ship, makes for the still waters of the inner basin in which any Baian shallop may ride in safety. There the sailors shave their heads and delight, in garrulous ease, to tell the story of their perils.

ite igitur, pueri, linguis animisque fauentes
sertaque delubris et farra inponite cultris
ac mollis ornate focos glebamque uirentem.
iam sequar et sacro, quod praestat, rite peracto
inde domum repetam, graciles ubi parua coronas
accipiunt fragili simulacra nitentia cera.
hic nostrum placabo Iouem Laribusque paternis
tura dabo atque omnis uiolae iactabo colores.
cuncta nitent, longos erexit ianua ramos
et matutinis operatur festa lucernis.

[83] Away then, ye boys, and with reverent tongues and souls hang up garlands upon the shrines, sprinkle meal upon the knives, and deck the soft altars of verdant turf. I will quickly follow, and having duly performed the greater rite, will return thence home, where my little images of shining crumbling wax are being decked with slender wreaths. Here will I entreat my own Jupiter; here will I offer incense to my paternal Lares, and scatter pansies of every hue. Here all is bright; the gateway, in token of feast, has put up trailing branches, and is worshipping with early-lighted lamps.

neu suspecta tibi sint haec, Coruine, Catullus,
pro cuius reditu tot pono altaria, paruos
tres habet heredes. libet expectare quis aegram
et claudentem oculos gallinam inpendat amico
tam sterili; uerum haec nimia est inpensa, coturnix
nulla umquam pro patre cadet. sentire calorem

si coepit locuples Gallitta et Pacius orbi,
legitime fixis uestitur tota libellis
porticus, existunt qui promittant hecatomben,
quatenus hic non sunt nec uenales elephanti,
nec Latio aut usquam sub nostro sidere talis
belua concipitur, sed furua gente petita
arboribus Rutulis et Turni pascitur agro,
Caesaris armentum nulli seruire paratum
priuato, siquidem Tyrio parere solebant
Hannibali et nostris ducibus regique Molosso
horum maiores ac dorso ferre cohortis,
partem aliquam belli, et euntem in proelia turrem.
nulla igitur mora per Nouium, mora nulla per Histrum
Pacuuium, quin illud ebur ducatur ad aras
et cadat ante Lares Gallittae uictima sola
tantis digna deis et captatoribus horum.
alter enim, si concedas, mactare uouebit
de grege seruorum magna et pulcherrima quaeque
corpora, uel pueris et frontibus ancillarum
inponet uittas et, si qua est nubilis illi
Iphigenia domi, dabit hanc altaribus, etsi
non sperat tragicae furtiua piacula ceruae.

[93] Look not askance, Corvinus, upon these rejoicings. The Catullus for whose return I set up all these altars has three little heirs of his own. You may wait long enough before you find anyone to bestow a sickly hen, just closing her eyes, upon so unprofitable a friend; nay, a hen would be all too costly: no quail will ever fall for a man who is a father! But if the rich and childless Gallitta or Pacius have a touch of fever, their entire porticoes will be dressed out with tablets fastened in due form; there will be some to vow hecatombs, not elephants, indeed, seeing that elephants are not for sale, nor does that beast breed in Latium, or anywhere beneath our skies, but is fetched from the dark man's land, and fed in the Rutulian forest and the domains of Turnus. The herd is Caesar's,' and will serve no private master, since their forefathers were wont to obey the Tyrian Hannibal and our generals and the Molossian king, and to carry cohorts on their backs — no small fraction of a war — whole towers going forth to battle! Therefore Novius would not hesitate, Pacuvius Hister2 would not hesitate, to lead that ivoried monster to the altar, and offer it to Gallitta's Lares, the only victim worthy of such august

divinities, and of those who hunt their gold. For the latter worthy, if permitted, will vow to sacrifice the tallest and comeliest of his slaves; he will place fillets on the brows of his slave-boys and maidservants; if he has a marriageable Iphigenia at home, he will place her upon the altar, though he could never hope for the hind of tragic story to provide a secret substitute.

laudo meum ciuem, nec comparo testamento
mille rates; nam si Libitinam euaserit aeger,
delebit tabulas inclusus carcere nassae
post meritum sane mirandum atque omnia soli
forsan Pacuuio breuiter dabit, ille superbus
incedet uictis riualibus. ergo uides quam
grande operae pretium faciat iugulata Mycenis.
uiuat Pacuuius quaeso uel Nestora totum,
possideat quantum rapuit Nero, montibus aurum
exaequet, nec amet quemquam nec ametur ab ullo.

[121] I commend the wisdom of my fellow townsman, nor can I compare a thousand ships to an inheritance; for if the sick man escape the Goddess of Death, he will be caught within the net, he will destroy his will, and after the prodigious services of Pacuvius will maybe by a single word, make him heir to all his possessions, and Pacuvius will strut proudly over his vanquished rivals. You see therefore how well worth while it was to slaughter that maiden at Mycenae! Long live Pacuvius! may he live, I pray, as many years as Nestor; may he possess as much as Nero plundered; may he pile up gold mountain-high; may he love no one, and be by none beloved!

Satire 13. The Terrors of a Guilty Conscience

Exemplo quodcumque malo committitur, ipsi
displicet auctori. prima est haec ultio, quod se
iudice nemo nocens absoluitur, improba quamuis
gratia fallaci praetoris uicerit urna.
quid sentire putas homines, Caluine, recenti
de scelere et fidei uiolatae crimine? sed nec
tam tenuis census tibi contigit, ut mediocris
iacturae te mergat onus, nec rara uidemus
quae pateris: casus multis hic cognitus ac iam
tritus et e medio fortunae ductus aceruo.
ponamus nimios gemitus. flagrantior aequo
non debet dolor esse uiri nec uolnere maior.
tu quamuis leuium minimam exiguamque malorum
particulam uix ferre potes spumantibus ardens
uisceribus, sacrum tibi quod non reddat amicus
depositum? stupet haec qui iam post terga reliquit
sexaginta annos Fonteio consule natus?
an nihil in melius tot rerum proficis usu?

[1] No deed that sets an example of evil brings joy to the doer of it. The first punishment is this: that no guilty man is acquitted at the bar of his own conscience, though he have won his cause by a juggling urn, and the corrupt favour of the judge. What do you suppose, Calvinus, that people are now thinking about the recent villainy and the charge of trust betrayed? Your means are not so small that the weight of a slight loss will weigh you down; nor is your misfortune rare. Such a mishap has been known to many; it is one of the common kind, plucked at random out of Fortune's heap. Away with undue lamentations! a man's wrath should not be hotter than is fit, nor greater than the loss sustained. You are scarce able to bear, the very smallest particle of misfortune; your bowels foam hot within you because your friend will not give up to you the sacred trust committed to him; does this amaze one who was born in the Consulship of Fonteius, and has left sixty years behind him? Have you gained nothing from all your experience?

magna quidem, sacris quae dat praecepta libellis,
uictrix fortunae sapientia, ducimus autem
hos quoque felices, qui ferre incommoda uitae
nec iactare iugum uita didicere magistra.
quae tam festa dies, ut cesset prodere furem,
perfidiam, fraudes atque omni ex crimine lucrum
quaesitum et partos gladio uel pyxide nummos?
rari quippe boni, numera, uix sunt totidem quot
Thebarum portae uel diuitis ostia Nili.
nona aetas agitur peioraque saecula ferri
temporibus, quorum sceleri non inuenit ipsa
nomen et a nullo posuit natura metallo.
nos hominum diuomque fidem clamore ciemus
quanto Faesidium laudat uocalis agentem
sportula? dic, senior bulla dignissime, nescis
quas habeat ueneres aliena pecunia? nescis
quem tua simplicitas risum uulgo moueat, cum
exigis a quoquam ne peieret et putet ullis
esse aliquod numen templis araeque rubenti?
quondam hoc indigenae uiuebant more, priusquam
sumeret agrestem posito diademate falcem
Saturnus fugiens, tunc cum uirguncula Iuno
et priuatus adhuc Idaeis Iuppiter antris;
nulla super nubes conuiuia caelicolarum
nec puer Iliacus formonsa nec Herculis uxor
ad cyathos et iam siccato nectare tergens
bracchia Volcanus Liparaea nigra taberna;
prandebat sibi quisque deus nec turba deorum
talis ut est hodie, contentaque sidera paucis
numinibus miserum urguebant Atlanta minori
pondere; nondum imi sortitus triste profundi
imperium Sicula toruos cum coniuge Pluton,
nec rota nec Furiae nec saxum aut uolturis atri
poena, sed infernis hilares sine regibus umbrae.
inprobitas illo fuit admirabilis aeuo,
credebant quo grande nefas et morte piandum
si iuuenis uetulo non adsurrexerat et si
barbato cuicumque puer, licet ipse uideret
plura domi fraga et maiores glandis aceruos;

tam uenerabile erat praecedere quattuor annis
primaque par adeo sacrae lanugo senectae.

[19] Great indeed is Philosophy, the conqueror of Fortune, and sacred are her precepts; but they too are to be deemed happy who have learnt under the schooling of life to endure its ills without fretting against the yoke. What day is there, however festal, which fails to disclose theft, treachery and fraud: gain made out of every kind of crime, and money won by the dagger or the bowl? For honest men are scarce; hardly so numerous as the gates of Thebes, or the mouths of the enriching Nile. We are living in a ninth age; an age more evil than that of iron — one for whose wickedness Nature herself can find no name, no metal from which to call it. We summon Gods and men to our aid with cries as loud as that with which the vocal dole applauds Faesidius when he pleads. Tell me, you old gentleman, that should be wearing the *bulla* of childhood, do you know nothing of the charm of other people's money? Are you ignorant of how the world laughs at your simplicity when you demand of any man that he shall not perjure himself, and believe that some divinity is to be found in temples or in altars red with blood? Primitive men lived thus in the olden days, before Saturn laid down his diadem and fled, betaking himself to the rustic sickle; in the days when Juno was a little maid, and Jupiter still a private gentleman in the caves of Ida. In those days there were no banquets of the heavenly host above the clouds, there was no Trojan youth, no fair wife of Hercules for cup-bearer, no Vulcan wiping arms begrimed by the Liparaean forge after tossing off his nectar. Each God then dined by himself; there was no such mob of deities as there is to-day; the stars were satisfied with a few divinities, and pressed with a lighter load upon the hapless Atlas. No monarch had as yet had the gloomy realms below allotted to him; there was no grim Pluto with a Sicilian spouse; there was no wheel, no rock, no Furies, no black torturing Vulture; the shades led a merry life, with no kings over their nether world. Dishonesty was a prodigy in those days; men deemed it a heinous sin, worthy of death, if a youth did not rise before his elders, or a boy before any bearded man, though he himself might see more strawberries, and bigger heaps of acorns, in his own home. So worshipful was it to be older by four years, so equal to reverend age was the first down of manhood!

nunc si depositum non infitietur amicus,
si reddat ueterem cum tota aerugine follem,
prodigiosa fides et Tuscis digna libellis
quaeque coronata lustrari debeat agna.

egregium sanctumque uirum si cerno, bimembri
hoc monstrum puero et miranti sub aratro
piscibus inuentis et fetae comparo mulae,
sollicitus, tamquam lapides effuderit imber
examenque apium longa consederit uua
culmine delubri, tamquam in mare fluxerit amnis
gurgitibus miris et lactis uertice torrens.

[60] But nowadays, if a friend does not disavow a sum entrusted to him, if he restore the old purse with all its rust, his good faith is deemed a portent calling for the sacred books of Etruria, and to be expiated by a lamb decked with garlands. If I discover an upright and blameless man, I liken him to a boy born with double limbs, or to fishes found by a marvelling rustic under the plough, or to a pregnant mule: I am as concerned as though it had rained stones, or a swarm of bees had settled in a long cluster on a temple-roof, or as though some river had poured down wondrous floods of milk into the sea.

intercepta decem quereris sestertia fraude
sacrilega. quid si bis centum perdidit alter
hoc arcana modo, maiorem tertius illa
summam, quam patulae uix ceperat angulus arcae?
tam facile et pronum est superos contemnere testes,
si mortalis idem nemo sciat. aspice quanta
uoce neget, quae sit ficti constantia uoltus.
per Solis radios Tarpeiaque fulmina iurat
et Martis frameam et Cirrhaei spicula uatis,
per calamos uenatricis pharetramque puellae
perque tuum, pater Aegaei Neptune, tridentem,
addit et Herculeos arcus hastamque Mineruae,
quidquid habent telorum armamentaria caeli.
si uero et pater est, ‘comedam’ inquit ‘flebile nati
sinciput elixi Pharioque madentis aceto.’

[71] You complain, do you, that by an impious fraud you have been robbed of ten thousand sesterces? What if someone else has by a like fraud lost a secret deposit of two hundred thousand sesterces? A third a still greater sum, which could scarce find room in the corners of his ample treasure-chest? So simple and easy a thing is it to disregard heavenly witnesses, if no mortal man is privy to the secret! Hear

how loudly the fellow denies the charge! See the assurance of his perfidious face! He swears by the rays of the sun and the Tarpeian thunderbolts; by the lance of Mars and the arrows of the Cirrhaean Seer; by the shafts and quiver of the maiden huntress, and by thine own trident, O Neptune, thou lord of the Aegaean sea. He throws in besides the bow of Hercules, and Minerva's spear, and all the weapons contained in all the armouries of Heaven; if he be a father, "May I eat," he tearfully declares, "my own son's head boiled, and dripping with Egyptian vinegar!"

sunt in fortunae qui casibus omnia ponant
et nullo credant mundum rectore moueri
natura uoluente uices et lucis et anni,
atque ideo intrepidi quaecumque altaria tangunt.
[est alius metuens ne crimen poena sequatur.]
hic putat esse deos et peierat, atque ita secum:
'decernat quodcumque uolet de corpore nostro
Isis et irato feriat mea lumina sistro,
dummodo uel caecus teneam quos abnego nummos.
et pthisis et uomicae putres et dimidium crus
sunt tanti. pauper locupletem optare podagram
nec dubitet Ladas, si non eget Anticyra nec
Archigene; quid enim uelocis gloria plantae
praestat et esuriens Pisaeae ramus oliuae?
ut sit magna, tamen certe lenta ira deorum est;
si curant igitur cunctos punire nocentes,
quando ad me uenient? sed et exorabile numen
fortasse experiar; solet his ignoscere. multi
committunt eadem diuerso crimina fato:
ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema.'

[86] Some think that all things are subject to the chances of Fortune; these believe that the world has no governor to move it, but that Nature rolls along the changes of day and year; they will therefore lay their hands on any altar you please without a tremor. Another fears that punishment will follow crime; he believes that there are Gods, but perjures himself all the same, reasoning thus within himself: "Let Isis deal with my body as she wills, and blast my sight with her avenging rattle, provided only that even when blind I may keep the money which I disavow; it is worth having phthisis or running ulcers or losing half one's leg at

the price! Ladas himself, if not needing treatment at Anticyra or by Archigenes, would not hesitate to accept the rich man's gout; for what is to be got out of fame for swiftness of foot, or from a hungry branch of the Pisaean Olive ? The wrath of the Gods may be great, but it assuredly is slow; if then they charge themselves with punishing all the guilty, when will they get my length? And besides I may perchance find the God placable; he is wont to forgive things like this. Many commit the same crime and fare differently: one man gets a gibbet, another a crown, as the reward of crime."

sic animum dirae trepidum formidine culpae
confirmat, tunc te sacra ad delubra uocantem
praecedit, trahere immo ultro ac uexare paratus.
nam cum magna malae superest audacia causae,
creditur a multis fiducia. mimum agit ille,
urbani qualem fugitiuus scurra Catulli:
tu miser exclamas, ut Stentora uincere possis,
uel potius quantum Gradiuus Homericus, 'audis,
Iuppiter, haec nec labra moues, cum mittere uocem
debueris uel marmoreus uel aeneus? aut cur
in carbone tuo charta pia tura soluta
ponimus et sectum uituli iecur albaque porci
omenta? ut uideo, nullum discrimen habendum est
effigies inter uestras statuamque Vagelli.'

[106] That is how they reassure their minds when in terror for some deadly guilt. If you summon them then to the holy shrine, they will be there before you; nay, they will themselves drag you thither, and dare you to the proof; for when a bad cause is well backed by a bold face, the man gets credit for self-confidence. Such a one plays a part, like the runaway buffoon of the witty Catullus, but you, poor wretch, may shout so as to out-do Stentor, or rather as loudly as the Mars of Homer, "Do you hear all this, O Jupiter, with lip unmoved, when you ought to have been making yourself heard, whether you be made of marble or of bronze? Else why do I open my packet of holy incense, and place it on your blazing altar? Why offer slices of a calf's liver or the fat of a white pig? So far as I can see, there is nothing to choose between your images and the statue of Vagellius!"

accipe quae contra ualeat solacia ferre
et qui nec Cynicos nec Stoica dogmata legit

a Cynicis tunica distantia, non Epicurum
suspicit exigui laetum plantaribus horti.
curentur dubii medicis maioribus aegri:
tu uenam uel discipulo committe Philippi.
si nullum in terris tam detestabile factum
ostendis, taceo, nec pugnis caedere pectus
te ueto nec plana faciem contundere palma,
quandoquidem accepto claudenda est ianua damno,
et maiore domus gemitu, maiore tumultu
planguntur nummi quam funera; nemo dolorem
fingit in hoc casu, uestem diducere summam
contentus, uexare oculos umore coacto:
ploratur lacrimis amissa pecunia ueris.

[120] And now hear what consolations can be offered on the other side by one who has not embraced the doctrines either of the Cynics, or of the Stoics — who only differ from the Cynics by a shirt — nor yet reverenced Epicurus, so proud of the herbs in his tiny garden. Let doubtful maladies be tended by doctors of repute; your veins may be entrusted to a disciple of Philippus. If in all the world you cannot show me so abominable a crime, I hold my peace; I will not forbid you to smite your breast with your fists, or to pummel your face with open palm, seeing that after so great a loss you must close your doors, and that a household bewails the loss of money with louder lamentations than a death. In such a misfortune no grief is simulated; no one is content to rend the top of his garment, or to squeeze forced moisture from his eyes; unfeigned are the tears which lament the loss of wealth.

sed si cuncta uides simili fora plena querella,
si deciens lectis diuersa parte tabellis
uana superuacui dicunt chirographa ligni,
arguit ipsorum quos littera gemmaque princeps
sardonychum, loculis quae custoditur eburnis,
ten, o delicias, extra communia censes
ponendum, quia tu gallinae filius albae,
nos uiles pulli nati infelicibus ouis?
rem pateris modicam et mediocri bile ferendam,
si flectas oculos maiora ad crimina. confer
conductum latronem, incendia sulpure coepta

atque dolo, primos cum ianua colligit ignes;
confer et hos, ueteris qui tollunt grandia templi
pocula adorandae robiginis et populorum
dona uel antiquo positas a rege coronas;
haec ibi si non sunt, minor exstat sacrilegus qui
radat inaurati femur Herculis et faciem ipsam
Neptuni, qui bratteolam de Castore ducat;
[an dubitet solitus totum conflare Tonantem?]
confer et artifices mercatoremque ueneni
et deducendum corio bouis in mare, cum quo
clauditur aduersis innoxia simia fatis.
haec quota pars scelerum, quae custos Gallicus urbis
usque a lucifero donec lux occidat audit?
humani generis mores tibi nosse uolenti
sufficit una domus; paucos consume dies et
dicere te miserum, postquam illinc ueneris, aude.
quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus aut quis
in Meroe crasso maiorem infante mamillam?
caerula quis stupuit Germani lumina, flauam
caesariem et madido torquentem cornua cirro?
[nempe quod haec illis natura est omnibus una.]
ad subitas Thracum uolucres nubemque sonoram
Pygmaeus paruis currit bellator in armis,
mox inpar hosti raptusque per aera curuis
unguibus a saeua fertur grue. si uideas hoc
gentibus in nostris, risu quatiare; sed illic,
quamquam eadem adsidue spectentur proelia, ridet
nemo, ubi tota cohors pede non est altior uno.

[135] But if you see every court beset with complaints like to yours; if after a bond has been read over ten times by the opposing party, they declare the document to be waste paper, though convicted by their own handwriting, and. by the signet ring, most choice of sardonyx stones, kept in an ivory case — do you, my fine fellow, suppose that you are to be placed outside the common lot, because you were born of a white hen, while we are common chickens, hatched out of unlucky eggs? Your loss is a modest one, to be endured with a moderate amount of choler, if you cast an eye on grosser wrongs. Compare with your case the hired robber, or the fire purposely started by sulphur, the flame bursting out at your front door;

think too of those who carry off from ancient temples splendid cups of venerable antiquity, that were the gift of nations, or crowns dedicated by some ancient monarch! If such things are not to be had, a petty desecrator will be found to scrape off the gilding from the thigh of Hercules, or from the very face of Neptune, or to strip Castor of his beaten gold. And why should he hesitate, when he has been used to melt down an entire Thunderer? Compare too the manufacturers and sellers of poison, and the man who should be cast into the sea inside an ox's hide, with whom a luckless destiny encloses a harmless ape. What a mere fraction these of the crimes which Gallicus, the guardian of our city, has to listen to from dawn to eve! If you would know what mankind is like, that one court-house will suffice; spend a few days in it, and when you come out, dare to call yourself unfortunate. Who marvels at a swollen throat in the Alps? or in Meroe at a woman's breast bigger than her sturdy babe? Who is amazed to see a German with blue eyes and yellow hair, twisting his greasy curls into a horn? We marvel not, clearly because this one nature is common to them all. The Pygmy warrior marches forth in his tiny arms to encounter the sudden swoop and clamorous cloud of Thracian birds; but soon, no match for his foe, he is snatched up by the savage crane and borne in his crooked talons through the air. If you saw this in our own country, you would shake with laughter; but in that land, where the whole host is only one foot high, though like battles are witnessed every day, no one laughs!

'nullane peiuri capitis fraudisque nefandae
poena erit?' abreptum crede hunc grauiore catena
protinus et nostro (quid plus uelit ira?) necari
arbitrio: manet illa tamen iactura nec umquam
depositum tibi sospes erit, sed corpore trunco
inuidiosa dabit minimus solacia sanguis.
'at uindicta bonum uita iucundius ipsa.'
nempe hoc indocti, quorum praecordia nullis
interdum aut leuibus uideas flagrantia causis.
[quantulacumque adeo est occasio sufficit irae.]
Chrysippus non dicet idem nec mite Thaletis
ingenium dulcique senex uicinus Hymetto,
qui partem acceptae saeua inter uincla cicutae
accusatori nollet dare. [plurima felix
paulatim uitia atque errores exuit, omnes
prima docens rectum, sapientia.] quippe minuti

semper et infirmi est animi exiguique uoluptas
ultio. continuo sic collige, quod uindicta
nemo magis gaudet quam femina.

[174] "What? Is there to be no punishment for that perjured soul and his impious fraud?" Well, suppose him to have been hurried off in heavy chains, and slain (what more could anger ask?) at our good pleasure; yet your loss still remains, your deposit will not be saved; and the smallest drop of blood from that headless body will bring you hatred along with your consolation. "O! but vengeance is good, sweeter than life itself." Yes; so say the ignorant, whose passionate hearts you may see ablaze at the slightest cause, sometimes for no cause at all; any occasion, indeed, however small it be, suffices for their wrath. But so will not Chrysippus say, or the gentle Thales, or the old man who dwelt near sweet Hymettus, who would have given to his accuser no drop of the hemlock-draught which was administered to him in that cruel bondage. Benign Philosophy, by degrees, strips from us most of our vices, and all our mistakes; it is she that first teaches us the right. For vengeance is always the delight of a little, weak, and petty mind; of which you may straightway draw proof from this — that no one so rejoices in vengeance as a woman.

cur tamen hos tu
euasisse putes, quos diri conscia facti
mens habet attonitos et surdo uerbere caedit
occultum quatiente animo tortore flagellum?
poena autem uehemens ac multo saeuior illis
quas et Caedicius grauis inuenit et Rhadamanthus,
nocte dieque suum gestare in pectore testem.
Spartano cuidam respondit Pythia uates
haut inpunitum quondam fore quod dubitaret
depositum retinere et fraudem iure tueri
iurando. quaerebat enim quae numinis esset
mens et an hoc illi facinus suaderet Apollo.
reddidit ergo metu, non moribus, et tamen omnem
uocem adyti dignam templo ueramque probauit
extinctus tota pariter cum prole domoque
et quamuis longa deductis gente propinquis.
has patitur poenas peccandi sola uoluntas.

nam scelus intra se tacitum qui cogitat ullum
facti crimen habet. cedo si conata peregit.

[192] But why should you suppose that a man escapes punishment whose mind is ever kept in terror by the consciousness of an evil deed which lashes him with unheard blows, his own soul ever shaking over him the unseen whip of torture? It is a grievous punishment, more cruel far than any devised by the stern Caedicius or by Rhadamanthus, to carry in one's breast by night and by day one's own accusing witness. The Pythian prophetess once made answer to a Spartan that it would not pass unpunished in after time that he had thought of keeping back a sum entrusted to him supporting the wrong by perjury; for he asked what was the mind of the Deity, and whether Apollo counselled him to do the deed. He therefore restored the money, through fear, and not from honesty; nevertheless he found all the words of the Oracle to be true and worthy of the shrine, being destroyed with his whole race and family and relations, however far removed. Such are the penalties endured by the mere wish to sin; for he who secretly meditates a crime within his breast has all the guiltiness of the deed.

perpetua anxietas nec mensae tempore cessat
faucibus ut morbo siccis interque molares
difficili crescente cibo, sed uina misellus
expuit, Albani ueteris pretiosa senectus
displicet; ostendas melius, densissima ruga
cogitur in frontem uelut acri ducta Falerno.
nocte breuem si forte indulsit cura soporem
et toto uersata toro iam membra quiescunt,
continuo templum et uiolati numinis aras
et, quod praecipuis mentem sudoribus urguet,
te uidet in somnis; tua sacra et maior imago
humana turbat pauidum cogitque fateri.
hi sunt qui trepidant et ad omnia fulgura pallent,
cum tonat, exanimes primo quoque murmure caeli,
non quasi fortuitus nec uentorum rabie sed
iratus cadat in terras et iudicet ignis.
illa nihil nocuit, cura grauiore timetur
proxima tempestas uelut hoc dilata sereno.
praeterea lateris uigili cum febre dolorem
si coepere pati, missum ad sua corpora morbum

infesto credunt a numine; saxa deorum
haec et tela putant. pecudem spondere sacello
balantem et Laribus cristam promittere galli
non audent; quid enim sperare nocentibus aegris
concessum? uel quae non dignior hostia uita?
[mobilis et uaria est ferme natura malorum.]
cum scelus admittunt, superest constantia; quod fas
atque nefas tandem incipiunt sentire peractis
criminibus. tamen ad mores natura recurrit
damnatos fixa et mutari nescia. nam quis
peccandi finem posuit sibi? quando recepit
eiectum semel attrita de fronte ruborem?
quisnam hominum est quem tu contentum uideris uno
flagitio? dabit in laqueum uestigia noster
perfidus et nigri patietur carceris uncum
aut maris Aegaei rupem scopulosque frequentes
exulibus magnis. poena gaudebis amara
nominis inuisi tandemque fatebere laetus
nec surdum nec Teresian quemquam esse deorum.

[210] What then if the purposed deed be done? His disquiet never ceases, not even at the festal board; his throat is as dry as in a fever; he can scarcely take his food, it swells between his teeth; he spits out the wine, poor wretch; he cannot abide the choicest old Albanian, and if you bring out something finer still, wrinkles gather upon his brow as though it had been puckered up by some Falernian turned sour. In the night, if his troubles grant him a short slumber, and his limbs, after tossing upon the bed, are sinking into repose, he straightway beholds the temple and the altar of the God whom he has outraged; and what weighs with chiefest terror on his soul, he sees you in his dreams; your awful form, larger than life, frightens his quaking heart and wrings confession from him. These are the men who tremble and grow pale at every lightning-flash; when it thunders, they quail at the first rumbling in the heavens; not as though it were an affair of chance or brought about by the raging of the winds, but as though the flame had fallen in wrath and as a judgment upon the earth. If one storm pass harmless by, they look more anxiously for the next, as though this calm were only a reprieve. If, again, they suffer from pains in the side, with a fever that robs them of their sleep, they believe that the sickness has been inflicted on them by the offended Deity: these they deem to be the missiles, these the arrows of the Gods. They dare not vow a

bleating victim to a shrine, or offer a crested cock to the Lares; for what hope is permitted to the guilty sick? What victim is not more worthy of life than they? Inconstant and shifty, for the most part, is the nature of bad men. In committing a crime, they have courage enough and to spare; they only begin to feel what is right and what wrong when it has been committed. Yet nature, firm and changeless, returns to the ways which it has condemned. For who ever fixed a term to his own offending? When did a hardened brow ever recover the banished blush? What man have you ever seen that was satisfied with one act of villainy? Our scoundrel will yet put his feet into the snare; he will have to endure the dark prison-house and the staple, or one of those crags in the Aegaean sea that are crowded with our noble exiles. You will exult over the stern punishment of a hated name, and at length admit with joy that none of the Gods is deaf or like unto Tiresias.

Satire 14. No Teaching like that of Example

Plurima sunt, Fuscine, et fama digna sinistra
[et quod maiorum uitia sequiturque minores] 1a
et nitidis maculam haesuram figentia rebus,
quae monstrant ipsi pueris traduntque parentes.
si damnosa senem iuuat alea, ludit et heres
bullatus paruoque eadem mouet arma fritillo. 5
nec melius de se cuiquam sperare propinquo
concedet iuuenis, qui radere tubera terrae,
boletum condire et eodem iure natantis
mergere ficedulas didicit nebulone parente
et cana monstrante gula. cum septimus annus 10
transierit puerum, nondum omni dente renato,
barbatos licet admoueas mille inde magistros,
hinc totidem, cupiet lauto cenare paratu
semper et a magna non degenerare culina.

[1] There are many things of ill repute, friend Fuscinus, — things that would affix a lasting stain to the brightest of lives, — which parents themselves point out and hand on to their sons. If the aged father delights in ruinous play, his heir too gambles in his teens, and rattles the selfsame weapons in a tiny dice-box. If a youth has learnt from the hoary gluttony of a spendthrift father to peel truffles, to preserve mushrooms, and to souse beccaficoes in their own juice, none of his relatives need expect better things of him when he grows up. As soon as he has passed his seventh year, before he has cut all his second teeth, though you put a thousand bearded preceptors on his right hand, and as many on his left, he will always long to fare sumptuously, and not fall below the high standard of his cookery.

mitem animum et mores modicis erroribus aequos 15
praecipit atque animas seruorum et corpora nostra
materia constare putat paribusque elementis,
an saeuire docet Rutilus, qui gaudet acerbo
plagarum strepitu et nullam Sirena flagellis

conparat, Antiphates trepidi laris ac Polyphemus,
tunc felix, quotiens aliquis tortore uocato
uritur ardenti duo propter lintea ferro?
quid suadet iuueni laetus stridore catenae,
quem mire adficiunt inscripta, ergastula, carcer?
rusticus expectas ut non sit adultera Largae
filia, quae numquam maternos dicere moechos
tam cito nec tanto poterit contexere cursu
ut non ter deciens respiret? conscia matri
uirgo fuit, ceras nunc hac dictante pusillas
implet et ad moechum dat eisdem ferre cinaedis.
sic natura iubet: uelocius et citius nos
corrumpunt uitiorum exempla domestica, magnis
cum subeant animos auctoribus. unus et alter
forsitan haec spernant iuuenes, quibus arte benigna
et meliore luto finxit praecordia Titan,
sed reliquos fugienda patrum uestigia ducunt
et monstrata diu ueteris trahit orbita culpae.

[15] When Rutilus delights in the sound of a cruel flogging, deeming it sweeter than any siren's song, and being himself a very Antiphates, or a Polyphemus, to his trembling household, is he inculcating gentleness, and leniency to slight faults: does he hold that the bodies and souls of slaves are made of the same stuff and elements as our own; or is he inculcating cruelty, never happy until he has summoned a torturer, and he can brand some one with a hot iron for stealing a couple of towels? What counsel does the father give to his son when he revels in the clanking of a chain, and takes wondrous pleasure in branded slaves, in prisons and his country bridewell? Are you simple enough to suppose that Larga's daughter will remain virtuous when she cannot count over her mother's lovers so rapidly, or string their names together so quickly, as not to take breath full thirty times? She was her mother's confidante as a girl; at her dictation she now indites her own little love-notes, despatching them to her paramours by the hand of the self-same menials. So Nature ordains; no evil example corrupts us so soon and so rapidly as one that has been set at home, since it comes into the mind on high authority. Here and there perhaps a youth may decline to follow the bad example: one whose soul the Titan has fashioned with kindlier skill and of a finer clay; but the rest are led on by the parental steps which they should avoid, and are dragged into the old track of vice which has so long been pointed out to them.

abstineas igitur damnandis. huius enim uel
una potens ratio est, ne crimina nostra sequantur
ex nobis geniti, quoniam dociles imitandis
turpibus ac prauis omnes sumus, et Catilinam
quocumque in populo uideas, quocumque sub axe,
sed nec Brutus erit Bruti nec auunculus usquam.
nil dictu foedum uisuque haec limina tangat
intra quae pater est. procul, a procul inde puellae
lenonum et cantus pernoctantis parasiti.
maxima debetur puero reuerentia, si quid
turpe paras, nec tu pueri contempseris annos,
sed peccaturo obstet tibi filius infans.
nam si quid dignum censoris fecerit ira
quandoque et similem tibi se non corpore tantum
nec uultu dederit, morum quoque filius et qui
omnia deterius tua per uestigia peccet,
corripies nimirum et castigabis acerbo
clamore ac post haec tabulas mutare parabis.
unde tibi frontem libertatemque parentis,
cum facias peiora senex uacuumque cerebro
iam pridem caput hoc uentosa cucurbita quaerat?

[38] Abstain therefore from things which you must condemn: for this there is at least one all-powerful motive, that our crimes be not copied by our children. For we are all of us teachable in what is base and wrong; you may find a Catiline among any people, and in any clime, but nowhere will you find a Brutus, or the uncle of a Brutus. Let no foul word or sight cross the threshold within which there is a father. Away with you, ye hireling damsels! Away with the songs of the night-revelling parasite! If you have any evil deed in mind, you owe the greatest reverence to the young; disregard not your boy's tender years, and let your infant son stand in the way of the sin that you propose. For if some day or other he shall do a deed deserving the censor's wrath, and shall show himself like to you, not in form and face only, but also your child in vice, and following in all your footsteps with sin deeper than your own, you will doubtless rebuke him and chide him angrily and thereafter prepare to change your will. But how can you assume the grave brow and the free tone of a father if you in your old age are doing things

worse than he did, and your own empty pate has long been needing the windy cupping-glass?

hospite uenturo cessabit nemo tuorum.
‘uerre pauimentum, nitidas ostende columnas,
arida cum tota descendat aranea tela,
hic leue argentum, uasa aspera tergeat alter.’
uox domini furit instantis uirgamque tenentis.
ergo miser trepidas, ne stercore foeda canino
atria displiceant oculis uenientis amici,
ne perfusa luto sit porticus, et tamen uno
semodio scobis haec emendat seruulus unus:
illud non agitas, ut sanctam filius omni
aspiciat sine labe domum uitioque carentem?
gratum est quod patriae ciuem populoque dedisti,
si facis ut patriae sit idoneus, utilis agris,
utilis et bellorum et pacis rebus agendis.
plurimum enim intererit quibus artibus et quibus hunc tu
moribus instituas. serpente ciconia pullos
nutrit et inuenta per deuia rura lacerta:
illi eadem sumptis quaerunt animalia pinnis.
uoltur iumento et canibus crucibusque relictis
ad fetus properat partemque cadaueris adfert:
hic est ergo cibus magni quoque uolturis et se
pascentis, propria cum iam facit arbore nidos.
sed leporem aut capream famulae Iouis et generosae
in saltu uenantur aues, hinc praeda cubili
ponitur: inde autem cum se matura leuauit
progenies stimulante fame festinat ad illam
quam primum praedam rupto gustauerat ouo.

[59] When you expect a guest, not one of your household will be idle. “Sweep the pavement! Polish up the pillars! Down with that dusty spider, web and all! One of you clean the plain silver, another the embossed vessels!” So shouts the master, standing over them whip in hand. And so you are afraid, poor fool, that the eyes of your expected guest may be offended by the sight of dog’s filth in the hall or of a portico splashed with mud — things which one slave-boy can put right with half a peck of sawdust: and yet will you take no pains that your son may behold a

stainless home, free from any stain and blemish? It is good that you have presented your country and your people with a citizen, if you make him serviceable to his country, useful for the land, useful for the things both of peace and war. For it will make all the difference in what practices, in what habits, you bring him up. The stork feeds her young upon the serpents and the lizards which she finds in the wilds; the young search for the same things when they have gotten to themselves wings. The vulture hurries from dead cattle and dogs and gibbets to bring some of the carrion to her offspring; so this becomes the food of the vulture when he is full-grown and feeds himself, making his nest in a tree of his own. The noble birds that wait on Jove hunt the hare or the roe in the woods, and from them serve up prey to their eyrie; so when their progeny are of full age and soar up from the nest, hunger bids them swoop down upon that same prey which they had first tasted when they chipped the shell.

aedificator erat Caetronius et modo curuo
litore Caietae, summa nunc Tiburis arce,
nunc Praenestinis in montibus alta parabat
culmina uillarum Graecis longeque petitis
marmoribus uincens Fortunae atque Herculis aedem,
ut spado uincebat Capitolia nostra Posides.
dum sic ergo habitat Caetronius, inminuit rem,
fregit opes, nec parua tamen mensura relictae
partis erat.

[86] Cretonius was given to building; now on Caieta's winding shore, now on the heights of Tibur, now on the Praenestine hills, he would rear lofty mansions, with marbles fetched from Greece and distant lands, outdoing the temples of Fortune and of Hercules by as much as the eunuch Posides overtopped our own Capitol. Housed therefore in this manner, he impaired his fortune and frittered away his wealth; some goodly portion of it still remained, but it was all squandered by his madman of a son in building new mansions of still costlier marbles.

totam hanc turbauit filius amens,
dum meliore nouas attollit marmore uillas.
quidam sortiti metuentem sabbata patrem
nil praeter nubes et caeli numen adorant,
nec distare putant humana carne suillam,
qua pater abstinuit, mox et praeputia ponunt;

Romanas autem soliti contemnere leges
Iudaicum ediscunt et seruant ac metuunt ius,
tradidit arcano quodcumque uolumine Moyses:
non monstrare uias eadem nisi sacra colenti,
quaesitum ad fontem solos deducere uerpos.
sed pater in causa, cui septima quaeque fuit lux
ignaua et partem uitae non attigit ullam.

[95] Some who have had a father who reveres the Sabbath, worship nothing but the clouds, and the divinity of the heavens, and see no difference between eating swine's flesh, from which their father abstained, and that of man; and in time they take to circumcision. Having been wont to flout the laws of Rome, they learn and practise and revere the Jewish law, and all that Moses committed to his secret tome, forbidding to point out the way to any not worshipping the same rites, and conducting none but the circumcised to the desired fountain. For all which the father was to blame, who gave up every seventh day to idleness, keeping it apart from all the concerns of life.

sponte tamen iuuenes imitantur cetera, solam
inuiti quoque auaritiam exercere iubentur.
fallit enim uitium specie uirtutis et umbra,
cum sit triste habitu uultuque et ueste seuerum,
nec dubie tamquam frugi laudetur auarus,
tamquam parcus homo et rerum tutela suarum
certa magis quam si fortunas seruet easdem
Hesperidum serpens aut Ponticus. adde quod hunc de
quo loquor egregium populus putat adquirendi
artificem; quippe his crescunt patrimonia fabris
[sed crescunt quocumque modo maioraque fiunt]
incude adsidua semperque ardente camino.

[107] All vices but one the young imitate of their own free will; avarice alone is enjoined on them against the grain. For that vice has a deceptive appearance and semblance of virtue, being gloomy of mien, severe in face and garb. The miser is openly commended for his thrift, being deemed a saving man, who will be a surer guardian of his own wealth than if it were watched by the dragons of the Hesperides or of Colchis. Moreover, such a one is thought to be skilled in the art of money-getting; for it is under workers such as he that fortunes grow. And they

grow bigger by every kind of means: the anvil is ever working, and the forge never ceases to glow.

[et pater ergo animi felices credit auaros]
qui miratur opes, qui nulla exempla beati
pauperis esse putat, iuuenes hortatur ut illa
ire uia pergant et eidem incumbere sectae.
sunt quaedam uitiorum elementa, his protinus illos
inbuit et cogit minimas ediscere sordes;
mox adquirendi docet insatiabile uotum.
seruorum uentres modio castigat iniquo
ipse quoque esuriens, neque enim omnia sustinet umquam
mucida caerulei panis consumere frusta,
hesternum solitus medio seruare minutal
Septembri nec non differre in tempora cenae
alterius conchem aestiuam cum parte lacerti
signatam uel dimidio putrique siluro
filaque sectiui numerata includere porri.
inuitatus ad haec aliquis de ponte negabit.
sed quo diuitias haec per tormenta coactas,
cum furor haut dubius, cum sit manifesta phrenesis,
ut locuples moriaris, egentis uiuere fato?
interea, pleno cum turget sacculus ore,
crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia creuit,
et minus hanc optat qui non habet. ergo paratur
altera uilla tibi, cum rus non sufficit unum
et proferre libet finis maiorque uidetur
et melior uicina seges; mercaris et hanc et
arbusta et densa montem qui canet oliua.
quorum si pretio dominus non uincitur ullo,
nocte boues macri lassoque famelica collo
iumenta ad uiridis huius mittentur aristas
nec prius inde domum quam tota noualia saeuos
in uentres abeant, ut credas falcibus actum.
dicere uix possis quam multi talia plorent
et quot uenales iniuria fecerit agros.

[119] Thus the father deems the miser to be fortunate; and when he worships wealth, believing that no poor man was ever happy, he urges his sons to follow in the same path and to attach themselves to the same school. There are certain rudiments in vice; in these he imbues them from the beginning, compelling them to study its pettiest meannesses; after a while he instructs them in the inappeasable lust of money-getting. He pinches the bellies of his slaves with short rations, starving himself into the bargain; for he cannot bear to eat up all the mouldy fragments of stale bread. In the middle of September he will save up the hash of yesterday; in summer-time he will preserve under seal for to-morrow's dinner a dish of beans, with a bit of mackerel, or half a stinking sprat, counting the leaves of the cut leeks before he puts them away. No beggar from a bridge would accept an invitation to such a meal! But for what end do you pile up riches gathered through torments such as these, when it is plain madness and sheer lunacy to live in want that you may be wealthy when you die? Meantime, while your purse is full to bursting, your love of gain grows as much as the money itself has grown, and the man who has none of it covets it the least. And so when one country house is not enough for you, you buy a second; then you must extend your boundaries, because your neighbour's field seems bigger and better than your own; you must buy that too, and his vineyard, and the hill that is thick and grey with olive-trees. And if no price will persuade the owner to sell, you will send into his green corn by night a herd of lean and famished cattle, with wearied necks, who will not come home until they have put the whole crop into their ravenous bellies; no sickle could make a cleaner job! How many bewail wrongs like these can scarce be told, nor how many fields have been brought to the hammer by such outrages.

sed qui sermones, quam foede bucina famae!
'quid nocet haec?' inquit 'tunicam mihi malo lupini
quam si me toto laudet uicinia pago
exigui ruris paucissima farra secantem.'
scilicet et morbis et debilitate carebis
et luctum et curam effugies, et tempora uitae
longa tibi posthac fato meliore dabuntur,
si tantum culti solus possederis agri
quantum sub Tatio populus Romanus arabat.
mox etiam fractis aetate ac Punica passis
proelia uel Pyrrhum inmanem gladiosque Molossos
tandem pro multis uix iugera bina dabantur

uulneribus; merces haec sanguinis atque laboris
nulli uisa umquam meritis minor aut ingratae
curta fides patriae. saturabat glebula talis
patrem ipsum turbamque casae, qua feta iacebat
uxor et infantes ludebant quattuor, unus
uernula, tres domini; sed magnis fratribus horum
a scrobe uel sulco redeuntibus altera cena
amplior et grandes fumabant pultibus ollae.
nunc modus hic agri nostro non sufficit horto.

[152] But what a talk there will be! How loud the blast of evil rumour! "What harm in that?" you will say: "better keep my peapods for myself than have the praises of the whole country-side if I am to have but a small farm and a miserable crop." Yes; and no doubt you will escape disease and weakness, you will have no sorrow, no trouble, you will have long and ever happier days, if only you are sole possessor of as many acres of good land as the Roman people tilled in the days of Tatius. In later times, Romans broken with old age, who had fought in the Punic battles or against the dread Pyrrhus or the swords of the Molossians, received at last, in return for all their wounds, a scanty two acres of land. None ever deemed such recompense too small for their service of toil and blood; none spoke of a shabby, thankless country. A little plot like that would feed the father himself and the crowd at the cottage where lay the wife in childbed, with four little ones playing around — one slave-born, three the master's own; for their big brothers, on their return from ditch or furrow, a second and ampler supper of porridge would be smoking in a lordly dish. To-day we don't think such a plot of ground big enough for our garden!

inde fere scelerum causae, nec plura uenena
miscuit aut ferro grassatur saepius ullum
humanae mentis uitium quam saeua cupido
inmodici census. nam diues qui fieri uolt,
et cito uolt fieri; sed quae reuerentia legum,
quis metus aut pudor est umquam properantis auari?
'uiuite contenti casulis et collibus istis,
o pueri,' Marsus dicebat et Hernicus olim
Vestinusque senex, 'panem quaeramus aratro,
qui satis est mensis: laudant hoc numina ruris,
quorum ope et auxilio gratae post munus aristae

contingunt homini ueteris fastidia quercus.
nil uetitum fecisse uolet, quem non pudet alto
per glaciem perone tegi, qui summouet euros
pellibus inuersis: peregrina ignotaque nobis
ad scelus atque nefas, quaecumque est, purpura ducit.'

[173] It is here mostly that lies the cause of crime. No human passion has mingled more poison-bowls, none has more often wielded the murderous dagger, than the fierce craving for unbounded wealth. For the man who wants wealth must have it at once; what respect for laws, what fear, what sense of shame is to be found in a miser hurrying to be rich? "Live content, my boys, with these cottages and hills of yours," said the Marsian or Hernican or Vestinian father in the days of yore; "let the plough win for us what bread shall suffice our table; such fare the rustic Gods approve, whose aid and bounty gave us the glad ear of corn, and taught man to disdain the acorn of ancient times. The man who is not ashamed to wear high boots in time of frost, and who keeps off the East wind with skins turned inwards, will never wish to do a forbidden thing; it is purple raiment, whatever it be, foreign and unknown to us, that leads to crime and wickedness."

haec illi ueteres praecepta minoribus; at nunc
post finem autumni media de nocte supinum
clamosus iuuenem pater excitat: 'accipe ceras,
scribe, puer, uigila, causas age, perlege rubras
maiorum leges; aut uitem posce libello,
sed caput intactum buxo narisque pilosas
adnotet et grandes miretur Laelius alas;
dirue Maurorum attegias, castella Brigantum,
ut locupletem aquilam tibi sexagesimus annus
adferat; aut, longos castrorum ferre labores
si piget et trepidum soluunt tibi cornua uentrem
cum lituis audita, pares quod uendere possis
pluris dimidio, nec te fastidia mercis
ullius subeant ablegandae Tiberim ultra,
neu credas ponendum aliquid discriminis inter
unguenta et corium: lucri bonus est odor ex re
qualibet. illa tuo sententia semper in ore
uersetur dis atque ipso Ioue digna poeta:
"unde habeas quaerit nemo, sed oportet habere."'

[hoc monstrant uetulae pueris repentibus assae,
hoc discunt omnes ante alpha et beta puellae.]

[189] Such were the maxims which those ancients taught the young; but now, when autumn days are over, the father rouses his sleeping son after midnight with a shout: “Awake, boy, and take your tablets; scribble away and get up your cases; read through the red-lettered laws of our forefathers, or send in a petition for a centurion’s vine-staff. See that Laelius notes your uncombed head and hairy nostrils, and admires your broad shoulders; destroy the huts of the Moors and the forts of the Brigantes, that your sixtieth year may bring you the eagle that will make you rich. Or if you are too lazy to endure the weary labours of the camp, if the sound of horn and trumpet melts your soul within you, buy something that you can sell at half as much again; feel no disgust at a trade that must be banished to the other side of the Tiber; make no distinction between hides and unguents: the smell of gain is good whatever the thing from which it comes. Let this maxim be ever on your lips, a saying worthy of the Gods, and of Jove himself if he turned poet: ‘No matter whence the money comes, but money you must have.’” These are the lessons taught by skinny old nurses to little boys before they can walk; this is what every girl learns before her ABC!

talibus instantem monitis quemcumque parentem
sic possem adfari: ‘dic, o uanissime, quis te
festinare iubet? meliorem praesto magistro
discipulum. securus abi: uinceris, ut Aiax
praeteriit Telamonem, ut Pelea uicit Achilles.
parcendum est teneris; nondum impleuere medullas
maturae mala nequitiae. cum pectere barbam
coeperit et longae mucronem admittere cultri,
falsus erit testis, uendet periuria summa
exigua et Cereris tangens aramque pedemque.
elatam iam crede nurum, si limina uestra
mortifera cum dote subit. quibus illa premetur
per somnum digitis! nam quae terraque marique
adquirenda putas breuior uia conferet illi;
nullus enim magni sceleris labor. “haec ego numquam
mandaui” dices olim “nec talia suasi.”
mentis causa malae tamen est et origo penes te.
nam quisquis magni census praecepit amorem

et laeuo monitu pueros producit auaros
[et qui per fraudes patrimonia conduplicari]
dat libertatem et totas effundit habenas
curriculo; quem si reuoces, subsistere nescit
et te contempto rapitur metisque relictis.
nemo satis credit tantum delinquere quantum
permittas: adeo indulgent sibi latius ipsi.

[210] To any father urging precepts such as these I would say this: "Tell me, O emptiest of men, who bids you hurry? The disciple, I warrant you, will outstrip his master. You may leave him with an easy mind; you will be outdone as surely as Telamon was beaten by Ajax, or Peleus by Achilles. Be gentle with the young; their bones are not yet filled up with the marrow of ripe wickedness. When the lad begins to comb a beard, and apply to its length the razor's edge, he will give false testimony, he will sell his perjuries for a trifling sum, touching the altar and the foot of Ceres all the time. If your daughter-in-law brings a deadly dowry into the house, you may count her as already dead and buried. What a grip of fingers will throttle her in her sleep! For the wealth which you think should be hunted for over land and sea, your son will acquire by a shorter road; great crimes demand no labour. Some day you will say, 'I never taught these things, I never advised them': no, but you are yourself the cause and origin of your son's depravity; for whosoever teaches the love of wealth turns his sons into misers by his ill-omened instruction. When he shows him how to double his patrimony by fraud, he gives him his head, and throws a free rein over the car; try to call him back, and he cannot stop: he will pay no heed to you, he will rush on, leaving the turning-post far behind. No man is satisfied with sinning just as far as you permit: so much greater is the license which they allow themselves!

cum dicis iuueni stultum qui donet amico,
qui paupertatem leuet attollatque propinqui,
et spoliare doces et circumscribere et omni
crimine diuitias adquirere, quarum amor in te
quantus erat patriae Deciorum in pectore, quantum
dilexit Thebas, si Graecia uera, Menoeceus,
in quorum sulcis legiones dentibus anguis
cum clipeis nascuntur et horrida bella capessunt
continuo, tamquam et tubicen surrexerit una.
ergo ignem, cuius scintillas ipse dedisti,

flagrantem late et rapientem cuncta uidebis.
nec tibi parcetur misero, trepidumque magistrum
in cauea magno fremitu leo tollet alumnus.
nota mathematicis genesis tua, sed graue tardas
expectare colus: morieris stamine nondum
abrupto. iam nunc obstas et uota moraris,
iam torquet iuuenem longa et ceruina senectus.
ocius Archigenen quaere atque eme quod Mithridates
composuit: si uis aliam decerpere ficum
atque alias tractare rosas, medicamen habendum est,
sorbere ante cibum quod debeat et pater et rex.'

[235] "When you tell a youth that a man is a fool who makes a present to a friend, or relieves and lightens the poverty of a kinsman, you teach him to plunder and to cheat and to commit any kind of crime for money's sake, the love of which is as great in you as was love of their country in the hearts of the Decii, or in that of Menoeceus, if Greece speaks true for Thebes — that country in whose furrows armed legions sprang into life out of dragons' teeth, taking straightway to grim battle as though a bugler had also risen up along with them. Thus you will see the fire, whose sparks you yourself have kindled, blazing far and wide and carrying all before them. Nor will you yourself, poor wretch, meet with any mercy; the pupil lion, with a loud roar, will devour the trembling instructor in his den. Your nativity, you say, is known to the astrologers: but it is a tedious thing to wait for the slow-running spindle, and you will die before your thread is snapped. You are already in your son's way; you are delaying his prayers; your long and stag-like old age is a torment to the young man. Seek out Archigenes at once; buy some of the mixture of Mithridates; if you wish to pluck one more fig, and gather roses once again, you should have some medicament to be swallowed before dinner by one who is both a father and a king."

monstro uoluptatem egregiam, cui nulla theatra,
nulla aequare queas praetoris pulpita lauti,
si spectes quanto capitis discrimine constent
incrementa domus, aerata multus in arca
fiscus et ad uigilem ponendi Castora nummi,
ex quo Mars Vltor galeam quoque perdidit et res
non potuit seruare suas. ergo omnia Florae
et Cereris licet et Cybeles aulaea relinquas:

tanto maiores humana negotia ludi.
an magis oblectant animum iactata petauro
corpora quique solet rectum descendere funem
quam tu, Corycia semper qui puppe moraris
atque habitas, coro semper tollendus et austro,
perditus ~ac uilis~ sacci mercator olentis,
qui gaudes pingue antiquae de litore Cretae
passum et municipes Iouis aduexisse lagonas?
hic tamen ancipiti figens uestigia planta
uictum illa mercede parat, brumamque famemque
illa reste cauet: tu propter mille talenta
et centum uillas temerarius. aspice portus
et plenum magnis trabibus mare: plus hominum est iam
in pelago. ueniet classis quocumque uocarit
spes lucri, nec Carpathium Gaetulaque tantum
aequora transiliet, sed longe Calpe relicta
audiet Herculeo stridentem gurgite solem.
grande operae pretium est, ut tenso folle reuerti
inde domum possis tumidaque superbus aluta,
Oceani monstra et iuuenes uidisse marinos.

[256] I am showing you the choicest of diversions, one with which no theatre, no show of a grand Praetor can compare, if you will observe at what a risk to life men increase their fortunes, become possessors of full brass-bound treasure-chests, or of the cash which must be deposited with watchful Castor, ever since Mars the Avenger lost his helmet and failed to protect his own effects. So you may give up all the performances of Flora, of Ceres, and of Cybele; so much finer are the games of human life. Is there more pleasure to be got from gazing at men hurled from a spring-board, or tripping down a tight rope, than from yourself — you who spend your whole life in a Corycian ship, ever tossed by the wind from North or South, a poor contemptible trafficker in stinking wares, finding your joy in importing sweet wine from the shores of ancient Crete, or flagons that were fellow-citizens of Jove? Yet the man who plants his steps with balanced foot gains his livelihood thereby; that rope keeps him from cold and hunger; while you run the risk for the sake of a thousand talents or a hundred mansions. Look at our ports, our seas, crowded with big ships! The men at sea now outnumber those on shore. Whithersoever hope of gain shall call, thither fleets will come; not content with bounding over the Carpathian and Gaetulian seas, they will leave Calpe far

behind, and hear the sun hissing in the Herculean main. It is well worth while, no doubt, to have beheld the monsters of the deep and the young mermen of the Ocean that you may return home with tight-stuffed purse, and exult in your swollen money-bags!

non unus mentes agitat furor. ille sororis
in manibus uoltu Eumenidum terretur et igni,
hic boue percusso mugire Agamemnona credit
aut Ithacum. parcat tunicis licet atque lacernis,
curatoris eget qui nauem mercibus implet
ad summum latus et tabula distinguitur unda,
cum sit causa mali tanti et discriminis huius
concisum argentum in titulos faciesque minutas.
occurrunt nubes et fulgura: 'soluite funem'
frumenti dominus clamat piperisue coempti,
'nil color hic caeli, nil fascia nigra minatur;
aestiuom tonat.' infelix hac forsitan ipsa
nocte cadet fractis trabibus fluctuque premetur
obrutus et zonam laeua morsuque tenebit.
sed cuius uotis modo non suffecerat aurum
quod Tagus et rutila uoluit Pactolus harena,
frigida sufficient uelantes inguina panni
exiguusque cibus, mersa rate naufragus assem
dum rogat et picta se tempestate tuetur.

[284] Not all men are possessed with one form of madness. One madman in his sister's arms is terrified by the faces and fire of the Furies; another, when he strikes down an ox, believes that it is Agamemnon or the Ithacan that is bellowing. The man who loads his ship up to the gunwale with goods, with only a plank between him and the deep, is in need of a keeper, though he keep his hands off his shirt and his cloak, seeing that he endures all that misery and all that danger for the sake of bits of silver cut up into little images and inscriptions! Should clouds and thunder threaten, "Let go!" cries the merchant who has bought up corn or pepper, "that black sky, this dark wrack, are nought — it is but summer lightning." Poor wretch! on this very night perchance he will be cast out amid broken timbers and engulfed by the waves, clutching his purse with his left hand or his teeth. The man for whose desires yesterday not all the gold which Tagus and the ruddy Pactolus rolls along would have sufficed, must now content himself

with a rag to cover his cold and nakedness, and a poor morsel of food, while he begs for pennies as a shipwrecked mariner, and supports himself by a painted storm!

tantis parta malis cura maiore metuque
seruantur: misera est magni custodia census.
dispositis praediues amis uigilare cohortem
seruorum noctu Licinus iubet, attonitus pro
electro signisque suis Phrygiaque columna
atque ebore et lata testudine. dolia nudi
non ardent Cynici; si fregeris, altera fiet
cras domus atque eadem plumbo commissa manebit.
sensit Alexander, testa cum uidit in illa
magnum habitatorem, quanto felicior hic qui
nil cuperet quam qui totum sibi posceret orbem
passurus gestis aequanda pericula rebus.
nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia: nos te,
nos facimus, Fortuna, deam.

[303] Wealth gotten with such woes is preserved by fears and troubles that are greater still; it is misery to have the guardianship of a great fortune. The millionaire Licinus orders a troop of slaves to be on the watch all night with fire buckets in their places, being anxious for his amber, his statues and Phrygian marbles, his ivory and plaques of tortoise-shell. The nude Cynic fears no fire for his tub; if broken, he will make himself a new house to-morrow, or repair it with clamps of lead. When Alexander beheld in that tub its mighty occupant, he felt how much happier was the man who had no desires than he who claimed for himself the entire world, with perils before him as great as his achievements. Had we but wisdom, thou wouldst have no Divinity, O Fortune: it is we that make thee into a Goddess!

mensura tamen quae
sufficiat census, si quis me consulat, edam:
in quantum sitis atque fames et frigora poscunt,
quantum, Epicure, tibi paruis suffecit in hortis,
quantum Socratici ceperunt ante penates;
numquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dicit.
acribus exemplis uideor te cludere? misce

ergo aliquid nostris de moribus, effice summam
bis septem ordinibus quam lex dignatur Othonis.
haec quoque si rugam trahit extenditque labellum,
sume duos equites, fac tertia quadringenta.
si nondum impleui gremium, si panditur ultra,
nec Croesi fortuna umquam nec Persica regna
sufficient animo nec diuitiae Narcissi,
indulsit Caesar cui Claudius omnia, cuius
paruit imperiis uxorem occidere iussus.

[316] Yet if any should ask of me what measure of fortune is enough, I will tell him: as much as thirst, cold and hunger demand; as much as sufficed you, Epicurus, in your little garden; as much as in earlier days was to be found in the house of Socrates. Never does Nature say one thing and Wisdom another. Do the limits within which I confine you seem too severe? Then throw in something from our own manners; make up a sum as big as that which Otho's law deems worthy of the fourteen rows. If that also knits your brow, and makes you thrust out your lip, take a couple of knights, or make up thrice four hundred thousand sesterces! If your lap is not yet full, if it is still opening for more, then neither the wealth of Croesus, nor that of the Persian Monarchs, will suffice you, nor yet that of Narcissus, on whom Claudius Caesar lavished everything, and whose orders he obeyed when bidden to slay his wife.

Satire 15. An Egyptian Atrocity

Quis nescit, Volusi Bithynice, qualia demens
Aegyptos portenta colat? crocodilon adorat
pars haec, illa pauet saturam serpentibus ibin.
effigies sacri nitet aurea cercopitheci,
dimidio magicae resonant ubi Memnone chordae
atque uetus Thebe centum iacet obruta portis.
illic aeluros, hic piscem fluminis, illic
oppida tota canem uenerantur, nemo Dianam.
porrum et caepe nefas uiolare et frangere morsu
(o sanctas gentes, quibus haec nascuntur in hortis
numina!), lanatis animalibus abstinet omnis
mensa, nefas illic fetum iugulare capellae:
carnibus humanis uesci licet. attonito cum
tale super cenam facinus narraret Vlixes
Alcinoo, bilem aut risum fortasse quibusdam
mouerat ut mendax aretalogus. ‘in mare nemo
hunc abicit saeua dignum ueraque Charybdi,
fingentem inmanis Laestrygonas et Cyclopas?
nam citius Scyllam uel concurrentia saxa
Cyaneis plenos et tempestatibus utres
crediderim aut tenui percussum uerbere Circes
et cum remigibus grunnisse Elpenora porcis.
tam uacui capitis populum Phaeaca putauit?’
sic aliquis merito nondum ebrius et minimum qui
de Corcyraea temetum duxerat urna;
solus enim haec Ithacus nullo sub teste canebat.

[1] Who knows not, O Bithynian Volusius, what monsters demented Egypt worships? One district adores the crocodile, another venerates the Ibis that gorges itself with snakes. In the place where magic chords are sounded by the truncated Memnon, and ancient hundred-gated Thebes lies in ruins, men worship the glittering golden image of the long-tailed ape. In one part cats are worshipped, in another a river fish, in another whole townships venerate a dog; none adore

Diana, but it is an impious outrage to crunch leeks and onions with the teeth. What a holy race to have such divinities springing up in their gardens! No animal that grows wool may appear upon the dinner-table; it is forbidden there to slay the young of the goat; but it is lawful to feed on the flesh of man! When Ulysses told a tale like this over the dinner-table to the amazed Alcinous, he stirred some to wrath, some perhaps to laughter, as a lying story-teller. "What?" one would say, "will no one hurl this fellow into the sea, who merits a terrible and a true Charybdis with his inventions of monstrous Laestrygones and Cyclopes? For I could sooner believe in Scylla, and the clashing Cyanean rocks, and skins full of storms, or in the story how Circe, by a gentle touch, turned Elpenor and his comrades into grunting swine. Did he deem the Phaeacians people so devoid of brains?" So might some one have justly spoken who was not yet tipsy, and had taken but a small drink of wine from the Corcyraean bowl, for the Ithacan's tale was all his own, with none to bear him witness.

nos miranda quidem sed nuper consule Iunco
gesta super calidae referemus moenia Copti,
nos uolgi scelus et cunctis grauiora coturnis;
nam scelus, a Pyrrha quamquam omnia syrmata uoluas,
nullus apud tragicos populus facit. accipe nostro
dira quod exemplum feritas produxerit aeuo.

[27] I will now relate strange deeds done of late in the consulship of Juncus, beyond the walls of broiling Coptus; a crime of the common herd, worse than any crime of the tragedians; for though you turn over all the tales of long-robed Tragedy from the days of Pyrrha onwards, you will find there no crime committed by an entire people. But hear what an example of ruthless barbarism has been displayed in these days of ours.

inter finitimos uetus atque antiqua simultas,
inmortale odium et numquam sanabile uulnus,
ardet adhuc Ombos et Tentura. summus utrimque
inde furor uolgo, quod numina uicinorum
odit uterque locus, cum solos credat habendos
esse deos quos ipse colit. sed tempore festo
alterius populi rapienda occasio cunctis
uisa inimicorum primoribus ac ducibus, ne
laetum hilaremque diem, ne magnae gaudia cenae

sentirent positis ad templa et compita mensis
peruigilique toro, quem nocte ac luce iacentem
septimus interdum sol inuenit. horrida sane
Aegyptos, sed luxuria, quantum ipse notaui,
barbara famoso non cedit turba Canopo.
adde quod et facilis uictoria de madidis et
blaesis atque mero titubantibus. inde uirorum
saltatus nigro tibicine, qualiacumque
unguenta et flores multaeque in fronte coronae:
hinc ieiunum odium. sed iurgia prima sonare
incipiunt; animis ardentibus haec tuba rixae.
dein clamore pari concurritur, et uice teli
saeuit nuda manus. paucae sine uolnere malae,
uix cuiquam aut nulli toto certamine nasus
integer. aspiceres iam cuncta per agmina uoltus
dimidios, alias facies et hiantia ruptis
ossa genis, plenos oculorum sanguine pugnos.
ludere se credunt ipsi tamen et puerilis
exercere acies quod nulla cadauera calcent.
et sane quo tot rixantis milia turbae,
si uiuunt omnes? ergo acrior impetus et iam
saxa inclinatis per humum quaesita lacertis
incipiunt torquere, domestica seditioni
tela, nec hunc lapidem, qualis et Turnus et Aiax,
uel quo Tydides percussit pondere coxam
Aeneae, sed quem ualeant emittere dextrae
illis dissimiles et nostro tempore natae.
nam genus hoc uiuo iam decrescebat Homero,
terra malos homines nunc educat atque pusillos;
ergo deus, quicumque aspexit, ridet et odit.

[33] Between the neighbouring towns of Ombi and Tentyra there burns an ancient and long-cherished feud and undying hatred, whose wounds are not to be healed. Each people is filled with fury against the other because each hates its neighbours' Gods, deeming that none can be held as deities save its own. So when one of these peoples held a feast, the chiefs and leaders of their enemy thought good to seize the occasion, so that their foe might not enjoy a glad and merry day, with the delight of grand banquets, with tables set out at every temple

and every crossway, and with night-long feasts, and with couches spread all day and all night, and sometimes discovered by the sun upon the seventh morn. Egypt, doubtless, is a rude country; but in indulgence, so far as I myself have noted, its barbarous rabble yields not to the ill-famed Canopus. Victory too would be easy, it was thought, over men steeped in wine, stuttering and stumbling in their cups. On the one side were men dancing to a swarthy piper, with unguents, such as they were, and flowers and chaplets on their heads; on the other side, a ravenous hate. First come loud words, as preludes to the fray: these serve as a trumpet-call to their hot passions; then shout answering shout, they charge. Bare hands do the fell work of war. Scarce a cheek is left without a gash; scarce one nose, if any, comes out of the battle unbroken. Through all the ranks might be seen battered faces, and features other than they were; bones gaping through torn cheeks, and fists dripping with blood from eyes. Yet the combatants deem themselves at play and waging a boyish warfare because there are no corpses on which to trample. What avails a mob of so many thousand brawlers if no lives are lost? So fiercer and fiercer grows the fight; they now search the ground for stones — the natural weapons of civic strife — and hurl them with bended arms against the foe: not such stones as Turnus or Ajax flung, or like that with which the son of Tydeus struck Aeneas on the hip, but such as may be cast by hands unlike to theirs, and born in these days of ours. For even in Homer's day the race of man was on the wane; earth now produces none but weak and wicked men that provoke such Gods as see them to laughter and to loathing.

a deuerticulo repetatur fabula. postquam
subsidiis aucti, pars altera promere ferrum
audet et infestis pugnam instaurare sagittis.
terga fugae celeri praestant instantibus Ombis
qui uicina colunt umbrosae Tentura palmae.
labitur hic quidam nimia formidine cursum
praecipitans capiturque. ast illum in plurima sectum
frusta et particulas, ut multis mortuus unus
sufficeret, totum corrosis ossibus edit
uictrix turba, nec ardenti decoxit aeno
aut ueribus, longum usque adeo tardumque putauit
expectare focos, contenta cadauere crudo.

[72] To come back from our digression: the one side, reinforced, boldly draws the sword and renews the fight with showers of arrows; the dwellers in the shady

palm-groves of neighbouring Tentyra turn their backs in headlong flight before the Ombite charge. Hereupon one of them, over-afraid and hurrying, tripped and was caught; the conquering host cut up his body into a multitude of scraps and morsels, that one dead man might suffice for everyone, and devoured it bones and all. There was no stewing of it in boiling pots, no roasting upon spits; so slow and tedious they thought it to wait for a fire, that they contented themselves with the corpse uncooked!

hic gaudere libet quod non uiolauerit ignem,
quem summa caeli raptum de parte Prometheus
donauit terris; elemento gratulor, et te
exultare reor. sed qui mordere cadauer
sustinuit nil umquam hac carne libentius edit;
nam scelere in tanto ne quaeras et dubites an
prima uoluptatem gula senserit, ultimus ante
qui stetit, absumpto iam toto corpore ductis
per terram digitis aliquid de sanguine gustat.

[84] One may here rejoice that no outrage was done to the flame that Prometheus stole from the highest heavens, and gifted to the earth. I felicitate the element, and doubt not that you are pleased; but never was flesh so relished as by those who endured to put that carcase between their teeth. For in that act of gross wickedness, do not doubt or ask whether it was only the first gullet that enjoyed its meal; for when the whole body had been consumed, those who stood furthest away actually dragged their fingers along the ground and so got some smack of the blood.

Vascones, ut fama est, alimentis talibus usi
produxere animas, sed res diuersa, sed illic
fortunae inuidia est bellorumque ultima, casus
extremi, longae dira obsidionis egestas.
[huius enim, quod nunc agitur, miserabile debet
exemplum esse tibi, sicut modo dicta mihi gens.]
post omnis herbas, post cuncta animalia, quidquid
cogebat uacui uentris furor, hostibus ipsis
pallorem ac maciem et tenuis miserantibus artus,
membra aliena fame lacerabant, esse parati
et sua. quisnam hominum ueniam dare quisue deorum

uentribus abnueret dira atque inmania passis
et quibus illorum poterant ignoscere manes
quorum corporibus uescebantur? melius nos
Zenonis praecepta monent, [nec enim omnia quidam
pro uita facienda putant] sed Cantaber unde
Stoicus, antiqui praesertim aetate Metelli?
nunc totus Graias nostrasque habet orbis Athenas,
Gallia causidicos docuit facunda Britannos,
de conducendo loquitur iam rhetore Thyle.
nobilis ille tamen populus, quem diximus, et par
uirtute atque fide sed maior clade Zacynthos
tale quid excusat: Maeotide saeuior ara
Aegyptos. quippe illa nefandi Taurica sacri
inuentrix homines, ut iam quae carmina tradunt
digna fide credas, tantum immolat; ulterius nil
aut grauius cultro timet hostia. quis modo casus
inpulit hos? quae tanta fames infestaque uallo
arma coegerunt tam detestabile monstrum
audere?

[93] The Vascones, fame tells us, once prolonged their lives by such food as this; but their case was different. Unkindly fortune had brought on them the last dire extremity of war, the famine of a long siege. In a plight like that of the people just named, resorting to such food deserves our pity, inasmuch as not till they had consumed every herb, every living thing, and everything else to which the pangs of an empty belly drove them — not till their very enemies pitied their pale, lean and wasted limbs — did hunger make them tear the limbs of other men, being ready to feed even upon their own. What man, what God, would withhold a pardon from bellies which had suffered such dire straits, and which might look to be forgiven by the Manes of those whose bodies they were devouring? To us, indeed, Zeno gives better teaching, for he permits some things, though not indeed all things, to be done for the saving of life; but how could a Cantabrian be a Stoic, and that too in the days of old Metellus? To-day the whole world has its Greek and its Roman Athens; eloquent Gaul has trained the pleaders of Britain, and distant Thule talks of hiring a rhetorician. Yet the people I have named were a noble people; and the people of Zacynthos, their equals in bravery and honour, their more than equals in calamity, offer a like excuse. But Egypt is more savage than the Maeotid altar; for if we may hold the poet's tales as true, the foundress of

that accursed Tauric rite does but slay her victims; they have nought further or more terrible than the knife to fear. But what calamity drove these Egyptians to the deed? What extremity of hunger, what beleaguering army, compelled them to so monstrous and infamous a crime?

anne aliam terra Memphitide sicca
inuidiam facerent nolenti surgere Nilo?
qua nec terribiles Cimbri nec Brittones umquam
Sauromataeque truces aut inmanes Agathyrsi,
hac saeuit rabie inbelle et inutile uolgus
paruula fictilibus solitum dare uela phaselis
et breuibus pictae remis incumbere testae.
nec poenam sceleri inuenies nec digna parabis
supplicia his populis, in quorum mente pares sunt
et similes ira atque fames. mollissima corda
humano generi dare se natura fatetur,
quae lacrimas dedit. haec nostri pars optima sensus.
plorare ergo iubet causam dicentis amici
squaloremque rei, pupillum ad iura uocantem
circumscriptorem, cuius manantia fletu
ora puellares faciunt incerta capilli.
naturae imperio gemimus, cum funus adultae
uirginis occurrit uel terra clauditur infans
et minor igne rogi. quis enim bonus et face dignus
arcana, qualem Cereris uolt esse sacerdos,
ulla aliena sibi credit mala? separat hoc nos
a grege mutorum, atque ideo uenerabile soli
sortiti ingenium diuinorumque capaces
atque exercendis pariendisque artibus apti
sensum a caelesti demissum traximus arce,
cuius egent prona et terram spectantia. mundi
principio indulsit communis conditor illis
tantum animas, nobis animum quoque, mutuus ut nos
adfectus petere auxilium et praestare iuberet,
dispersos trahere in populum, migrare uetusto
de nemore et proauis habitatas linquere siluas,
aedificare domos, laribus coniungere nostris
tectum aliud, tutos uicino limine somnos

ut conlata daret fiducia, protegere armis
lapsum aut ingenti nutantem uolnere ciuem,
communi dare signa tuba, defendier isdem
turribus atque una portarum claue teneri.

[122] Were the land of Memphis to run dry, could they do aught else than this to shame the Nile for being loth to rise? No dread Cimbrians or Britons, no savage Scythians or monstrous Agathyrsians, ever raged so furiously as this unwarlike and worthless rabble that hoists tiny sails on crockery ships, and plies puny oars on boats of painted earthenware! No penalty can you devise for such a crime, no fit punishment for a people in whose minds rage and hunger are like and equal things. When Nature gave tears to man, she proclaimed that he was tender-hearted; and tenderness is the best quality in man. She therefore bids us weep for the misery of a friend upon his trial, or when a ward whose streaming cheeks and girlish locks raise a doubt as to his sex brings a defrauder into court. It is at Nature's behest that we weep when we meet the bier of a full-grown maiden, or when the earth closes over a babe too young for the funeral pyre. For what good man, what man worthy of the mystic torch, and such as the priest of Ceres would wish him to be, believes that any human woes concern him not? It is this that separates us from the dumb herd; and it is for this that we alone have had allotted to us a nature worthy of reverence, capable of divine things, fit to acquire and practise the arts of life, and that we have drawn from on high that gift of feeling which is lacking to the beasts that grovel with eyes upon the ground. To them in the beginning of the world our common maker gave only life; to us he gave souls as well, that fellow-feeling might bid us ask or proffer aid, gather scattered dwellers into a people, desert the primeval groves and woods inhabited by our forefathers, build houses for ourselves, with others adjacent to our own, that a neighbour's threshold from the confidence that comes of union, might give us peaceful slumbers; shield with arms a fallen citizen, or one staggering from a grievous wound, give battle signals by a common trumpet, and seek protection inside the same city walls, and behind gates fastened by a single key.

sed iam serpentum maior concordia. parcit
cognatis maculis similis fera. quando leoni
fortior eripuit uitam leo? quo nemore umquam
expirauit aper maioris dentibus apri?
Indica tigris agit rabida cum tigride pacem
perpetuam, saeuis inter se conuenit ursis.

ast homini ferrum letale incude nefanda
produxisse parum est, cum rastra et sarcula tantum
adsueti coquere et marris ac uomere lassi
nescierint primi gladios extendere fabri.
aspicimus populos quorum non sufficit irae
occidisse aliquem, sed pectora, bracchia, uoltum
crediderint genus esse cibi. quid diceret ergo
uel quo non fugeret, si nunc haec monstra uideret
Pythagoras, cunctis animalibus abstinuit qui
tamquam homine et uentri indulsit non omne legumen?

[159] But in these days there is more amity among serpents than among men; wild beasts are merciful to beasts spotted like themselves. When did the stronger lion ever take the life of the weaker? In what wood did a boar ever breathe his last under the tusks of a boar bigger than himself? The fierce tigress of India dwells in perpetual peace with her fellow; bears live in harmony with bears. But man finds it all too little to have forged the deadly blade on an impious anvil; for whereas the first artificers only wearied themselves with forging hoes and harrows, spades and ploughshares, not knowing how to beat out swords, we now behold a people whose wrath is not assuaged by slaying someone, but who deem that a man's breast, arms, and face afford a kind of food. What would Pythagoras say, or to what place would he not flee, if he beheld these horrors of to-day, — he who refrained from every living creature as if it were human, and would not indulge his belly with every kind of vegetable?

Satire 16. The Immunities of the Military

Quis numerare queat felicis praemia, Galli,
militiae? nam si subeuntur prospera castra
    * * * 2a
me pauidum excipiat tironem porta secundo
sidere. plus etenim fati ualet hora benigni
quam si nos Veneris commendet epistula Marti
et Samia genetrix quae delectatur harena.

[1] Who can count up, Gallius, all the prizes of prosperous soldiering? I would myself pray to be a trembling recruit if I could but enter a favoured camp under a lucky star: for one moment of benignant fate is of more avail than a letter of commendation to Mars from Venus, or from his mother, who delights in the sandy shore of Samos.

commoda tractemus primum communia, quorum
haut minimum illud erit, ne te pulsare togatus
audeat, immo, etsi pulsetur, dissimulet nec
audeat excussos praetori ostendere dentes
et nigram in facie tumidis liuoribus offam
atque oculum medico nil promittente relictum.
Bardaicus iudex datur haec punire uolenti
calceus et grandes magna ad subsellia surae
legibus antiquis castrorum et more Camilli
seruato, miles ne uallum litiget extra
et procul a signis. ‘iustissima centurionum
cognitio est +igitur+ de milite, nec mihi derit
ultio, si iustae defertur causa querellae.’
tota cohors tamen est inimica, omnesque manipli
consensu magno efficiunt curabilis ut sit
uindicta et grauior quam iniuria. dignum erit ergo
declamatoris mulino corde Vagelli,
cum duo crura habeas, offendere tot caligas, tot
milia clauorum. quis tam procul adsit ab urbe

praeterea, quis tam Pylades, molem aggeris ultra
ut ueniat? lacrimae siccentur protinus, et se
excusaturos non sollicitemus amicos.
'da testem' iudex cum dixerit, audeat ille
nescio quis, pugnos qui uidit, dicere 'uidi,'
et credam dignum barba dignumque capillis
maiorum. citius falsum producere testem
contra paganum possis quam uera loquentem
contra fortunam armati contraque pudorem.

[7] Let us first consider the benefits common to all soldiers, of which not the least is this, that no civilian will dare to thrash you; if thrashed himself, he must hold his tongue, and not venture to exhibit to the Praetor the teeth that have been knocked out, or the black and blue lumps upon his face, or the one eye left which the doctor holds out no hope of saving. If he seek redress, he has appointed for him as judge a hob-nailed centurion with a row of jurors with brawny calves sitting before a big bench. For the old camp law and the rule of Camillus still holds good which forbids a soldier to attend court outside the camp, and at a distance from the standards. "Most right and proper it is," you say, "that a centurion should pass sentence on a soldier; nor shall I fail of satisfaction if I make good my case." But then the whole cohort will be your enemies; all the maniples will agree as one man in applying a cure to the redress you have received by giving you a thrashing which shall be worse than the first. So, as you possess a pair of legs, you must have a mulish brain worthy of the eloquent Vagellius to provoke so many jack-boots, and all those thousands of hobnails. And besides who would venture so far from the city? Who would be such a Pylades as to go inside the rampart? Better dry your eyes at once, and not importune friends who will but make excuses. When the judge has called for witnesses, let the man, whoever he be, who saw the assault dare to say, "I saw it," and I will deem him worthy of the beard and long hair of our forefathers. Sooner will you find a false witness against a civilian than one who will tell the truth against the interest and the honour of a soldier.

praemia nunc alia atque alia emolumenta notemus
sacramentorum. conuallem ruris auiti
improbus aut campum mihi si uicinus ademit
et sacrum effodit medio de limite saxum,
quod mea cum patulo coluit puls annua libo,

debitor aut sumptos pergit non reddere nummos
uana superuacui dicens chirographa ligni,
expectandus erit qui lites incohet annus
totius populi. sed tum quoque mille ferenda
taedia, mille morae; totiens subsellia tantum
sternuntur, iam facundo ponente lacernas
Caedicio et Fusco iam micturiente parati
digredimur, lentaque fori pugnamus harena.
ast illis quos arma tegunt et balteus ambit
quod placitum est ipsis praestatur tempus agendi,
nec res atteritur longo sufflamine litis.

[35] And now let us note other profits and perquisites of the service. If some rascally neighbour have filched from me a dell or a field of my ancestral estate, and have dug up, from the mid point of my boundary, the hallowed stone which I have honoured every year with an offering of flat cake and porridge; or if a debtor refuses to repay the money that he has borrowed, declaring that the signatures are false, and the document null and void: I shall have to wait for the time of year when the whole world begin their suits, and even then there will be a thousand wearisome delays. So often does it happen that when only the benches have been set out — when the eloquent Caecilius is taking off his cloak, and Fuscus has gone out for a moment — though everything is ready, we disperse, and fight our battle after the dilatory fashion of the courts. But the gentlemen who are armed and belted have their cases set down for whatever time they please; nor is their substance worn away by the slow drag-chain of the law.

solis praeterea testandi militibus ius
uiuo patre datur. nam quae sunt parta labore
militiae placuit non esse in corpore census,
omne tenet cuius regimen pater. ergo Coranum
signorum comitem castrorumque aera merentem
quamuis iam tremulus captat pater; hunc fauor aequus
prouehit et pulchro reddit sua dona labori.
ipsius certe ducis hoc referre uidetur
ut, qui fortis erit, sit felicissimus idem,
ut laeti phaleris omnes et torquibus, omnes

[51] Soldiers alone, again, have the right to make their wills during their fathers' lifetime; for the law ordains that money earned in military service is not to be included in the property which is in the father's sole control. This is why Coranus, who follows the standards and earns soldier's pay, is courted by his own father, though now tottering from old age. The son receives the advancement that is his due, and reaps the recompense for his own good services. And indeed it is the interest of the General that the most brave should also be the most fortunate, and that all should have medals and necklets to be proud of.

The Satire breaks off here.

The Biography



The Pantheon in Rome was rebuilt by the Emperor Hadrian in c. 126 AD. In Satire VII Juvenal pronounces a prophecy that bright days are in store for literature, referring to Hadrian's succession of Trajan in the year AD. 117. To Juvenal, Hadrian was an important ruler, who, being a poet himself, liked to surround himself with literary and artistic persons of various kinds.

THE LIFE OF JUVENAL by G. G. Ramsay



THE only certain evidence as to the facts of Juvenal's life is to be found in casual allusions in his own Satires; such external authorities as there are possess only an uncertain value, and do not even give us the dates of his birth and death. The following passages give us what certain landmarks we possess: —

(1) *Sat* iv. 153 refers to the murder of the Emperor Domitian, which took place upon the 18th of September, A.D. 96. *Sat* ii. 29-33 contains a gross attack upon Domitian.

(2) *Sat* i. 49, 50 mentions the recent condemnation of Marius Priscus for extortion in the province of Africa. That trial, made famous by the fact that the younger Pliny was the chief prosecutor, took place in January, A.D. 100.

(3) The allusion to a comet and an earthquake in connection with Armenian and Parthian affairs in *Sat* vi. 407 has been held, with some probability, to refer to events in the year 115.

(4) *Sat* vii begins with a prophecy that bright days are in store for literature, since it has now been assured of the patronage of Caesar. The probability is that the Caesar thus referred to is Hadrian, who succeeded Trajan in the year A.D. 117. The attempts to prove that Trajan was the emperor intended have not been successful. Trajan was by no means a literary emperor, whereas Hadrian was himself a poet and surrounded himself with literary and artistic persons of various kinds.

(5) In *Sat* xiii. 17 Juvenal describes Calvinus, the friend to whom the Satire is addressed, as one

qui iam post terga reliquit
Sexamnta annos Fonteio consule natus.

There were consuls of the name of Fonteius Capito in three different years, A.D. 12, 59, and 67. The first date is obviously too early; the year referred to is probably A.D. 67, since in that year, and not in the other two, the name of Fonteius stands first in the Fasti. This would fix *Sat* xiii to the year A.D. 127.

(6) Lastly, in *Sat* xv. 27: —

Nos miranda qiddem sed nuper consule Iunco
Gesta super calidae referemus moenia Copti,

the reading *Iunco,* now satisfactorily established for *Iunio,* refers to Aemilius Iuncus, who was consul in the year 127. *Sat* xv must therefore have been written in the year A.D. 127, or shortly after it (*nuper).*

It will be noted that these dates, supported by various other considerations, suggest that the Satires are numbered in the order of their publication. This view is confirmed by the fact recorded that the Satires were originally published in five separate books; the first book consisting of *Sat* i. to v inclusive, the second of *Sat* vi., the third of *Sat* vii to ix., the fourth of *Sat* x. to xii inclusive, and the fifth of the remaining Satires. In the case of *Sat* i., however, it seems probable that this Satire, being in the nature of a preface, was written after the rest of Book i.

Such are the only certain indications as to date which can be discovered in Juvenal's own words. They suggest that the literary period of his life (apart from his earlier recitations) was embraced within the reigns of the emperors Trajan (A.D. 98-117) and Hadrian (A.D. 117-138), probably not extending to the end of the latter's reign. And as in *Sat* xi. 203 he seems to speak of himself as an old man, we may perhaps, with some certainty, put his birth between the years A.D. 60 and 70.

Other indications of a personal kind are few and insignificant. When Umbricius, on leaving Rome, bids good-bye to his old friend Juvenal, he speaks of the chance of seeing him from time to time when he comes, for the sake of his health, "to his own Aquinum"; from which we may fairly infer that the Volscian town of Aquinum was the poet's native place.

This inference is confirmed by an inscription on a marble stone, now lost, which was found at Aquinum. The stone formed part of an altar to Ceres; and the inscription records the fact that the altar had been dedicated to Ceres at his own cost by one D. Junius Juvenalis, who is described as a Tribune in a Dalmatian cohort, as a *duumvir quinquennalis,* and a f*lamen* of the deified emperor Vespasian (*Corp. Inscr. Lat* x. 5382). It should be added that the *praenomen* of the donor (D.) was not legible on the inscription, and that only the two first letters of the *nomen* Junius could be deciphered.

It is not at all certain that this inscription refers to the poet Juvenal. Apart from a very doubtful statement in a Biography which has yet to be mentioned, there is no evidence that Juvenal ever served in the army; indeed, his comments on the army in *Sat* xvi., which express a contempt for soldiers very similar in kind to that expressed by Persius, almost forbid the supposition. His writings suggest that he habitually lived in Rome, and make it improbable that he could at any time of his life have lived long enough in Aquinum to enable him to gain and fill the important positions mentioned in the inscription. The most we can infer is that he

belonged to a family of repute in his native town, and was himself therefore fairly representative of the higher circles of provincial life.

In *Sat* xi we find Juvenal in Rome, offering to his friend Persicus a frugal banquet to which his Tiburtine farm was to contribute a fat kid, with other farm produce, pears, grapes, and apples, together with asparagus gathered in the intervals of her spinning by his bailiff's wife. (The idea that Juvenal possessed a paternal estate, distinct from the farm at Tibur, seems to rest upon a misconception of the meaning of vi. 57.)

A passage in xv. 45 records the fact that Juvenal had visited Egypt: —

> *luxuria, quantum ipse notavi,*
> *Barbara famoso non cedit turba Canopo;*

a positive statement which cannot be put aside because in his fifteenth Satire the poet makes a geographical mistake as to the proximity of Ombi to Tentyra, nor yet made too much of in connection with the statement in the Biography falsely attributed to Suetonius, to the effect that Juvenal had been sent into Egypt in his old age as a form of banishment.

That Juvenal had received the best education of his time and had been trained in the moral principles of the Stoics is apparent from the whole tenour of his teaching. The statement in xiii. 121-123 that he had not studied the doctrines of the Cynics, Epicureans, or Stoics seems only to refer to the more philosophical parts of those systems.

There are three passages in the poet Martial (*Epp* vii xxiv and xci and *Epp* xii xviii.) in which Juvenal is named — if we presume, as seems certain, that the Satirist is the person there mentioned. These epigrams show that the two poets lived on terms of friendship and familiarity with one another, but they throw no light upon Juvenal's personal history and career. In the epigram vii, xci written in A.D. 93, Juvenal is styled *facundus,* an epithet which implies that by that time Juvenal's reputation, either as a declaimer or as an author, was established; while in xii xviii. Martial contrasts his own peaceful and happy life in a rural district of Spain with the noisy, restless life led by Juvenal in the Suburra. As Martial's twelfth book was written and collected between the years 102 and 104, that date would correspond pretty closely with that estimated above for the beginning of Juvenal's literary activity. As Mr. Duff puts it, "the facts go to prove that Martial ceased to write about the time that Juvenal began."

Amid the scanty external evidence as to the life of Juvenal, it is necessary to pay some attention to the statements made in the old Biographies which are attached to many of the ancient manuscripts of Juvenal. Early scholars were

inclined to attribute these Biographies, or at least the oldest of them, from which the others were copied, either to Suetonius, the author of the Lives of the first Twelve Caesars, or to Valerius Probus, a distinguished grammarian of the second century. It is now generally admitted that there is no ground for these attributions, and that in all probability the earliest of them, from which the others were evidently copied with some difference of detail, are not older than the fourth century A.D. For all that, they seem to represent, more or less, an ancient tradition, and it is worth while considering how far some of their statements seem probable in themselves, and fit in with our other sources of information, or present improbabilities which cannot be accepted.

The oldest and best form of the Biography is as follows: —

VITA D. JUNII JUVENALIS. — *Iunius Invenalis, libertini locupletis incertum est filius an alumnus, ad medium fere aetatem declamavit animi magis causa quam quod se scholar, aut foro praepararel. Deinde paucorum versuum satyra non absurde composita in Paridem pantomimum poetamque* [eius] *semenstribus mililiolis (*The allusion is to honorary appointments to the military tribunate *(imaçjinario e mititiae genus,* Suet. *Claud.* 25), a system instituted by Claudius in order that the holder might obtain equestrian rank. The word *militiola* means "a trumpery period of military service.") *tumentem [hoc?] genus scripturae industriose excoluit. Et tamen diu ne modico quidem auditorio quicquam committere est ausus. Mox magna frequentia magnoque successu his ac ter auditus est, at ea quoque quae prima fecerat inferciret no vis scriptis:*

quod nox dant proceres, dabit histrio. Tu Camerinos Et Bareas, tu nobilium magna atria curas?
Praefectos Pelopea facit, Philomela tribunos. (vii. 90-92.)

Erat tum in deliciis aulae histrio multique fautorum eius cottidie provehebantur. Venit ergo Iuvenalis in suspicionem, quasi tempora figurate notasset, *ac statim per honorent militiae quaniquam octogenarius urbe summotus est missusque ad praefecluram cohortis in extrema parte tendentis Aegypti. Id supplicii genus placuit, ut levi atque ioculari delicto par esset. Verum intra brevissimum tempus angore et taedio pertit.*

The first sentence of this Life contains no information that we are not prepared to accept. Nothing is more probable than that Juvenal had long practised himself in the art of declamation, and only embarked on publication when his reputation was established, and he felt confident of success. His recitations would at first be delivered to select coteries of congenial friends, in whose company he would

forge out and perfect his biting epigrams, just as Tacitus is supposed to have done with his famous *sententiae.* It is quite probable, therefore, that such a passage as that quoted from *Sat* vii may originally have formed part of a private recitation, and have afterwards been incorporated in the more finished edition of the Satire when published. But in explaining the rest of the Life the early commentators were sadly at fault.

The person satirised in the passage quoted in the Life was a dancer of the name of Paris, who had just been mentioned in connection with the poet Statius. "A monstrous thing," says Juvenal, "that after charming the town with his beautiful voice, Statius would have to starve if he did not sell to Paris his unpublished *Agave*": *Esurit, intactam Pariidi nisi vendit Agaven* (vii. 87).

Now there were two famous dancers of the name of Paris, to cither of whom the passage in *Sat* vii might apply. The one flourished, and was put to death, in the reign of Nero; while the other met a similar fate under Domitian. The early commentators on the Biography took it for granted, naturally enough, that the Paris mentioned in the Biography was the same Paris that is mentioned by Juvenal himself in *Sat* vii. But the dates given above for the life of Juvenal prove conclusively that neither of the artists who bore the name of Paris could possibly have brought about the banishment of Juvenal in the manner stated. The later of the two was put to death in the reign of Domitian; and it has been shown above that the period of Juvenal's literary activity did not begin, and that *Sat* vii was not published, till some years after the death of that Emperor. All attempts to bring the banishment within the period of Domitian's reign have broken down.

But though the story of Juvenal's banishment as usually told cannot possibly be true, it has been ingeniously suggested that the words of the Biography may be read in such a way as to give it some measure of probability. Having stated that Juvenal had scored a success by his Satire against Paris — a Satire evidently declaimed among private friends — we are told that he was subsequently encouraged to insert the passage among his published works. The biography then goes on: *Erat tum in deliciis aulae histrio, multique faulorum eius cottidie provehebantur. Venit ergo Iuvenalis in suspicionem quasi tempora figurate notasset.* Filled with resentment at this attack, the *histrio* prevailed upon the emperor to send Juvenal into exile in Egypt under pretence of a military command, where he died shortly after of a broken heart.

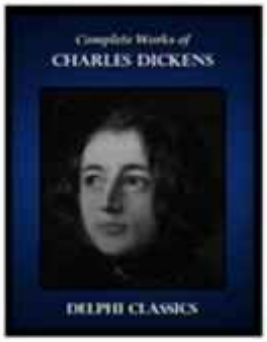
Now we are not obliged to translate the words *end him in deliciis aulae histrio* by "The actor *[i.e. Paris]* was at that time a favourite of the Court." The words indeed would more naturally mean "There was at that time *an* actor who was a favourite at Court," who resented the attack upon a member of his own profession as an indirect attack upon himself The words which follow show that the offence

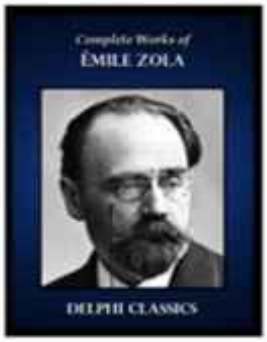
did not consist of the personal attack on Paris, but that the attack on Paris was considered to contain a sidelong indirect attack (*quasi figurate notasset)* upon some other actor. Such an incident is not at all likely to have happened in the reign of either Nerva or Trajan, but it may well have occurred under Hadrian, who became emperor in A.D. 119. Hadrian himself was a patron of actors and artistes of every kind, and he was quite a person who might have taken offence at a supposed insult offered to one of his favourites. The words of Sidonius Apollinaris, in the sixth century, who says of Juvenal *irati fuit histrionis exul,* show how steadily the tradition of the banishment had maintained itself. There is a certain convergence of dates in Juvenal's life towards the year 119; and though the above explanation can only be looked upon as a conjecture, it presents a story which may not impossibly be true, while the traditional version of the story is demonstrably false.

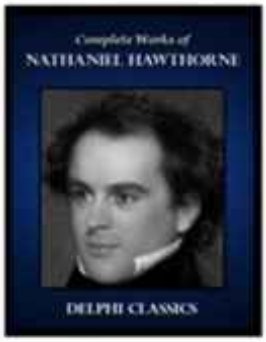
DELPHI CLASSICS

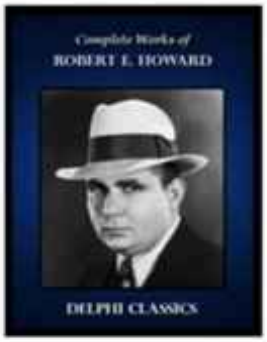
Explore our many series of eBooks...

Main Series 1 to 5

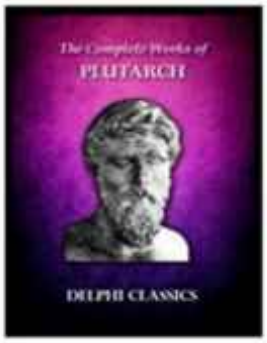


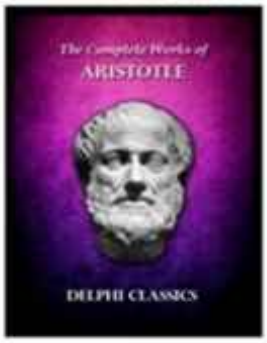


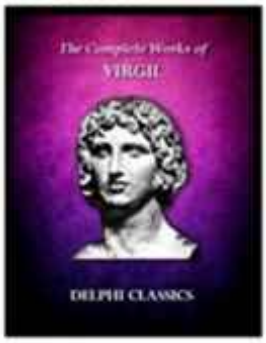


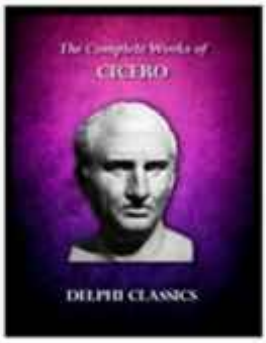


Ancient Classics Series

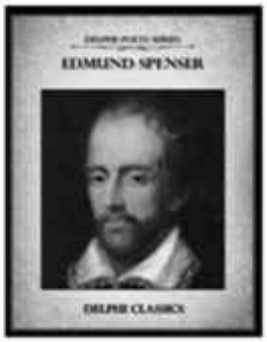








Delphi Poets Series



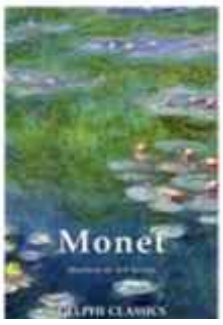




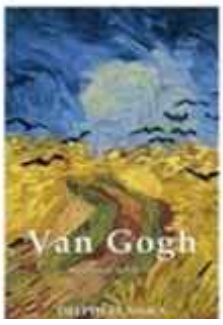


Masters of Art Series











www.delphiclassics.com

Free downloads and buy an entire series at a special discounted price



Rome, believed by some to be the location of Juvenal's death